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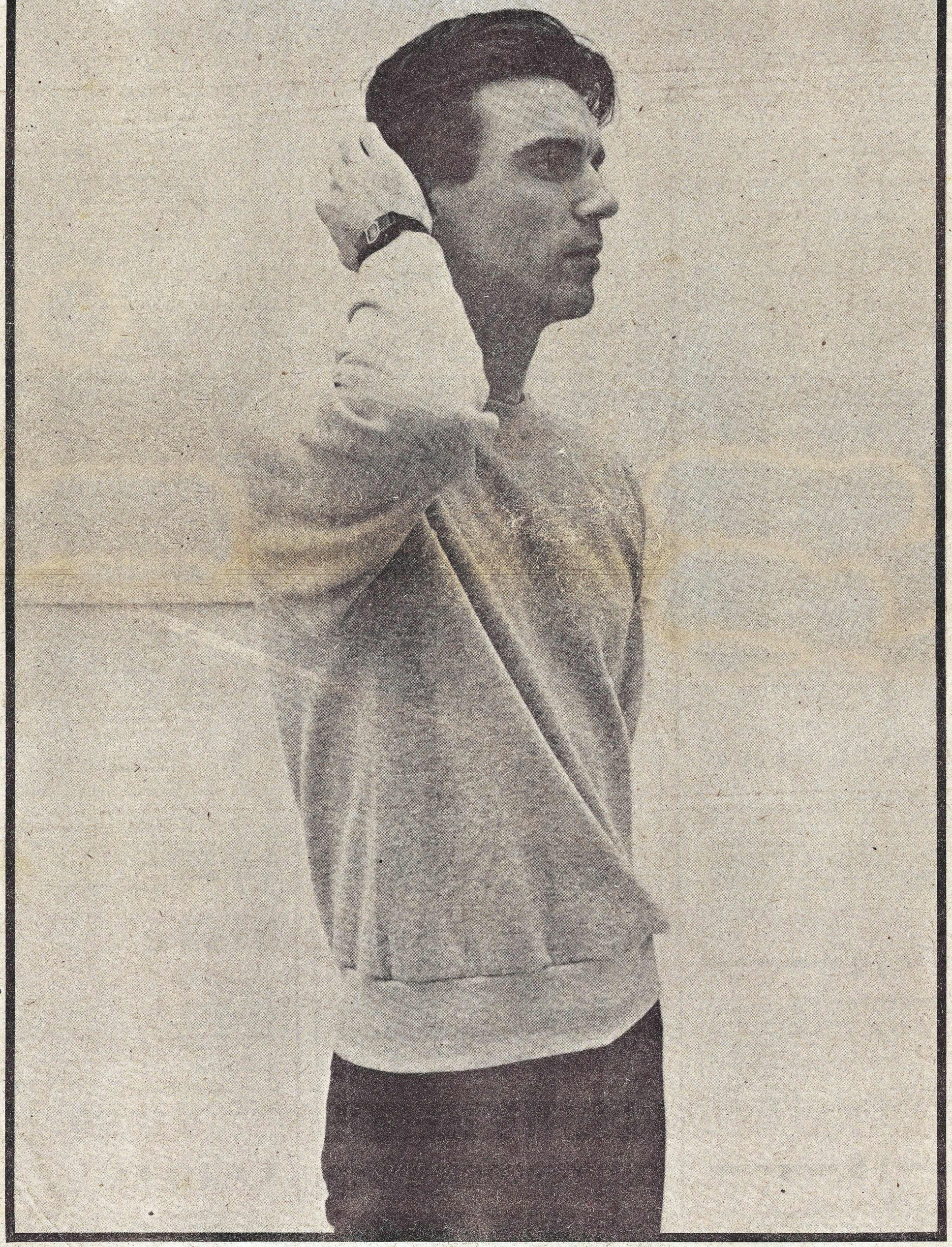
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

BLUES GIANTS SWELL MAPS PRETENDERS



DAVID BYRNE remembers F. Scott Fitzgerald in exile/Pic: PENNIE SMITH

AMERICANS IN PARIS

THE TALKING HEADS THAT ATE MONTMARTRE

pages 32-4

CHARTS

Week ending July 28, 1979.

UK singles

This Week				Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(2)	**Are Friends Electric?**	Tubeway Army (Beggars Banquet)	9	1
2	(1)	**Silly Games**	Janet Kay (Scope)	5	1
2	(11)	**Girls Talk**	Dave Edmunds (Swan Song)	3	2
4	(3)	**C'Mon Everybody**	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	4	3
5	(5)	**Good Times**	Chic (Atlantic)	3	5
6	(6)	**Lady Lynda**	Beach Boys (Caribou)	5	6
7	(—)	**Don't Like Mondays**	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	1	7
8	(20)	**Breakfast In America**	Supertramp (A&M)	3	8
9	(11)	**Wanted**	Dooleys (GTO)	2	9
10	(8)	**Night Owl**	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	7	5
11	(4)	**Light My Fire/137 Disco Heaven**	Amii Stewart (Atlantic/Hansa)	6	4
12	(27)	**Born To Be Alive**	Patrick Hernandez (Gem/Aquarius)	3	12
13	(10)	**Up The Junction**	Squeeze (A&M)	7	2
14	(24)	**Can't Stand Losing You**	Police (A&M)	2	14
15	(9)	**Babylon Burning**	Ruts (Virgin)	5	9
16	(19)	**Bad Girls**	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	3	16
17	(15)	**My Sharona**	Knack (Capitol)	4	15
18	(14)	**Maybe**	Tom Pace (RSO)	4	12
19	(21)	**Do Anything You Want To Do**	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	4	19
20	(7)	**Living On The Front Line**	Eddy Grant (Ice Ensign)	6	7
21	(30)	**Angel Eyes/Voulez Vous**	Abba (Epic)	2	21
22	(16)	**Space Bass**	Slick (Fantasy)	6	16
23	(—)	**We Don't Talk Anymore**	Cliff Richard (EMI)	1	23
24	(26)	**If I Had You**	Korgis (Rialto)	2	24
25	(25)	**Death Disco**	Public Image Ltd (Virgin)	3	25
26	(22)	**Chuck E's In Love**	Rickie Lee Jones (Warner Bros)	2	22
27	(—)	**D.J.**	David Bowie (RCA)	1	27
28	(16)	**Go West**	Village People (Mercury)	6	16
29	(—)	**Kid**	The Pretenders (Real)	1	29
30	(—)	**Duke Of Earl**	Darts (Magnet)	1	30

UP AND COMING: Beat The Clock — Sparks (Virgin); **Ooh What A Life** — Gibson Brothers (Island); **Playground Twist** — Siouxsie & the Banshees (Polydor); **Stay With Me Till Dawn** — Judy Tzuke (Rocket); **Gangsters** — Specials (Two Tone); **Paranoid** — Dickies (A&M).

UK albums

This Week				Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(5)	**Replicas**	Tubeway Army (Beggars Banquet)	6	1
2	(3)	**Discovery**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	8	1
3	(13)	**Best Disco In The World**	Various (WEA)	3	3
4	(8)	**Breakfast In America**	Supertramp (A & M)	18	2
5	(7)	**Parallel Lines**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	41	1
6	(4)	**Bridges**	John Williams (Lotus)	4	4
7	(11)	**Communique**	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	21	3
8	(2)	**I Am**	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	7	2
9	(5)	**Voulez Vous**	Abba (Epic)	12	1
9	(6)	**Live Killers**	Queen (EMI)	3	6
11	(12)	**Night Owl**	Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	7	10
12	(9)	**Last The Whole Night Through**	James Last (Polydor)	14	3
13	(10)	**Back To The Egg**	Wings (Parlophone)	5	4
14	(21)	**Rust Never Sleeps**	Neil Young (Reprise)	2	14
15	(18)	**Do It Yourself**	Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	10	2
15	(19)	**Manilow Magic**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	19	2
17	(26)	**Outlandos D'Amour**	Police (A & M)	11	9
18	(16)	**Lodger**	David Bowie (RCA)	7	6
19	(14)	**Rickie Lee Jones**	Rickie Lee Jones (Warner Bros)	5	14
20	(22)	**Bad Girls**	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	6	16
21	(23)	**The Best Of The Dooleys**	(GTO)	2	21
22	(—)	**Fate For Breakfast**	Art Garfunkel (CBS)	12	3
23	(15)	**Reach For It**	Sky (Ariola)	7	9
24	(17)	**Manifesto**	Roxy Music (Polydor)	18	4
25	(—)	**The Very Best Of Leo Sayer**	(Chrysalis)	16	1
26	(24)	**Candy O**	Cars (Elektra)	2	24
27	(28)	**Morning Dance**	Spyro Gyra (Infinity)	2	27
28	(—)	**Street Life**	Crusaders (MCA)	1	28
29	(—)	**Dire Straits**	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	19	4
30	(—)	**The Great Rock N Roll Swindle**	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	14	5

UP AND COMING: Songbird — Ruby Winters (K-Tel); **The B52s** — B52s (Island); **Made It Through The Rain** — Gerard Kenny (RCA); **Mingus** — Joni Mitchell (Asylum); **In The Skies** — Robert Green (Creole); **Secrets** — Robert Palmer (Island).

US singles

This Week			
1	(1)	**Bad Girls**	Donna Summer
2	(2)	**Ring My Bell**	Anita Ward
3	(4)	**I Want You To Want Me**	Cheap Trick
4	(3)	**We Are Family**	Sister Sledge
5	(6)	**Makin' It**	David Naughton
6	(5)	**Chuck E's In Love**	Rickie Lee Jones
6	(8)	**Gold**	John Stewart
8	(14)	**Good Times**	Chic
9	(10)	**When You're In Love With A Beautiful Woman**	Dr Hook
10	(9)	**Boogie Wonderland**	Earth Wind & Fire with The Emotions
11	(17)	**I Was Made For Lovin' You**	Kiss
12	(12)	**Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now**	McFadden & Whitehead
13	(13)	**You Can't Change That**	Raydio
14	(15)	**Mama Can't Buy You Love**	Elton John
15	(20)	**The Main Event/Fight**	Barbra Streisand
16	(11)	**Hot Stuff**	Donna Summer
17	(7)	**Shine A Little Love**	Electric Light Orchestra
18	(29)	**My Sharona**	The Knack
19	(16)	**Does Your Mother Know**	Abba
20	(21)	**Getting Closer**	Wings
21	(23)	**Do It Or Die**	Atlanta Rhythm Section
22	(18)	**I Can't Stand It No More**	Peter Frampton
23	(25)	**One Way Or Another**	Blondie
24	(26)	**Is She Really Going Out With Him**	Joe Jackson
25	(28)	**Lead Me On**	Maxine Nightingale
26	(24)	**She Believes In Me**	Kenny Rogers
27	(—)	**The Devil Went Down To Georgia**	Charlie Daniels Band
28	(—)	**Sad Eyes**	Robert John
29	(—)	**People Of The South Wind**	Kansas
30	(—)	**Weekend**	Wet Willie

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

US albums

This Last Week			
1	(1)	**Bad Girls**	Donna Summer
2	(2)	**Breakfast In America**	Supertramp
3	(6)	**Candy O**	The Cars
4	(3)	**Cheap Trick At The Budokan**	
5	(5)	**Discovery**	Electric Light Orchestra
6	(4)	**I Am**	Earth Wind & Fire
7	(7)	**Back To The Egg**	Wings
8	(9)	**Teddy**	Teddy Pendergrass
9	(8)	**Rickie Lee Jones**	
10	(21)	**Get The Knack**	The Knack
11	(13)	**Communique**	Dire Straits
12	(10)	**Dynasty**	Kiss
13	(16)	**The Kids Are Alright**	Who
14	(15)	**Where I Should Be**	Peter Frampton
15	(12)	**The Gambler**	Kenny Rogers
16	(14)	**Desolation Angels**	Bad Company
17	(19)	**Million Mile Reflections**	Charlie Daniels
18	(26)	**Live Killers**	Queen
19	(11)	**Monolith**	Kansas
20	(18)	**We Are Family**	Sister Sledge
21	(24)	**Bombs Away Dream Babies**	John Stewart
22	(22)	**Van Halen II**	
23	(23)	**Minute By Minute**	The Doobie Brothers
24	(17)	**Songs Of Love**	Anita Ward
25	(—)	**Mingus**	Joni Mitchell
26	(27)	**One For The Road**	Willie Nelson & Leon Russell
27	(—)	**Underdog**	Atlanta Rhythm Section
28	(29)	**Streetlife**	Crusaders
29	(25)	**Winner Takes All**	The Isley Brothers
30	(20)	**Night Owl**	Gerry Rafferty

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

disco

1	**Get Another Love**	Chantal Curtis (Pye)
2	**Space Bass**	Slick (Fantasy)
3	**Silly Games**	Janet Kay (Scope)
4	**Dance With You**	Carrie Lucas (Solar)
5	**Living On The Front Line**	Eddy Grant (Ensign)
6	**Midnight Groovin'**	Light Of The World (Ensign)
7	**I'm A Sucker For Your Love**	Teena Marie (Motown)
8	**Groovin' You**	Harvey Mason (Arista)
9	**Ring My Bell**	Anita Ward (TK)
10	**Bad Girls**	Donna Summer (Casablanca)

POWERHOUSE PREDICTION

La Bamba — Antonia Rodriquez (Magnet)

Chart supplied by Powerhouse Disco Plus. Tel. (01) 368 9852.

reggae

1	**Feel The Split**	Wailing Souls (Massive)
2	**Can't Stop Rastaman Now**	Russ Midas (Jay Wax)
3	**Sugar And Spice**	Carlton and His Shoes (DEB)
4	**Man Next Door**	Dennis Brown (DEB)
5	**Homeward Bound**	Freddy McGregor (Studio One)
6	**Nice Up The Dance**	Papa Michigan (General Smile)
7	**Cup A Tea**	Dennis Brown (DEB)
8	**Reggae Music**	Barrington Levy (Busy)
9	**Youth Man Promotions**	Ranking Joe (Black Roots)
10	**Crying Wolf**	Kiddus I (Shepherd)

Chart supplied by Maroons Tunes, 19 Greek Street, London W1.

years 5 ago

Week ending July 16, 1974

1 She — Charles Aznavour (Barclay)
2 Kissin' In The Back Row — Drifters (Bell)
3 Rock Your Baby — George McCrae (Jay Boy)
4 The Bangin' Man — Slade (Polydor)
5 Band On The Run — Wings (Apple)
6 Young Girl — Gary Puckett & The Union Gap (CBS)
7 I'd Love You To Want Me — Lobo (UK)
8 The Wall Street Shuffle — 10CC (UK)
9 One Man Band — Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)
10 The Six Teens — Sweet (RCA)

10

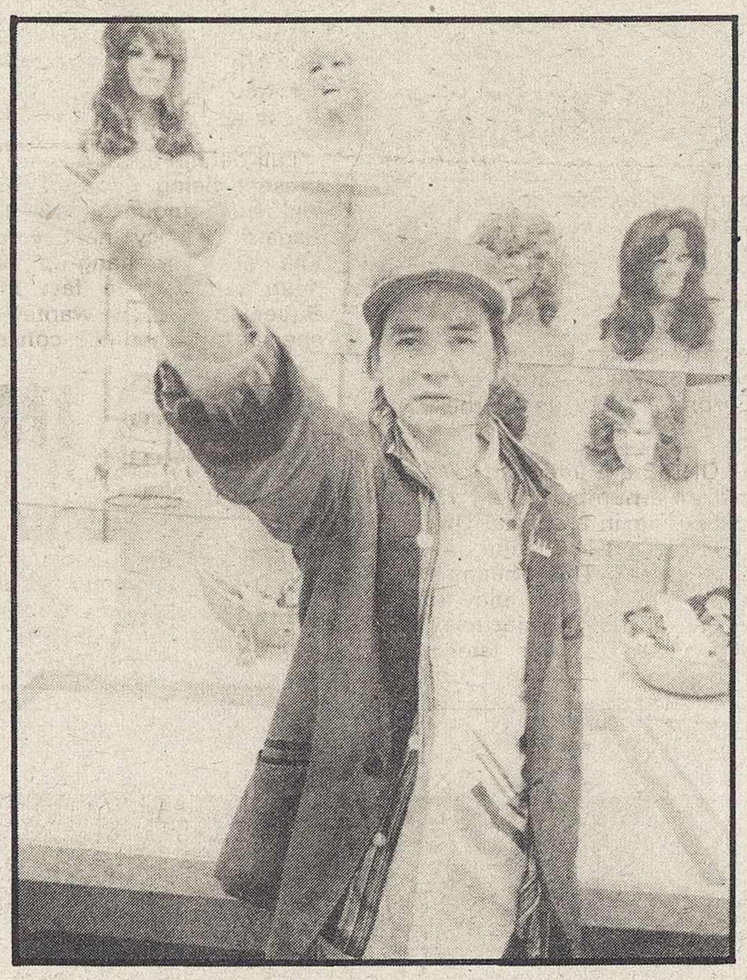
Week ending July 16, 1969

1 In The Ghetto — Elvis Presley (RCA)
2 Something In The Air — Thunderclap Newman (Track)
3 Honky Tonk Woman — Rolling Stones (Decca)
4 Hello Suzie — Amen Corner (Deram)
5 A Way Of Life — Family Dogg (Bell)
6 Break Away — Beach Boys (Capitol)
7 Give Peace A Chance — Plastic Ono Band (Apple)
8 Ballad Of John And Yoko — Beatles (Apple)
9 That's The Way God Planned It — Billy Preston (Apple)
10 Proud Mary — Creedence Clearwater Revival (Liberty)

15

Week ending July 17, 1964

1 A Hard Day's Night — Beatles (Parlophone)
2 It's All Over Now — Rolling Stones (Decca)
3 House Of The Rising Sun — Animals (Columbia)
4 Hold Me — P. J. Proby (Decca)
5 I Just Don't Know What To Do With Myself — Dusty Springfield (Philips)
7 On The Beach — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
8 You're No Good — Swinging Blue Jeans (HMV)
9 Someone — Brian Poole and the Tremeloes (Decca)
10 Kissin' Cousins — Elvis Presley (RCA)



Johnny Fingers, the immensely likeable chappie who tickles the ivories for the Oirish showband what we tend to ignore all the time, celebrates the opening of the terrifically important movie Hair (reviewed in Silver Screen, discussed in Thrills) by imparting an incredibly accurate facsimile of a late '60s activist salute. It has nothing to do with A. Hitler or anything like that. This has been confirmed by the massed Paula Yates of Mayfair (seen behind Johnny). Pic: I. Haight-Mundaze.

NEWS

EDITED BY DEREK JOHNSON
— who is now off on holiday and, for the next few weeks, leaving you in the capable hands of Fred Dellar

Rats on the rampage

HUGE AUTUMN TOUR

THE BOOMTOWN RATS are being lined up for the longest and most important British tour of their career so far, NME learned this week. It opens towards the end of September, occupies the whole of October, and continues into early November — also taking in some Irish dates during this period.

The itinerary will comprise a total of around 45 dates throughout the country, and will play at least two nights at a number of key venues like Glasgow Apollo and Newcastle City Hall. And in London, the Rats are expected to play three nights at the Hammersmith Odeon.

Promoter John Curd of Straight Music admitted that he is putting the tour together, but said that dates and venues have not yet been finalised — he expects to announce details in two or three weeks' time. The band's long-awaited follow-up album to 'Tonic For The Troops' will be released to coincide with their outing.

KING RAT

Morrison tops at Edinburgh event

VAN MORRISON is to top the bill in the big open-air concert on Saturday, September 1, which — as previously reported — is the highlight of the two-week Edinburgh Rock Festival. It's being staged at the Royal Highland Showground at Ingliston, on the outskirts of Edinburgh — close to the airport, and at the end of the Glasgow motorway.

The show is the last of ten outdoor events which Morrison is playing in Europe this summer, and his only one in Britain. He had previously been approached to play both Knebworth and Reading, but opted in favour of Edinburgh.

He'll be backed by his current seven-piece band comprising Pete Wingfield (keyboards), John Altman (sax), Herbie Armstrong (guitar), Katie Kissoon (vocals), Peter Van Hook (drums), David Hayes (bass) and Toni Marcus (violin). Having left WEA, Morrison has now signed with Phonogram, who are to release his new album 'Into The Music' at the end of August.

Full details of the support bill, involving what promoters Regular Music call "major artists across the spectrum", will be announced next week. Meanwhile, tickets at £6 each are available by post from Edinburgh Rock Festival Box-office, P.O. Box 103, Head Post Office, Edinburgh — crossed postal orders only, made payable to "Regular Music Festivals", and enclose SAE. Tickets will also be available at £6 at various outlets throughout Britain from August 1, but on the day (if any remain) they will cost £6.75.

The attractive showground venue has many built-in facilities — including a grandstand, restaurant, bars, permanent toilets, vast car parking space and even its own bus station.

RUSH EXTRA

DUE TO THE overwhelming response to the one-off concert by Rush at Stafford Bingley Hall on September 21, promoters Straight Music have decided — with the agreement of the band — to make it a two-off! They will now play a second show at the 10,000-capacity venue the following night — Saturday, September 22.

Tickets remain all at the one price of £4.50 and are on sale now — from the venue's box-office, and from Cyclops Sounds of Birmingham; Sundown Records of Wolverhampton; Lotus Records of Stafford; Piccadilly Records of Manchester; and Mike Lloyd Record Shops in Hanley, Newcastle-under-Lyme and Tunstall. London outlets are Premier Box-Office, Edwards & Edwards and London Theatre Bookings.

Doll By Doll change

DOLL BY DOLL have parted company with their bassist Robin Speafico, who is now auditioning musicians for his own band. Commented a spokesman: "As far as Robin was concerned, the fun went out of being a Doll, so the fun went out of it for all of us. The split is entirely amicable and we wish him well". He's been replaced by Nick Whiffen, who's been working in Berlin with a group called The Pylons, and he makes his debut with the band at London Kensington Nashville on August 4. Apart from the Reading Festival, this will be their only date until November when — after recording their second album and touring Europe — they go on the road around Britain.

SHAM 69, whose farewell concert at London Rainbow this Saturday is now sold out, will be supported in the show by The Low Numbers and The Little Roosters. The former are another band whom Jimmy Pursey has taken under his wing.

BLONDIE are understood to be one of a number of big names appearing in a special UNICEF gala concert in Vienna in early September. This means that they are likely to play other European dates, prior to opening their UK tour later that month.

TROUBLE LOOMING FOR DEEPLY VALE

THE DEEPLY VALE People's Free Festival, scheduled to run for six days from August 2 on farmland 14 miles north of Manchester, looked to be in deep trouble as NME closed for press on Tuesday. Mr M. G. Neave, who is the licensee of the land, has consulted counsel and has applied for an injunction to prevent the organisers from going ahead with the event — and from advertising it.

The problem appears to have arisen because the organisers originally obtained permission from the landowner Frank Turner, but it now seems that the onus of deciding whether or not to allow the festival to take place rests with the licensee. And Mr Neave told NME: "There isn't a farmer in the area who approves of this festival, and we are determined to ensure that it doesn't happen."

Chief Inspector Elder of the Greater Manchester Police, who has been consulted by both the licensee and the organisers, commented: "This is really a matter for the landowners, because it concerns private property. But my understanding is that there could be civil action involved. We shall be watching the situation closely."

A further problem is the opposition of local farmers and landowners, some of whom have threatened to errect barricades in lanes leading to the site, so preventing would-be spectators from gaining access. The police say that, in the interests of public order, they will be keeping a watching brief on this contingency.

If Deeply Vale proves inaccessible on the day, there has been some talk of the festival "spilling over" on to a site called Owd Betts, about a mile away. This is partly common land and partly owned by a pub, and the police say they have a letter stating categorically that it cannot be used for a festival. So here, too, they will be standing by in case this ban is ignored.

Meanwhile, the festival organisers are adamant in their determination to press ahead with the event, and this week issued their running order. They claim that Frank Turner has the sole prerogative to give permission, and maintain that he has done so. But at press-time, it appeared that they may have misinterpreted the legal position.

A crowd of between 20,000 and 30,000 had been expected at Deeply Vale, but the event is now in jeopardy. NME will give a final report on its fate next week.

The Big Match on August 18

BUZZCOCKS v. WHO

THE BUZZCOCKS are pressing ahead with their plans to stage a big free open-air concert in London's Hyde Park on Saturday, August 18 — despite rumours that they've dropped the project because it clashes with The Who's show at Wembley.

Full details of the bill are at present being finalised, and will be announced by the Asgard Agency next week. The principal hang-up has been due to the fact that Squeeze — who are wanted as special guests in the concert — are in America and it's been difficult to conduct negotiations with them, but it's hoped that they'll be tied up within the next few days. It's understood that The Damned are also in the running for the show.

A spokesman commented this week: "There's absolutely no reason why we should worry about The Who's gig. After all, we're catering for a different audience — and what's more, our show is free!"

● Contrary to reports elsewhere, The Buzzcocks have not agreed to appear in a three-day Bank Holiday rock festival (August 25-27) being staged at Leigh in Lancashire. A spokesman for the band said they had been asked to participate, and were still considering the invitation. He added: "But when they get taken for granted in this way, it's enough to put them off completely."

● Squeeze return from their current rounds of the U.S. club circuit to play their previously-reported gig at London Strand Lyceum on Sunday, August 12. Tickets are on sale now at the box-office, priced £2.50, and the support acts are Yachts and Simple Minds.

RUTS IN YOUTH CAMPAIGN

THE RUTS top the bill in a free North London festival this Sunday (29). It's at Gladstone Park in Brent, N.W.10, starting at 3pm — and the other bands playing are Yachts, Misty and The Pop Group. The event has been organised by the Young Socialists National Committee, in support of their 'Jobs For Youth' campaign with special emphasis on unemployment amongst school-leavers. With The Ruts' members having themselves been out of work not too long ago, drummer Dave Ruffy commented: "We only do benefits that are worth while, specially things that have affected us as a group". Nearest tube stations to the site are Willesden Green and Dollis Hill, both on the Jubilee Line.

THE MONITORS
THIS AFFAIR MUST STOP. STOP. THIS AFFAIR MUST STOP. STO
TELEGRAM
.SINGLE . RSO 39..
RSO

Emotions due to join Commodores

THE EMOTIONS — who've recently been enjoying chart success with Earth Wind And Fire on their 'Boogie Wonderland' — pay their first visit to Britain next month, when they will be special guests of The Commodores in their short tour, reported three weeks ago.

Prices of tickets have now been confirmed, and they go on sale this week. For London Wembley Arena on August 25 and 26, they are £6 and £4.50; and for Stafford Bingley Hall on August 29, they are all at the one price of £4.50.

The date of the concert at Glasgow Apollo has now been confirmed as August 23, and tickets there are £4.50, £3.50 and £2.50. Promoters are Straight Music.

And there will be a new Emotions album and single to coincide with their visit.

BARBARIANS ONLY AT SECOND KNEBWORTH

THE NEW BARBARIANS, the occasional band launched by Ron Wood and including fellow Rolling Stone Keith Richards, will now only be appearing in the second Led Zeppelin concert at Knebworth — on Saturday, August 11. They were announced last week for both shows (4 and 11), but it now transpires that their recording schedule with the Stones in Paris makes it impossible for them to perform at the first concert. Promoter Frederick Bannister is likely to slot in a alternative act on the first bill.

Knebworth to Cropredy: Fairport helicopter dash

FAIRPORT CONVENTION will now be appearing at the first Knebworth concert on August 4, with Chas & Dave taking over from them a week later in the second show. Reason is that Fairport's annual concert in their home village of Cropredy (Oxon) also falls on August 4, and they wanted to make this their very last gig before their disbandment. So they will now appear first on the Led Zeppelin bill at Knebworth in the early afternoon, then fly by helicopter to Cropredy for their farewell performance.

Devo's new single, issued by Virgin on August 3, is 'Secret Agent Man' — it's taken from their recent album 'Duty Now For The Future', and is their version of Johnny Rivers' 1966 hit. Out on the same day and label is the single 'Tough Luck' by **Fingerprintz**, who arrive back from their US tour next week, and will then resume gigging here.

● Following the release on NB Records of the debut EP by **The Door And The Window**, the band have now issued a 60-minute cassette album titled 'Permanent Transience'. Available at £1.50 (including P&P) from NB Records, 11 Ferrestone Road, Hornsey, London N8.

● A new record by **Peter Cook** titled 'Here Comes The Judge — Live In Concert' is issued by Virgin on August 3. It's neither a single nor an album, but is a 12-incher with a playing time of 23 minutes, selling at £2.99. It features four new pieces written and performed by Cook.

● **Slaughter & The Dogs**, whose reunion was announced last week, have been signed by DJM Records. They go into the studios on August 6 with producer Vic Maile to cut a single for early autumn release.

● The new **Charlie** album 'Fight Dirty' is issued this weekend by Polydor as a limited edition picture disc. The price will be held at £4.99 until the end of August, then reverting to £5.31.

● RCA have signed leading instrumental rock band **Landscape** to a long-term worldwide deal. They have a single due in September, with their first album planned for October.

● The **Nick Gilder** single '(You Really) Rock Me' is now available as a picture disc, price £1.49, as well as the conventional black vinyl issue. It's taken from his new album 'Frequency', released by Chrysalis this week.

● Newcastle band **The Carpettes** have been signed by Beggar's Banquet, and are already in the studio recording their debut album.

● **Rikki Nadir**, the punks' punk, returns with his first record for four years — a single titled 'The Polaroid', out on Charisma this weekend. It was written and produced by **Peter Hammill**, who performs the B-side 'The Old School Tie'. Nadir's last appearance was the 1975 album 'Nadir's Big Chance', now deleted.

RECORD NEWS

Ska montage

A COMPILATION album of 16 original ska tracks from the period 1962-66 is released by Island this weekend under the title of 'Intensified!'. It includes such classics as 'Stampede' by **Don Drummond**, 'Independent Anniversary Ska' by **The Skatellites**, 'Penny Reel' by **Eric Morris** and 'The Higher The Monkey Climbs' by **Justin Hines**.

10c.c. resuming

10c.c. went back into the studios this week, now that Eric Stewart has fully recovered from the effects of his car crash, to start work on a new album. It's planned for February release, and the band will be touring Britain — as the first leg of a world tour — at about that time. Meanwhile, they'll have a 'Greatest Hits' LP out in mid-September.

● Out this weekend in a full-colour picture bag is the new **Ian Hunter** single 'Ships'. It's taken from his Chrysalis album 'You're Never Alone With A Schizophrenic'.

● A limited edition of **Olivia Newton-John's** album 'Totally Hot' is now available on EMI as a picture disc, priced £7.99.

● RCA launch a new series of 12-inch EPs, each containing four tracks and packaged in a full-colour sleeve. They cost £1.65 each, and the first three are by **Bonnie Tyler, Dolly Parton** and **The Scorpions**.

● The follow-up to the chart-topping 'Are Friends Electric?', to be released under the name of **Gary Numan** instead of Tubeway Army, is 'Cars'. Beggar's Banquet now hope to have it available in mid-August, in advance of Numan's September 7 album 'The Pleasure Principle'.

● **Sham 69**, whose single 'Hersham Boys' comes out this weekend on Polydor, will have an album of the same name issued in September — and this will undoubtedly be their final LP.

● A new **Matumbi** single titled 'Point Of View' comes out on August 3, on both seven and 12-inch, the latter with the bonus of I-Roy on vocals. It's on their own Matumbi Records label, distributed by EMI. The band's new album is planned for September release.

● Logo Records have signed **Clive Culbertson** and are rush-releasing his double A-side single 'Time To Kill'/'Busy Signal', which was previously issued on the Rip Off label.

● **The Raincoats** have just finished recording 11 tracks, for release as a Rough Trade album in late September or early October. All the titles are originals, except for the band's version of the Ray Davies classic 'Lola'.

● Independent reggae label Greensleeves Records, previously marketed by EMI, have signed a national distribution deal with Spartan. First release under the agreement is the new **Capital Letters** single 'UK Skanking'/'Run Run Run', out next week on both seven and 12-inch.

● **The B-52s'** privately-recorded single 'Rock Lobster', previously a hot import item and included as a freebee in their debut album, is officially released by Island tomorrow (Friday). Out on the same day and label is **Randy Vanwarmer's** Top Ten U.S. hit 'Just When I Needed You Most'.

● Rialto Records (distributed by Decca), currently enjoying their first hit with The Korgis, have signed five-piece band **Moscow**. First release on August 10 is 'The Man From Uncle', previously issued on the band's own independent Moscow label last autumn.

● Trojan reissue 'Walk Away' by **Marie Pierre**, on both seven and 12-inch, on August 10. It climbed high in the reggae charts when it was first released last autumn, and was produced and written by Dennis Bovell, composer and co-producer of Janet Kay's 'Silly Games'.

● A new rockabilly label Nervous Records is launched in early August, with national distribution by Lightning. First singles are 'Rockabilly Guy'/'Chicken Shack' by **The Polecats** (August 3), followed a week later by 'Born To Be A Raver' by **Rockin' Johnny Austin**.

Ian hits us with a cheerful stick

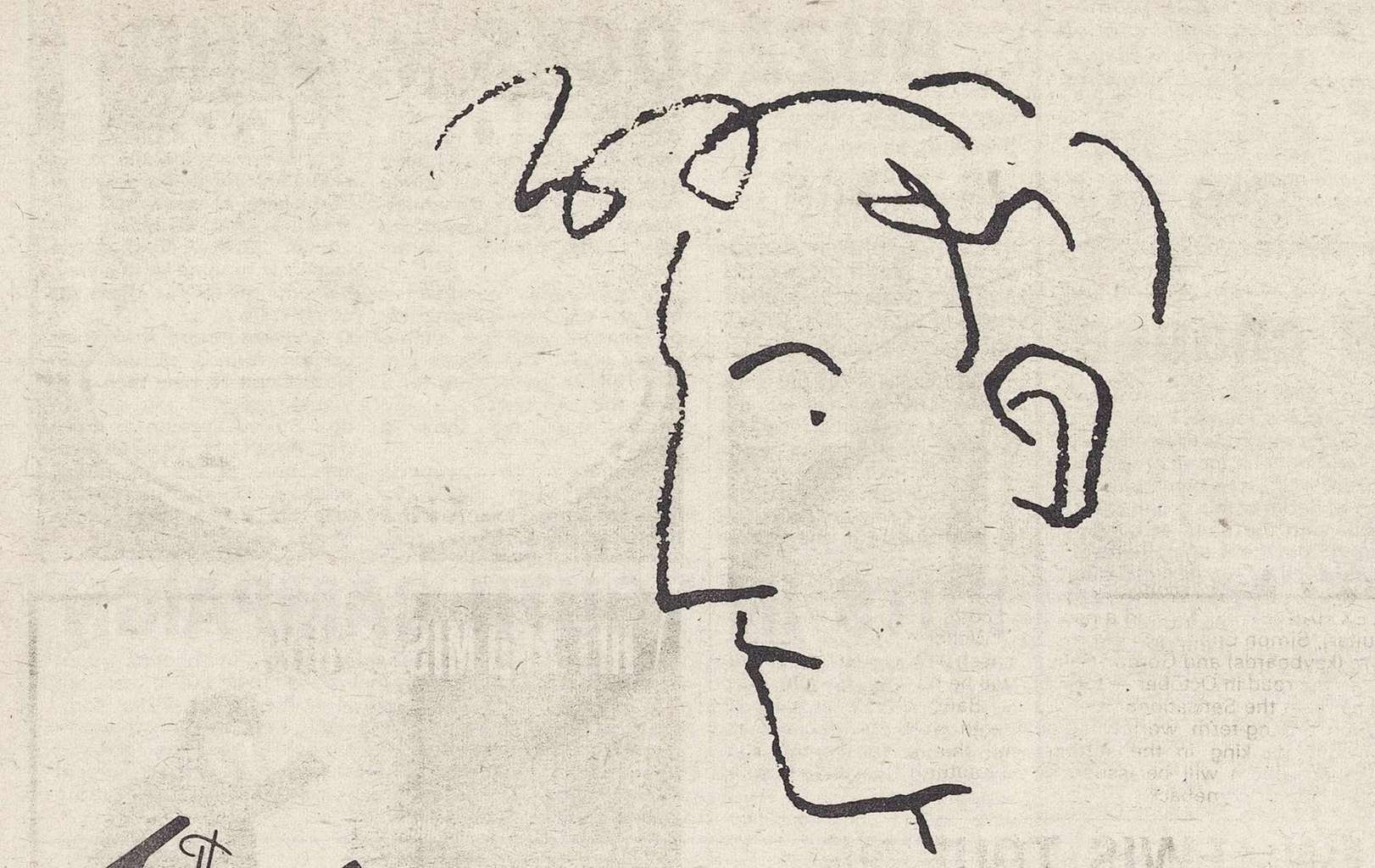
RELEASE OF the new single by Ian Dury & The Blockheads, previously reported as 'Reasons To Be Cheerful (Part Three)', is now confirmed by Stiff Records for tomorrow (Friday). It's the follow-up to their chart-topping 'Hit Me With Your Rhythm Stick', and it comes either as an orthodox seven-inch or in longer 12-inch form, both versions in picture sleeves. The B-side is 'Common As Muck', and both tracks were recorded at the RCA studios in Rome during the band's European tour. Neither title is included on the current album 'Do It Yourself'.

● **The Inmates'** debut single 'Dirty Water'/'Danger Zone' is released this week on Soho Records, available through Virgin, Our Price Records and other independents.

● Two Newcastle bands have their singles on the local Blueport Records label now available nationally, with distribution through Spartan. They are 'Can't Believe It' by **American Echoes** and 'Radioland' by **The Sabrejets**. Spartan are also distributing Harlow-based Stortbeat Records, who have just released their first album 'Beat 2LP' by **The Gangsters**, and have signed local band **The Spellin Mistakes** who are currently recording their debut single 'Pop Star'.

● With sessions for their first album delayed by a change of drummer, **Metabolist** have released a cassette called 'Goatmanaut'. The tape contains three numbers — 'Zordon Returns', 'Chained' and 'Thru The Black Hole' — and costs £1.90 (including p&p) from J. Bailey, 18 Rokeby House, Caistor Road, London S.W.12.

DR FEELGOOD arrived in Australia on the same day as Skylab and, knowing them, probably caused as much stir! They're pictured here at Sydney International Airport after receiving their tour plaques — and pointing to where Skylab landed.



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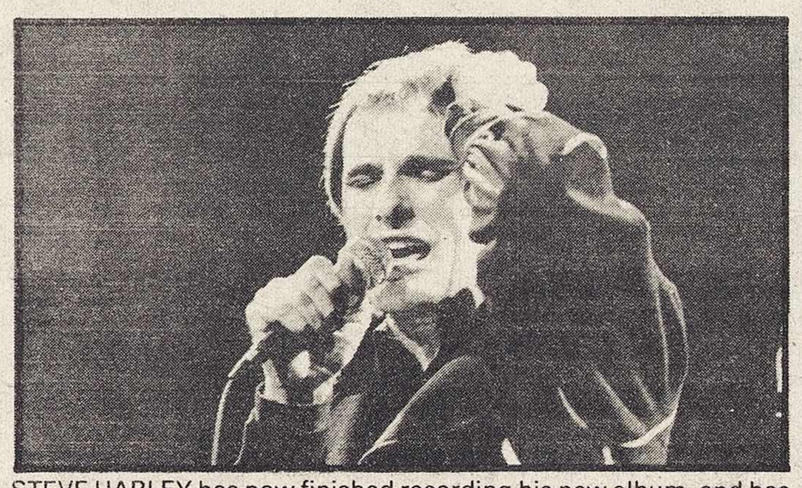
Moodies, Queen, Eagles and Harley: major autumn tours

STONES LIKELY, TOO

THE ROLLING STONES now look like swinging back into concert action in the autumn. Mick Jagger has let it be known that he's keen to return to live work, but he's so far been delayed by a series of unavoidable obstacles — first, Keith Richards' problems in Canada; secondly, his own ongoing divorce hassles with Bianca; and currently, the Stones' recording sessions in Paris. It's anticipated that all outstanding matters will have been cleared by the autumn, and there's already talk of Wembley Arena concerts in October.

THE EAGLES are still insisting that they're coming to Britain in the autumn. Their spokesman told our U.S. correspondent last week that they are currently involved in discussions, with a view to playing a string of concerts here — although he wasn't yet in a position to specify dates or venues. It looks like being a busy autumn at Wembley!



STEVE HARLEY has now finished recording his new album, and has started working on putting a tour band together. He'll be going on a nationwide UK outing in the autumn, probably around October, to coincide with the album's release.

QUEEN are to headline an extensive British tour in the late autumn, covering virtually the whole of November and much of December. Dates are at present being pencilled in, and are likely to include a string of concerts in London, and appearances at most of the county's major venues. "It's going to be a really massive tour," said their spokesman.

DARTS are being lined up for a major mid-autumn tour, taking them to most of the key venues around the country. A spokesman said that upwards of 30 concerts are planned.

BOSTON have now had their three nights at London Rainbow Theatre, reported last week, confirmed for October 13, 14 and 15. And their concert at Stafford Bingley Hall is set for October 21. Tickets are on sale now, with the Rainbow priced at £4.50, £4, £3.50 and £3 (from the box-office and usual agencies). Stafford tickets all at £4.50 are on sale in selected local record shops, or by post (with SAE) from MCP Ltd., Cooper House, Brockhurst Crescent, Walsall, West Midlands.

THE MOODY BLUES are now set to undertake their long-awaited British comeback tour in October, according to Decca Records. The band officially re-formed last year with the release of their hit album 'Octave', and have since toured the States — but UK dates have so far failed to come together. Now Decca say The Moodies will be headlining seven or eight major concerts here in October. Exact details are still to be finalised, but are likely to include at least two shows at a leading London venue, probably Wembley Arena.

EDDIE & THE HOT RODS have decided to postpone their extensive tour planned for August, as they are still negotiating a new recording deal, and they are anxious for the bulk of their dates to coincide with the release of their new album. But they'll go ahead with their August gigs already announced, at London Camden Music Machine (10 and 11) and St. Albans City Hall (18). And they've added a couple of last-minute warm-up concerts this weekend — at High Wycombe Town Hall (Saturday) and Douglas I.o.M. Palace Lido (Sunday).

GENESIS, who announced at Knebworth last summer that they'd be touring Britain early this year, will not now be playing any dates in 1979. The band are taking a short sabbatical, while the various members engage in individual projects — Mike Rutherford and Tony Banks have virtually complete solo albums, and Phil Collins has started one. (There's also a chance that Collins may play with Peter Gabriel at the Reading Festival on August 26). Genesis will now tour the UK next spring, with their new LP to coincide.

NEWS ROUND-UP

ROCKPILE are showcased in an hour-long Granada-TV documentary titled 'Born Fighters,' to be screened on the ITV network on Saturday, September 1. It features the band rehearsing and performing, plus Dave Edmunds and Nick Lowe talking about today's music scene.

EDDIE COCHRAN, who has recently been the subject of a spate of record reissues, is now to have a film made about him called 'Born To Rock.' It goes into production in Hollywood at the end of the year, financed by a group of West German investors. Shakin' Stevens is favourite for the star role, although auditions are likely to be held.

PETE YORK launches his new band New York at London Olympia Live Music Show this Saturday. Line-up includes reedsman and vocalist Mel Thorpe (who worked with Pete in the Hardin-York group), Roger Munns (keyboards, clarinet, trombone and vocals) and Pete York (percussion). They'll be undertaking a UK tour during the second half of the autumn.

THE BOMBERS, whose recent Flamingo Records single, 'Everybody Get Dancin' was bubbling under the NME Chart, have arrived here for a tour. Gigs include Plymouth Collingwood Club (tonight, Thursday), Swindon Brunel Rooms (Friday), Sheffield Romeo & Juliet (July 30), Southend Talk Of The South (31), Brighton Sherry's (August 1), London Hounslow Red Lion (3), Newcastle Madison's (6), Middlesbrough Madison's (7), Birkenhead Hamilton Club (8), Coventry City Centre (9) and Cleethorpes Bunnies (10 and 11).

TOM WAITS (left) and LINTON KWESI JOHNSON

TOM WAITS stars in his own late-night 50-minutes special on BBC-2 tonight (Thursday). It was filmed at the Television Theatre last month, with backing musicians including Mel Collins, Tim Hinckley and Clem Clempson.

THE REGULARS, whose second CBS single 'That Little Girl,' is set for release on August 10, headline a couple of reggae nights at London Kensington Nashville next Monday and Tuesday (30-31). Admission is £1 on the doors only.

LINTON KWESI JOHNSON appears as special guest in six of the seven concerts by Ian Dury & The Blockheads at London Hammersmith Odeon next month — on August 5, 6, 7, 10, 11 and 12. He has to miss the August 9 show because of a prior commitment in Belgium. After being out of print for a year, LKJ's book 'Dread Beat And Blood' is re-published this month.

HANK MIZELL, U.S. hit recorder of 'Jungle Rock', tops the bill in a 12-hour show at London Southgate Royalty on Bank Holiday Monday (August 27). Billed as 'Oh Boy — It's Rock-'n'Roll,' it also featured Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers, The Shades, Johnny Storm, Mystery Train and The Wild Wax show. Admission is £3.

GILLAN follow their recent three-day London Marquee stint and precede their August 25 Reading Festival appearance by playing another London date — at Camden Music Machine on August 4 . . . and **WRITZ** are to headline at the same venue tomorrow (Friday).

BOMBSHELL are a new group comprising the entire line-up of the second George Hatcher Band, except for Hatcher himself. They can be seen in action at London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle on August 10 and 24, and supporting Budgie at the Music Machine on August 16. More dates are being finalised.

MUD have a series of West Country dates during the coming week, playing Penzance Demelza's (tonight, Thursday), Plymouth Castaways (Friday), St. Austell New Cornish Rivieria (Saturday), Barnstaple Chequers (Sunday) and Exeter Routes (next Monday).

CHAS & DAVE, already set for Knebworth on August 11, pay a return visit to London Victoria The Venue on August 17. Other new dates for the duo are Worcester Hideaway (July 30), Ilford Kings Club (August 1), Douglas IOM Palace Lido (12) and Stratford The Flamingo (16).

— AND ALEX IS BACK

ALEX HARVEY has formed a new band comprising Matthew Sang (guitar), Simon Chatterton (drums), Don Weller (tenor sax), Tommy Eyre (keyboards) and Gordon Sellers (bass), with whom he plans to go on the road in October — for what will be his first UK tour since disbanding the Sensational Alex Harvey Band in 1977. He has just signed a long-term worldwide deal with RCA Records, and is currently working in the studios with this same line-up. The resulting album will be issued in mid-autumn, coinciding with Harvey's tour comeback.

LEW LEWIS TOURING

LEW LEWIS REFORMER are touring extensively in August to promote their new Stiff album 'Save The Wail' and single 'Win Or Lose'. With many more dates still being finalised, gigs confirmed so far are at Sheffield Limit (August 2), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (3), Retford Porterhouse (4). London Camden Dingwalls (5), Port Talbot Troubadour (9), Stroud Subscription Rooms (10), Halifax Good Mood Club (11), Dumfries Stagecoach (12), Edinburgh Tiffany's (13), Aberdeen Ruffles (14), Dudley JB's (18), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (19), Bristol Granary (25) and London Marquee (30 and 31).

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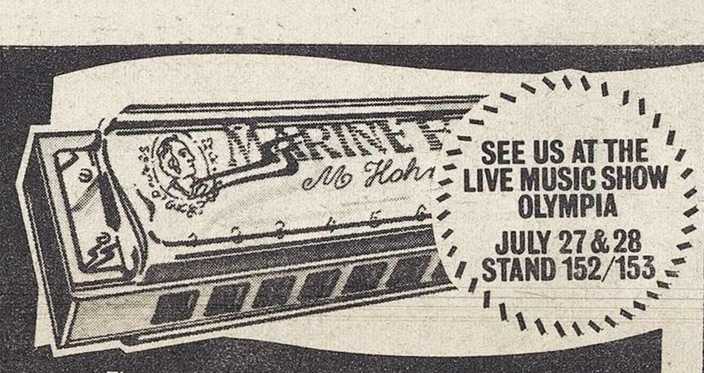

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2	1	TUBEWAY ARMY — REPLICAS	5.00	3.75
3	7	DIRE STRAITS — COMMUNIQUE	5.30	4.05
4	4	SUPERTRAMP — BREAKFAST IN AMERICA	4.78	3.53
5	5	JONI MITCHELL — MINGUS	5.00	3.75
6	3	E.L.O. — DISCOVERY	5.49	4.24
7	12	THE BEST DISCO ALBUM IN THE WORLD	5.00	3.75
8	9	EARTH WIND AND FIRE — I AM	5.29	4.04
9	10	BLONDIE — PARALLEL LINES	4.78	3.53
10	6	QUEEN — LIVE KILLERS	8.45	6.45
11	8	WINGS — BACK TO THE EGG	5.49	4.24
12	11	POLICE — OUTLANDOS D'AMOUR	4.78	3.53
13	*	J J. CALE — 5	5.00	3.75
14	37	CRUSADERS — STREET LIFE	4.69	3.44
15	14	DONNA SUMMER — BAD GIRLS	6.50	4.75
16	13	RICKIE LEE JONES	5.00	3.75
17	25	SPYRO — GYRA — MORNING DANCE	4.69	3.44
18	16	DAVE EDMUNDS — REPEAT WHEN NECESSARY	5.00	3.75
19	15	THE KNACK — GET THE KNACK	5.29	4.04
20	17	THE WHO — THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT	9.04	6.54
21	29	B.52's	5.00	3.75
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24	21	ABBA — VOULEZ-VOUS	5.29	4.04
25	*	AC/DC — HIGHWAY TO HELL	5.00	3.75
26	24	DAVID BOWIE — LODGER	5.49	4.24
27	18	NILS LOFGREN — NILS	4.78	3.53
28	23	ROBERT PALMER — SECRETS	5.00	3.75
29	26	CARS — CANDY O	5.00	3.75
30	*	RY COODER — BOP TILL YOU DROP	5.00	3.75
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32	22	IAN DURY — DO IT YOURSELF	4.78	3.53
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34	30	SQUEEZE — COOL FOR CATS	4.78	3.53
35	31	DIANA ROSS — THE BOSS	5.29	4.04
36	32	STEEL PULSE — TRIBUTE TO THE MARTYRS	5.00	3.75
37	36	SINCEROS — THE SOUND OF SUNBATHING	4.99	3.74
38	33	ROXY MUSIC — MANIFESTO	5.31	4.06
39	35	NICK LOWE — LABOUR OF LUST	5.00	3.75
40	34	BUDDY HOLLY — 20 GOLDEN GREATS	5.29	4.04
41	38	RICK WAKEMAN — RHAPSODIES	5.31	4.06
42	40	THIN LIZZY — BLACK ROSE	5.30	4.05
43	41	GEORGE BENSON — LIVING INSIDE YOUR LOVE	7.50	5.75
44	39	LINTON KWESI JOHNSON — FORCES OF VICTORY	5.00	3.75
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48	43	WAR — THE MUSIC BAND	4.99	3.74
49	44	PETER TOSH — MYSTIC MAN	5.69	4.44
50	45	LORD OF THE RINGS — O.S.T.	6.99	5.24
51	50	ISLEY BROS. — WINNER TAKES ALL	6.99	5.24
52	51	THE ROCKETS	4.63	3.38
53	46	CREEDENCE CLEARWATER — 20 GREATEST HITS	5.29	4.04
54	54	HAWKWIND — PXR5	4.99	3.74
55	55	PETER FRAMPTON — WHERE I SHOULD BE	4.78	3.53
56	56	GIBSON BROS. — CUBA	5.00	3.75
57	28	SISTER SLEDGE — WE ARE FAMILY	5.00	3.75
58	*	AMERICA	5.29	4.04
59	58	EMMYLOU HARRIS — BLUE KENTUCKY GIRL	5.00	3.75
60	60	JOE EGAN — OUT OF NOWHERE	4.80	3.55

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From the top: Martin Chambers, Pete Farndon, James Honeyman-Scott . . . and Chrissie Hynde.

Pix: Pennie Smith.

Is this woman the genuine article?

CHRISSIE HYNDE of THE PRETENDERS has been described within these very pages as having "all the stage presence of a pudding." STEVE CLARKE disagrees — and falls in love again.

IT WAS BOUND to happen sooner or later. It was as inevitable as Enoch's statement on the boat people. The Pretenders couldn't go on pulling in rave reviews ad infinitum. But what a bloody shame it had to happen the very day I was scheduled to meet up with them for the purpose of writing the proverbial 'on-the-road' piece; and in *NME* too.

Such timing and Chrissie Hynde, former NME contributor and now vocalist and main songwriter with The Pretenders, renowned for being, well, something of a Cleopatra.

To quote Andy Gill's review: "Without the Telecaster she (that's Chrissie) has all the stage presence of a pudding."

Now that should go down well in Bournemouth tonight.

After reading it WEA Records press officer Dave Walters, who's accompanying me to Bournemouth, also has his misgivings about shaking paws with The Pretenders tonight.

Still, the band have had a good run. With just two singles under their belts and not quite 50 gigs filed for posterity they've been the subject of cover stories and a stash of laudatory reviews.

They haven't been together quite a year and none of the band has any track record to speak of, unless you include Ms Hynde's stint on *NME* and her brief working liaisons with most of Blighty's punk alumni, not one of which led to any records.

To the public at large Chrissie Hynde was very much an unknown quantity when The Pretenders' first single 'Stop Your Sobbing' was released at the beginning of the year.

Knowing Chrissie's obsession with Iggy Pop and her passion for the punk explosion of '76/'77, I had been expecting something a lot less sophisticated. The follow-up, 'Kid' — one of her own songs, on the periphery of the charts at the time of writing — damn near made me stop in my tracks the first time I heard it on the radio.

I was immediately won over by Chrissie's immaculately doleful delivery, and the tender melancholy of the melody. The way she breathed those lyrics had the emotional impact of Ronnie Spector intoning 'Be My Baby'.

This was gorgeous high pop.

Investigation of these records' B sides revealed another, tougher dimension to The Pretenders — and to what I now consider to be the formidable talent of Ms Hynde.

All four cuts are classics — that is, the 'Stop Your Sobbing'/'The Wait' single and the 'Kid'/'Tatooed Love Boys' pairing. If the A sides look towards the '60s for inspiration, the flips look into the future. On 'Tatooed Love Boys' Chrissie's voice has the right degree of tough sexuality for a lyric about women who get mixed up with motor bike merchants.

Only the very best of the new wave singles come close to these pearls.

So it was with some sense of expectation that I found myself in Bournemouth on Wednesday night for my first live encounter.

"YOU'LL NOT find much in there, lads, "advises the hotel's manager as Dave and I approach the hotel bar / disco. "They've (he means the girls) all gone to The Stateside to see . . ." He pauses, presumably to rake his brain cells for The Pretenders' name, but instead he utters: "Dave Lee Travis, that's who it is."

As it happens the venue The Pretenders are playing is part of the same complex where DLT is spinning his discs.

The disco turns out to be a wretched hothouse of a place, bursting with well-turned-out teenage holiday makers.

Thankfully The Pretenders' area is cooler. The crowd is healthy although hardly packed, and it's a much less well groomed lot.

The band are into their opening salvo, 'The Wait', as we arrive.

On stage Chrissie isn't the high energy, aggressive leather-clad performer I'd been led to believe. Don't get me wrong, she has presence all right, but instead of the motorcycle mama I expected, La Hynde on stage verges on the vulnerable.

Clad in white strides and a top and cap that could have belonged to Willie Carson as he took Troy past the finishing post in The Derby, her persona is difficult to define.

Her sexuality is neither played up or down; she later tells me that one of her audience figured her for a bloke until she took her hat off, while a musician she worked with in Paris took her for a transvestite . . . and that was after playing with her for a month!

Her most feminine movement is when she removes her cap to display a tumble of shoulder length hair.

She doesn't move about a great deal, save for an almost vaudeville routine during 'Brass In Pocket', a song with a hook that could give The Pretenders a monster hit even if 'Kid' doesn't make it safely into the higher echelons of the chart.

(This song was almost the follow-up to 'Stop Your Sobbing' but initial sessions didn't work out.)

Otherwise, Chrissie's movements are restricted to stalking the front of the stage, shoulders slightly hunched.

Others have talked of her 'aloofness'. True, she doesn't say much, on stage 'conversation' at Portsmouth being restricted to dedicating 'The Wanderer' to Marc Bolan and 'Tatooed Love Boys' to "black eyes" as well as the odd muttered thank you, but I'd put this down to lack of stage experience.

Repeatedly it's been said that The Pretenders are a unit — not Chrissie Hynde with a back-up band. And once you've seen them live you'll understand why the group have been so emphatic about this point. They are very much a collective, each member of the group a commanding figure in his own right.

Stage left is bassist Pete Farndon, mean looking, gum chewing, and sharply attired, who wouldn't look out of place running a ride on the fairground . . . Like a John Entwistle or a Bill Wyman, Farndon looks totally disinterested in his bass, but he knows where to put his fingers.

To Chrissie Hynde's right is James Honeyman-Scott. Blond and red suited, he looks like he's on loan from Child but he plays like a master.

The line-up is completed by drummer Martin Chambers' who in his field is every bit as good as Honeyman-Scott. Playing with the bare minimum of kit, his clout is as cleanly explosive as Simon Kirke's. Occasionally it's difficult to tell the two apart, but the nature of The Pretenders' material allows him to be a trifle more imaginative than the former Free drummer.

Add the awesome quality of the material and it's clear that The Pretenders are every bit as good as their rave reviews have said they are.

They can rock out with the best and deliver melodies so sublime you'd think that a Lennon & McCartney or a Becker & Fagen were involved somewhere along the line. Quite honestly I didn't think Chrissie Hynde had it in her.

Contrary to Andy Gill's impression of the band, I'd say The Pretenders have about as much in common with the '60s as The Beatles had with the '50s.

As individuals, too, The Pretenders prove likeable.

Loud and American Ms Hyde certainly is — extrovert too — but obnoxious no. When she says: "I'm not in this for any reason. I'm in it 'cause I enjoy it," you know she's not putting you on.

Mind you, she can be pretty volatile.

As someone close to the band has said: "She can be co-operative one minute, difficult the next depending what mood she's in — but overall she's far and away the best female to work with that I've come across."

All three male Pretenders are distinctly likeable dudes in their own separate ways. Honeyman-Scott is probably the most overtly friendly; Farndon and Chambers are quieter — the former's fondness for biker chic thankfully not overspilling too far.

Chambers is an avowed nature lover, entirely down-to-earth and amiable.

THURSDAY MORNING dawns grey and slightly parky. The Pretenders leave their hotel at noon for the hour or so drive to Portsmouth. Decked out in leather strides worn through at the knees and a jacket the colour of a weak raspberry milk shake Chrissie Hynde is having difficulty waking up.

"Do you mind turning the music down?" she whines. "I can't stand listening to music all the time."

Nick Lowe gets the elbow and Bournemouth is left without musical accompaniment. It's not long though before Dave Edmunds is blasting from the cassette machine. These two are particular favourites of Honeyman-Scott.

His tastes are, however, fairly comprehensive, extending to John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John ('You're The One That I Want' was his favourite single last year) and Cliff Richard at one end of the scale to Eric Clapton, Ron Wood, Mick Taylor, Albert Lee, Steve Cropper and Jeff Beck at the other.

He's also rather partial to The Beach Boys:

"I was brought up on The Beach Boys. Keith Levine from Public Image once asked me what I liked. I told him I liked The Beach Boys. He couldn't believe it. He said that's who his dad listens to."

Honeyman-Scott curls up at the recollection.

James — like Chambers and Farndon — is a native of Hereford. He's been playing guitar since 12. Prior to The Pretenders he played with Hereford locals The Cheeks, a very much pop orientated band which also featured Chambers and former Mott The Hoople keyboards player Verden Allen.

When Chrissie and Farndon were looking for musicians to join The Pretenders they auditioned Honeyman-Scott — whom Farndon had known since the former was 11 and worked in a music shop in Hereford.

At the time the guitarist was badly strung out on amphetamine: "This band saved me," he says emphatically. "Before I joined The Pretenders I was eight and a half stone. Now I'm ten and a half. I was treated for erosion of the stomach. It really annoys me when people like Julie Burchill and Tony Parsons praise that drug. When I think of how fucked up I was on it . . .

"It was pathetic how bad I was. I was selling everything. I'd do anything to score a quarter of a gram. In Hereford there was nothing to do except get wasted."

When he first joined The Pretenders he says he felt intimidated by Hynde's personality.

"She was really aggressive and horrible. But I realised that underneath she was cute and lovable. She's mellowed out a lot. I think that's what comes of playing ballrooms."

Since joining The Pretenders James says he's had two offers from people within known bands — but refuses to name names. Of late he's jammed with Eddie And The Hot Rods and joined Paul Jones et al on stage at The Hope And Anchor for their blues nights. "There I get a chance to really stretch out. But I do like guitar solos you can sing along with. George Harrison's playing with The Beatles was always like that."

THE PRETENDERS party stops for lunch-time sustenance at a pub somewhere off the main road. An admirer asks Chrissie

■ *Continues over page*

PRETENDERS

■ *From previous page*

Hynde to sign a £1 note, much to her astonishment. And Martin Chambers gives me the low-down on his background.

Before joining The Pretenders he was working as a driving instructor. Since leaving art school he'd spent most of his time as a not particularly successful professional rock musician and felt he needed a break.

Past affiliations include a stint with Karakorum, a turn of the 60s band along the lines of [illegible], and more recently as part of a trio with Eddie Bender, aka Eddie Grosvenor, as well as The Cheeks episode with Honeyman-Scott.

His favourite drummers are Shannon Kirke, Clive Bunker (Jethro Tull's original drummer), Mitch Mitchell and Buffin — otherwise Dave Griffin of Mott fame.

Both he and Farndon are in their mid-twenties. (Jimmy is 22 and Chrissie herself is 28 on September 7 — "Buddy Holly's birthday," she grins.)

Farndon is another veteran of a Hereford band, Cold River Lady, but The Pretenders are the first time he's played with James and Martin, despite knowing them both for some time.

When he met Chrissie he'd just returned from a year down under playing bass for an Australian folk group called The Bushwackers.

Farndon was expelled from public school when he was 15 (he won a scholarship) and always fostered the dream of being in a successful rock band.

He's quietly confident about The Pretenders' success: "Yeah, the spark's there even though everybody's well into their 20s."

We pile back into the bus and head for Portsmouth.

AFTERNOONS ARE never a good time for interviewing a band on the road, but I doubt if there's ever such a thing as a good time to interview Chrissie Hynde. Her dislike of interviews stems from the fact that she doesn't think she has anything to say ("We're nobodies. It's not like talking to Neil Young"), that she doesn't consider herself particularly eloquent, that she doesn't want to be singled out from the band and her inside knowledge of the vagaries of the business of journalism.

Nevertheless she agrees to be interviewed — while saying that she thinks it would be a good thing if I talk to "the other guys".

Chrissie hails from Akron, Ohio and came to Britain in the early '70s long before the new wave had given this nest of American industry any kind of music biz credibility.

Her childhood was very pleasant. Her background "very normal". She says: "My parents were very good parents. I didn't rebel against them as a child, but by the time I got to my teenage years I certainly started taking a lot of objection to what I saw — to just about every aspect of society. The brutal way in which people treat each other which goes right across the board."

Her father played the harmonica and she vividly remembers that when she was four years old she wanted to be a singer. "It wasn't something that occured to me when I was 19 years old. I always sang. Walking down the street or whatever."

During her early teens she, like millions of other young Americans, got into rock 'n' roll *(Gosh — Ed):* "I remember that when I was about 14 the British music explosion happened. That bowled me over 'cause I wasn't very interested in going with boys. I was much more into listening to bands."

Mitch Rider And The Detroit Wheels made an impression when she saw them when she was 14. Among her all time favourites are Iggy Pop, of course, Jimi Hendrix, Dionne Warwick — and James Brown. "I don't think any of the music that I like today, that I listen to today, would be what it was without him.

"He was one of the key figures in changing music. Any form of black music would certainly have to tip its hat to James Brown."

Other people she mentions include Mose Alison, Bobby Womack and US garage bands like ? And The Mysterions, The Seeds and Sam The Sham — the latter described as "a garage band Dr John".

And what about British punk?

While, surprisingly she says a lot of the music wasn't to her liking, and anyway, how could she take it that seriously after listening to Iggy Pop all those years, she vigorously defends the punk scene.

"I get really annoyed when people just put the punk movement down as a passing fad. The only people who did anything in '76 and '77 were punks. Everyone else was sitting at home smoking dope with their girlfriends. I get really pissed off with people who discredit it 'cause I know it was valid."

Her continued affection for those days, however, doesn't mean she swallowed the whole deal.

Gobbing, for instance, is strictly out of bounds as far as The Pretenders are concerned.

"To be gobbed at," she opines, "is the ultimate in humiliation."

She doesn't think too much store should be set by the music she's into.

"I don't think that necessarily gives any insight into a person. It has a lot to do with where they are and what's available to them.

"The major influence on me was the radio — but I was in a very, very advantageous position, being in the part of the world that I was in. I could lay down at night and put my school books under the bed, and just with my hand on the radio . . . with the slightest flick of the wrist . . . I got like another station.

"You've got Nashville, Chicago, New York, Cleveland, or even farther.

"That's why I had the opportunity to listen to B B King when I was 14 whereas over here it's a lot different 'cause you've only got three stations. To most people what's on the radio is all they can get.

"That's why I think it's important to get on the radio. I don't want to compromise though. If I thought it was impossible to get onto the radio and do something that I liked I wouldn't bother with it. I don't mean that 'Stop Your Sobbing' is any less good that 'The Wait' and 'Tatooed Love Boys'. They're different."

CHRISSIE seeems to cherish her privacy. She will explain what she's trying to put across in a particular song but refuses to detail the experience that she drew on to write it. 'Kid' is metaphorically about a parent-child relationship, and about the subtle emotions at work when the parent feels bad about letting the child down.

"I think that parent-child relationship is maybe inherent in any relationship," is all she would say.

" 'Tatooed Love Boys' has no deep meaning. It's a very light throwaway rock song about me having certain experiences with certain groups of people — and being able to pull back out of it. It's not very heavy. It's a pretty heavy subject matter but it's one that's very common 'cause probably everyone's been slapped on the face a few times.

"I can't imagine going to Question Mark (of? And The Mysterions fame) and saying What's '96 Tears' about?' Or asking The Seeds what 'You're Pushing Too Hard' was about? They're just songs. They're just stories. It gets a little too much like school when everybody reads a play and has to talk about it. Just read it and that's it.

"That's why I'm so reluctant to explain anything. For one thing it's going to have to go through your interpretation, and also I might not be able to explain it very well. I don't want to try to tell you what they're about because what they're about is what they sound like to you."

Does she think there's any similarity between her and Ronnie Spector?

"I think she's a marvellous singer. I don't know if there's any similarity there. I certainly hope so. But I'm not inclined towards nostalgia.

"The way I see music is that there's good and there's bad. And that's about as tight as I like to let the classification get. There's just good and bad. It could be Tibetan ritual music. I'd be more inclined to listen to that kind of music in my own home than throw on the latest rock album." Does she think The Pretenders are as good as most people think they are?

"I'm very critical of what I do. If it weren't for the other guys in the band . . . If it was me with a back-up band I'd be bewildered. I wouldn't have that much of a focus 'cause I don't think what I do is particulalrly special."

But is what The Pretenders do special?

"I do think they're an excellent band. I admire everyone in the band musically. I don't take the reviews to heart very much."

So will the band last? "It's funny 'cause I've always jumped from one thing to the other quite a lot. I've moved around a lot. When I get involved with something I get very involved. As soon as it starts getting a little bit tired, as soon it starts becoming a little less fun . . . I just seek out whatever seems to be exciting.

"So now I'm involved in this thing which you have to pursue over a number of years. It's hard to imagine myself doing the same thing for a long period of time, but as long as the band excites me I'll be part of it and as soon as it doesn't seem very interesting . . .

"I don't want anything out of it, I'm not doing it for a reason. I just like it . . . so." She shrugs.

WE HAVE another drink. Eventually we'd inevitably talked about rock writing. She's of the opinion that rock journalism can and should be an art; "It's like playing in a band or making a dress. If you do it well . . ."

She dismisses the line that goes 'All rock writers are frustrated musicians', even if she could be taken as proof of that very syndrome.

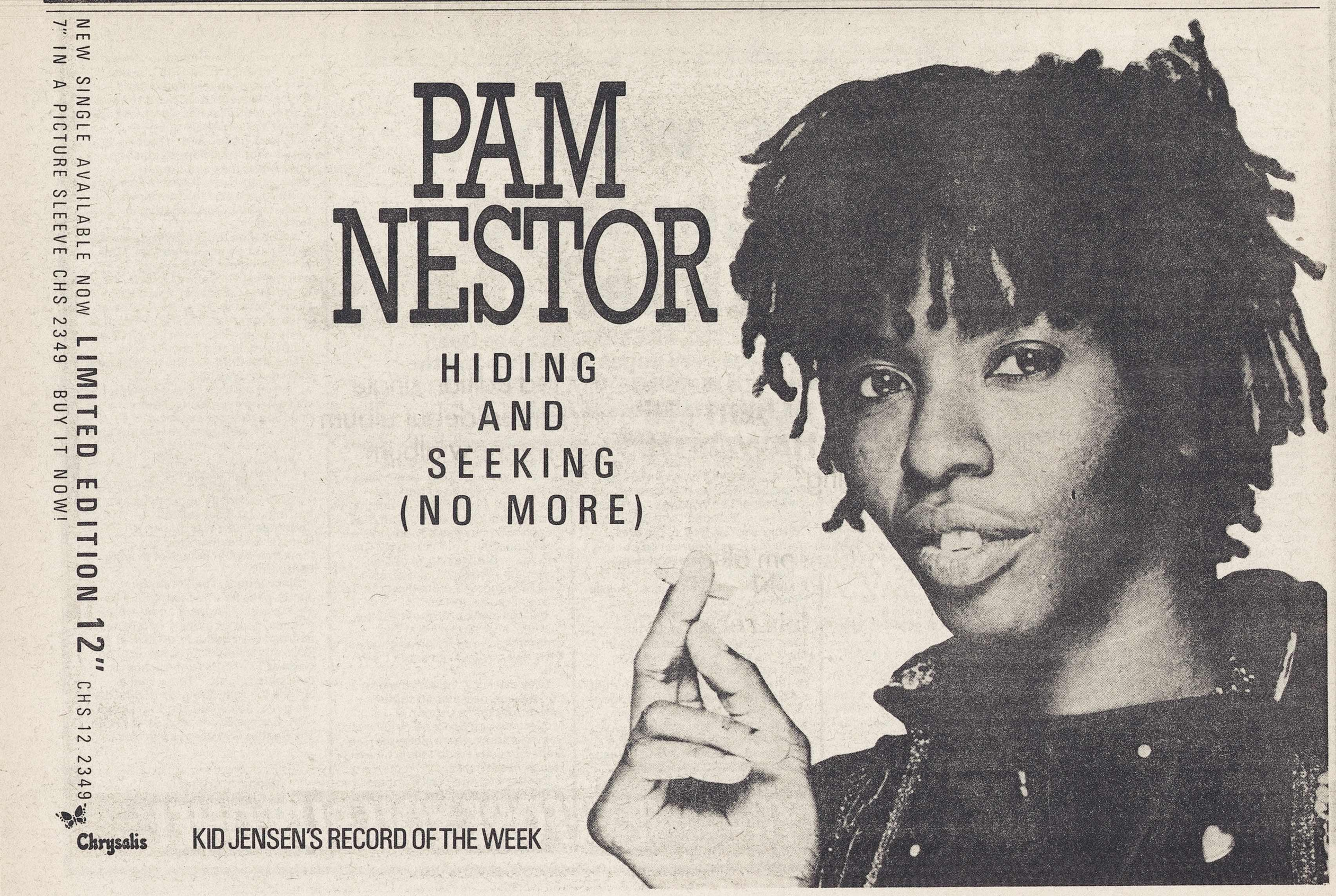
"It's ridiculous to denigrate the music press. For a kid who's getting through his teenage years reading the press is probably just about as exciting as . . . I mean, waiting for Thursday to come so you can go out and buy the papers. It's a real big deal."

Did she find it difficult interviewing people?

"Oh yeah," she says emphatically. "I never knew what to ask them. I didn't like to talk to people about the music they made 'cause I understand that it's very difficult to talk about. I would try to get more into their personality 'cause I think if you can get a picture of someone's personality that's reflected in the music."

How would she describe the personalities of the people in the band?

■ *Continues page 49*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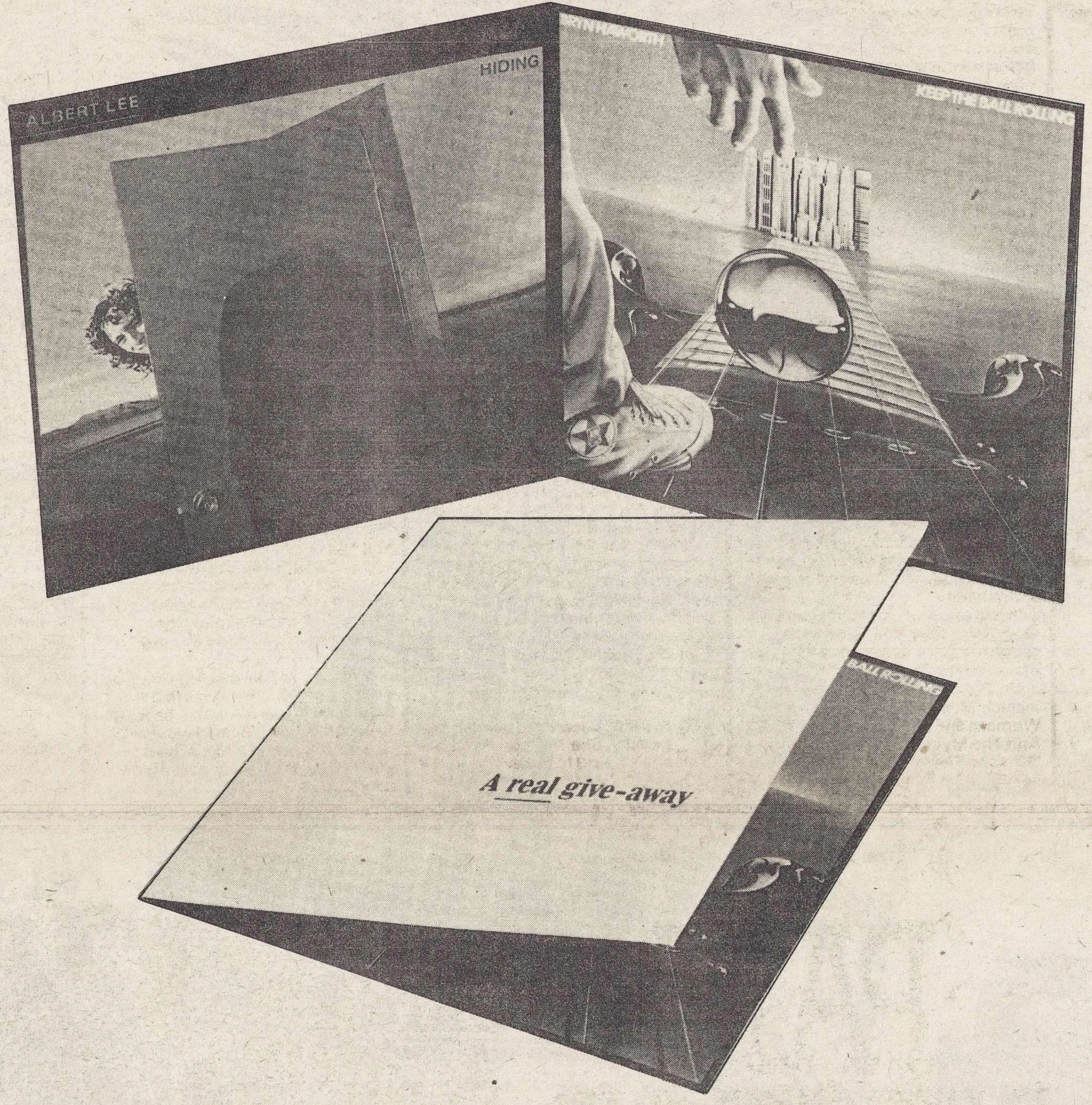

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THRILLS

THE PALLENBERG AFFAIR

Rock 'n' Roll Suicide??

A 17-YEAR-OLD youth allegedly committed suicide in the home of Rolling Stones guitarist Keith Richards late Friday night, according to state police in Somers, New York.

The youth, Scott Cantrell from Norwalk, Connecticut, was found dead in the master bedroom of Richards' Lewisboro New York home in affluent West Chester County, after he apparently shot himself in the head with a 38 calibre revolver.

Present at the time of the suicide was Richards' common law wife, 37-year-old Anita Pallenberg, her nine-year-old son Marlon, and a friend, Jeff Sessler. Richards, who only recently got off for heroin possession in Canada, was in Paris.

Detective Douglas Lamana of the New York state police told *Thrills* that there is no doubt that Cantrell's death was a suicide. "It was a contact wound," he said. "Judging from the bullet's angle of entry, it was clearly self-inflicted."

According to Lamana, Pallenberg was cleaning the master bedroom while Cantrell was lying on the bed playing with the gun. When her back was turned, the gun fired. She looked around to see Cantrell lying on his back with blood pouring out of a gunshot wound in his head. Immediately she rolled him over on his stomach to prevent him from choking on blood that was coming out of his mouth.

Sessler, who was downstairs watching television with Pallenberg's son, called the police who arrived shortly after at 10.30 pm with an ambulance.

Police said that Pallenberg was in the bedroom with Cantrell when they arrived and was noticeably distressed by what had happened. They added that there was nothing extraordinary about the suicide and there was no indication that there was any "foul play".

Cantrell was rushed to Northern West Chester County hospital where he was pronounced dead at 12.30 am.

POLICE DESCRIBED Cantrell as 6ft 5in and very good looking. He was born on July 7, 1962 in Greenwich Connecticut. A high-school drop-out, he was employed as an oil burner service technician.

Cantrell met Pallenberg a year ago through mutual friends. He often stayed at the Richards house, either performing odd jobs or simply "hanging out", said Lamana, who was careful to point out that he did not live there.

According to Patricia Carman, Cantrell's older sister, he met Pallenberg at a TV show and soon after the two started seeing each other, although she was not sure how much.

A few weeks before the suicide, Pallenberg asked Cantrell to stay at her home and work for her.

The details of Cantrell's relationship with Pallenberg are not certain but members of Cantrell's family said that he was clearly a friend of Pallenberg's not Richards'.

According to Carman, Pallenberg had once told Cantrell that she loved him. "Scott was totally swept off his feet by Pallenberg, who was over twice his age. She only wanted him for his body. He was under her spell."

Cantrell's family are not convinced that his death was a suicide. Carman said that her brother was very stable and had no reason to shoot himself. She thought it was very peculiar the way that Pallenberg notified Cantrell's family; calling his father who was vacationing in Florida but refusing to call Cantrell's brother who lived only 15 minutes away.

Patricia Carman was particularly perturbed with Pallenberg's testimony to the police which painted Cantrell as a drifter. He loved and was very close to his family, she said, and although he was often away he was welcome to come home at any time.

The 38 calibre pistol that Cantrell allegedly used to shoot himself and a 45 colt pistol were confiscated by police in the Richards home. It was later found that the 38 was stolen from Fort Lauderdale, Florida, on May 25, 1978.

Pallenberg was arrested on two counts of possession of a stolen weapon and her Italian passport was seized by police. She was released on Saturday morning on $500 bond.

Meanwhile Richards' South Salem home was being emptied of its contents by Sessler. "I had the word today — 'Move out all the guitars' — and that means only one thing. It's the end of life here."

New York State police are still investigating the alleged suicide but the dead youth's mother was adamant that "This is not an open and shut case. We are determined to try to make sure the whole story comes out."

The Cantrell family are going ahead with their plans to hire a lawyer to investigate what they call "many unanswered questions" but it seemed likely at presstime that police enquiries would result in a verdict of "death by misadventure".

Richards himself is in Paris at present recording with The Rolling Stones. He was unavailable for comment. It may be remembered that on June 26, 1973, however, Richards, Pallenberg and Prince Jean Stanislas Klossowski were arrested by drug squad officers in a raid on the guitarist's Cheyne Walk, Chelsea home. Aside from the now familiar possession of narcotics police also took away a revolver, a shot gun and 110 rounds of ammunition, for which Richards had no certificate. He was fined £205 and Pallenberg was conditionally discharged.

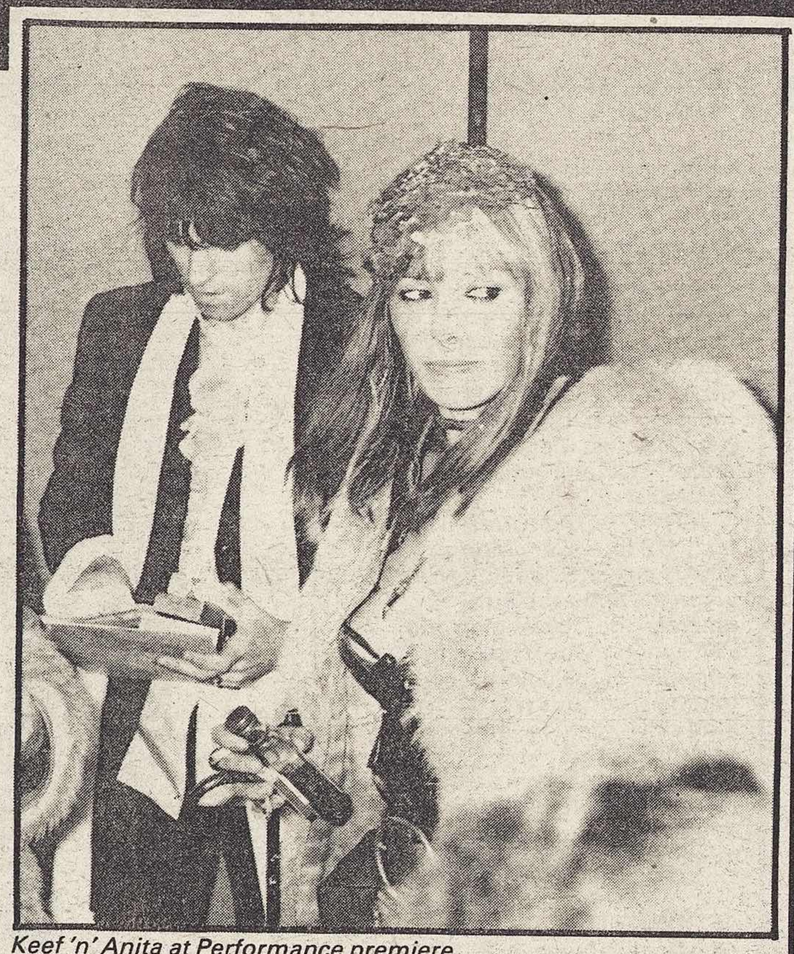
While police claim that there was nothing extraordinary in Cantrell's death, the more cynically inclined might find the idea of someone lying in bed playing with a loaded gun just a trifle bizarre.

Or even gruesome? In the Nick Roeg directed film *Performance* the fading rock star Turner, played by Mick Jagger, is shot in the head by James Fox while he lies in bed.

The other occupant of the bed? Anita Pallenberg.

JEFF HAYS

THRILLS



Keef 'n' Anita at Performance premiere.

"He was under her spell" says dead boy's sister

CONSERVATION NEWS

Ancient Zeppelin unearthed in Berkshire

WITH THE stage doors locked and Strictly No Admittance signs on prominent display, Led Zeppelin weren't taking chances. We were not going to get a preview of the new light show they were rehearsing for Knebworth.

For two days they had booked the main set at Bray Studios, located beside the Thames in rural Berkshire. Bray Studios grew up on Hammer horror B-movies and Gerry and Silvia Anderson's *Space 1999,* and has been recently used for the shooting of special effects for sci-fi film *The Alien.*

However, to house rock bands of Zep's magnitude was a departure, extra security notwithstanding *Thrills* decided to mosey along . . .

With fate on our side, we arrived at the studios. Photographer Chris Forsey tugged at my sleeve. It was a Don't Look Now But We've Just Pulled Up In Front Of Messrs Plant And Page sort of tug.

We bounded over to their car. Robert Plant, now 30, soft-spoken and friendly in a bright yellow T-shirt, fairly straight army-green trousers and plimsoles, looked extremely healthy and refreshed. Considering the group have not played live since 1977 perhaps this was to be expected.

It was half past three and he's just got up.

Zeppelin were in Bray to experiment with new lighting ideas for Knebworth. But why Bray?

"Well, it's just a nice big room where we can fit all our equipment in," answered Plant.

"We only play when we want to. The group don't see much of each other socially so it has created a catalyst now we are back together. Zep has been going for eleven years but I still need to go on stage and play."

The 'new look' Robert Plant. Pic: Chris Forsey.

Then why haven't you played in England since the Earls Court dates in '75?

Plant shrugged.

I pointed out that since their last British performance a musical revolution had taken place. Punk set out to destroy the barriers created by supergroups who would only deign to play a couple of concerts a decade for their fans. But Plant doesn't see any competition.

"Something had to happen while we were resting," he cracked. "People may think we are conventional now. But we are still a law unto ourselves."

The set at Knebworth will contain old standards, according to Robert, because fans won't know the new numbers."

Or haven't Zep learnt them yet? After all, they've only had three years . . .

JIM TAYLOR

THRILLS

DIRTY HARRY THROWS DOWN THE GAUNTLET FOR A FEW DOLLARS MORE

Will the real Clint please stand up?

IN THE week that *A Fistful Of Dollars* kicked off a series of his spaghetti epics on British TV, it emerged that Clint Eastwood is considering taking legal action against the young reggae singer of the same name, known to his mum as Robert Brammer, and younger brother of top toaster Tinnity.

In the short term, this would appear to threaten the Jamaican Eastwood's forthcoming British dates, but Chris Robinson of the Panda Agency is confident they'll go ahead as planned.

Yet the threat of injunctions against Panda, Valdene Records (owners of Brammer's current label, Jamaica Sound), CBS (distributors) and the singer himself — not to mention previous labels and agencies — remains.

First word came via Robert Patterson, a London-based promoter specialising in acts of the Neil Diamond ilk, who — according to Robinson — contacted the venues concerned and advised them to call off the gigs.

However, Boss Goodman at Dingwalls knew of no such approach, while the 100 Club's Nanda Leslie found the whole thing pretty hilarious, commenting: "We've heard nothing; somebody's spreading a lot of rumours around. We were told that as long as you put 'Clint Eastwood — Jamaican Star' or something, it's alright. The American Clint Eastwood has lots of money, so I suppose he can get his own way."

Russell James of Valdene begs to differ. "Whilst not ignoring it, we find it hard to believe the guy can do anything about it. As far as we're concerned, *the* Clint Eastwood has to prove that the reggae Clint Eastwood is preventing him getting work. They're both in the entertainment industry, but in completely different fields."

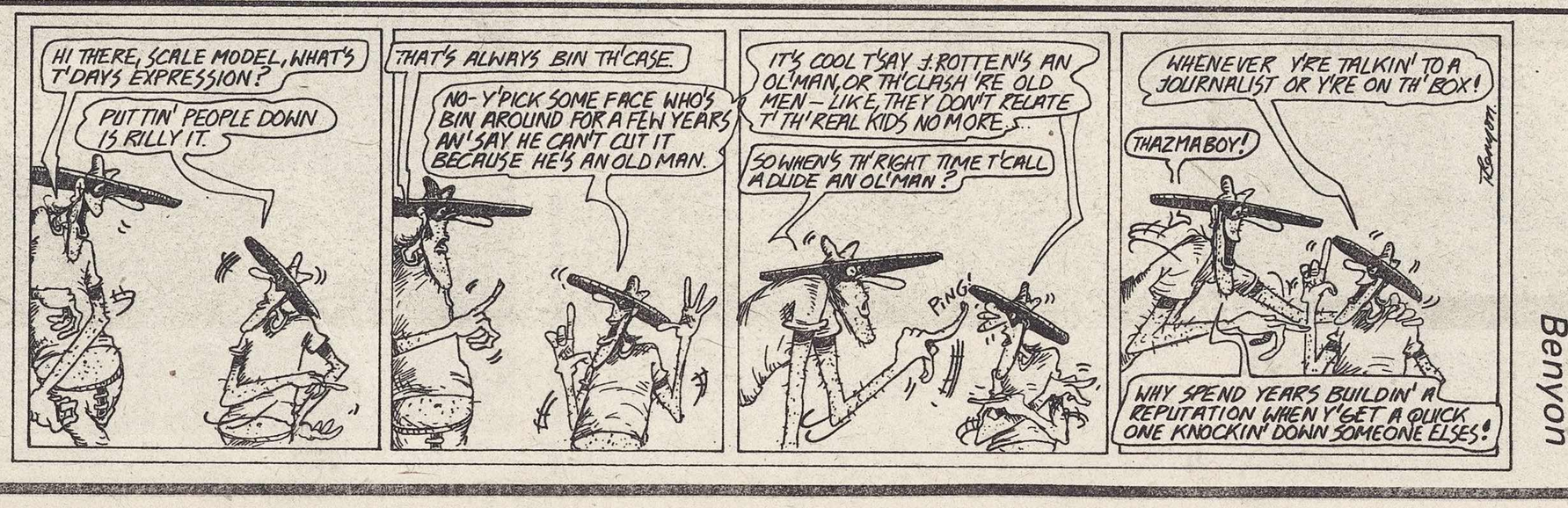
Far from issuing veiled threats, Patterson claims merely to have conducted a fact-finding exercise for an old pal.

"Clint's a good friend of mine," he said stiffly. "We had dinner the other day and he said 'Can you find about this for me?' and I said 'Why

Continues over

"Play Misty for me . . ."

"You hum it and I'll toast along."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CLINT ×2

■ From previous page

not?', as a favour — it was easier for me, being in the music business."

But since his namesake has been performing for some two years, why was the Hollywood macho merchant only now taking action?

"He hadn't heard of the group (sic) before. How did you hear of this anyway?" asked Patterson, drawing himself up to his full height. (This has been a videophone interview). "The record company is probably trying to get some publicity out of it, which is ridiculous."

Though possibly not as ridiculous as a showbiz elephant (speaking figuratively, Clint, honest) bringing the might of the law to bear on a flea astride its back. I put it to Steve Kenis, Eastwood's UK agent, that an obscure reggae singer can hardly harm the former *Rawhide* star.

"I remember when Barbra Streisand was an obscure New York singer. Both men are in the entertainment business and we feel it's better that there should be only one Clint Eastwood, in order to avoid confusion. My client has been well known for years and his name has meaning and stature."

Legals are not yet in motion: "We are asking him (Brammer) to cease and desist. Whether we take any action regarding his tour depends on his attitude. Obviously it's been advertised, so if he agreed to drop the name after these concerts, that would probably be alright."

The Clint Eastwood appearing at your local niterie is unlikely to feature excerpts from *Paint Your Wagon*. You have been warned.

HARRY GEORGE

THRILLS

Gary goes with a grouse

LIZZY'S U.S. JINX
By Chris Salewicz

HAS THE SPIRIT of Henry Ford placed a hex on anyone but his own motor car company using the name of Thin Lizzy in the USA? Are the energies emanating from Lizzy the rock band and America the nation totally incompatible?

June 1976: Thin Lizzy break through in the States for the first time ever with 'The Boys Are Back In Town'. The single is at No 6, the album from which it is taken, 'Jailbreak', is at 11. The band are in the middle of an American tour. Then Phil Lynott catches hepatitis from using a girl's toothbrush in Los Angeles and the tour is abandoned when he's flown home to England.

December 1976: Lizzy are due to tour the States, filling in on the areas on which they missed out when the previous tour was cancelled. The 'Johnny The Fox' LP is released and climbs the US album charts, pursued by assorted bullets. The night before the band are due to fly out from London guitarist Brian Robertson goes to the aid of fellow Scotsman Frankie Miller in a brawl in the Speakeasy club and cuts his hand so badly he is unable to play for months. The tour is cancelled. The album drops.

Summer 1978: Another US tour. Shortly before the band are about to leave for the States drummer Brian Downey, weighed down by "Personal problems", declares himself unable to make the trip. US session percussionist Mark Nauseef deps for US and subsequent Australian tour.

July 1979: The current Thin Lizzy US tour. Gary Moore, who replaced Brian Robertson when the ego problems between the Glaswegian and Phil Lynott made it no longer possible for the pair to work together, decides when the limo calls round for him that he can't make it to the gig in Los Angeles. Lizzy are obliged to play one of the most major dates on their tour as a three-piece. Moore is sacked.

A SPORADIC working relationship between Phil Lynott and Gary Moore can be traced back for at least a decade to the late '60s when Lynott was the vocalist and Belfast-born Moore the guitarist in Dublin-based blues band Skid Row. Shortly after, Lynott left to form Thin Lizzy with Brian Downey and Eric Bell and Skid Row crossed the Irish Sea to England where their first album was a Top Ten hit.

When Eric Bell experienced something of an onstage breakdown caused by the horrors he saw when the band returned to his home-town of Belfast on New Year's Eve 1973, Gary Moore was the logical substitute. Moore only remained with Lizzy however for four months, quitting in April 1974 after the 'Little Darling' single was released. "If I go into something," Moore has said of that time, "I really burn it out. When I got into Lizzy I thought, 'This is fantastic'. I got totally into it and at the end had almost destroyed myself. That was a very bad period of my life, towards the end."

This was also a very bad period for the whole Lizzy operation. Moore's departure from the then three-piece band came on the eve of a tour, the cancellation of which nearly bankrupted the outfit.

Gary Moore then joined Colosseum. "I wanted to play with some of the more respectable musicians in England. I needed to discipline myself, to find out if I could do it."

In January '77, however, during a halt in Colosseum's activities Moore depped for Brian Robertson on the rescheduled US tour that had originally been postponed by Robertson damaging his hand.

Lynott and Moore: the best of enemies. Pic: Chalkie Davies.

Though it was widely rumoured that Moore would stay with the band at the end of the tour he returned instead to Colosseum. Indeed, it wasn't until August of last year that Brian Robertson was finally replaced by Gary Moore.

Roughly coinciding with his re-joining Lizzy and immediately going onto a 25 per cent cut, according to Lizzy management) Gary Moore also inked a solo deal with MCA Records that has so far resulted in one album, 'Back On The Streets', and a hit single, 'Parisienne Walkways'. It is perhaps worth noting, however, that the composer's credit on 'Walkways' reads "Lynott".

On Radio One's *Rock On* magazine programme last Saturday Moore, sounding a little too glib at times, gave his reasons for quitting Lizzy. He was angered at reports that he's been sacked from the band and that he'd always played as a second guitarist to Scott Gorham's lead.

"I've never been sacked from any band," he said. "I left Thin Lizzy about two weeks ago. It is true that I failed to turn up for a gig. I was very, very upset with the way things had been going at the time. There were a lot of personal problems between Phil and myself: I didn't feel that he was performing up to the standard that the band deserved and I felt there were a lot of things wrong with his tuning onstage plus . . . *personal* things that I really don't want to go into.

"The reason that they're saying I'm fired is because they're so annoyed that I walked out in the middle of a tour."

But you and Phil, said the Radio One interviewer, have always been such close mates. . .

"The thing between Phil and I is just very intense. It's either

■ Continues page 14

EVERYTHING THE GOONS THINK ABOUT BARCLAYS IS NOW ON RECORD.

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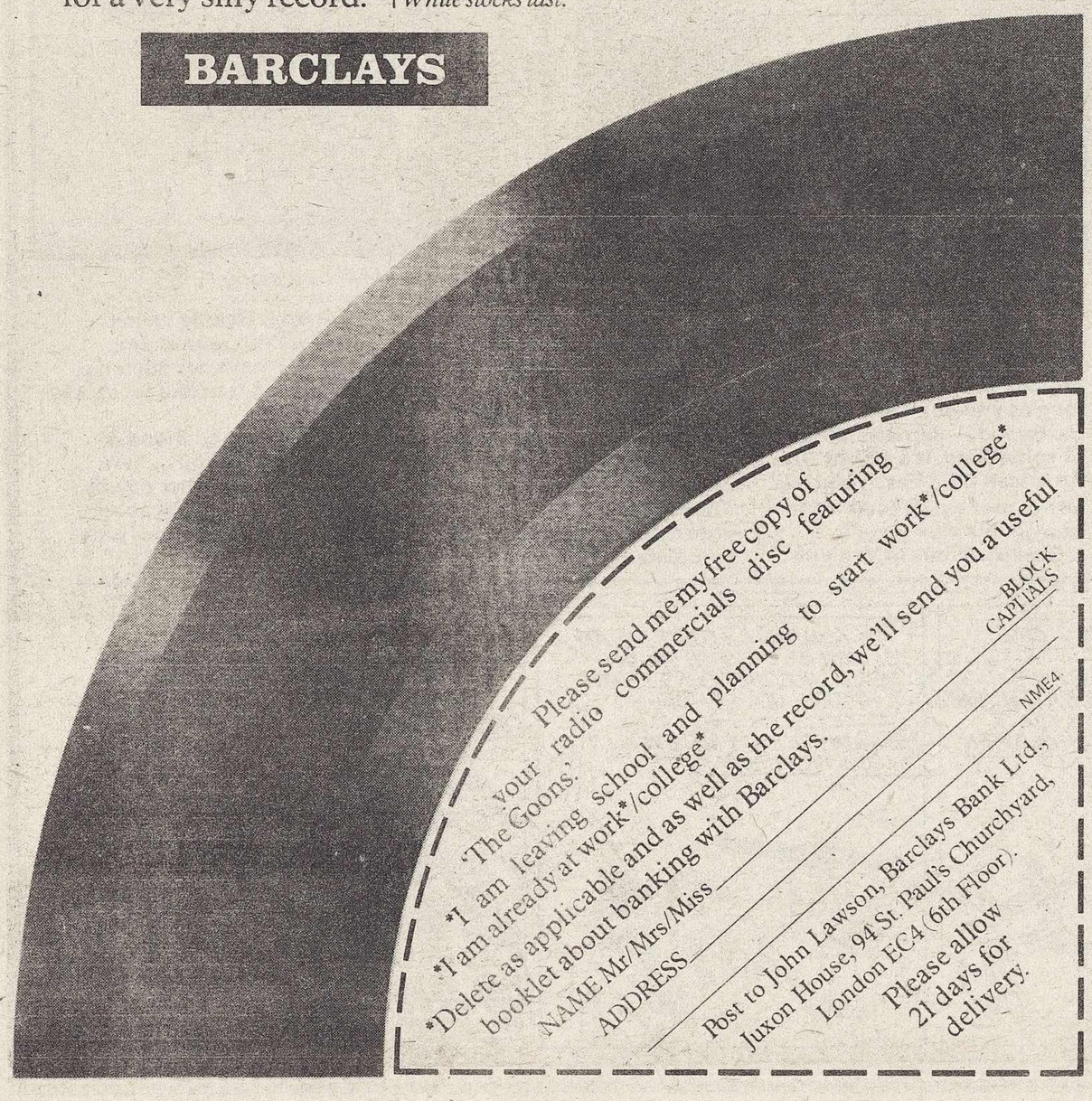
We also know how little you've been able to hear each of them. So we've brought out a special record featuring all eleven. It's yours for the price of an envelope and stamp.† Which is a very silly price for a very silly record. †*While stocks last.*

BARCLAYS



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Post to John Lawson, Barclays Bank Ltd., Juxon House, 94 St. Paul's Churchyard, London EC4 (6th Floor).
Please allow 21 days for delivery.

THE LAST DAYS OF TRB

Danny Kustow confides in Thrills on his departure from The Tom Robinson Band

SO. FAREWELL then, TRB. For the time being anyway.

Last week it was that the shock-horror news was unleashed upon a shocked, horrified world: Tom Robinson's men had called it a collective day. Henceforth would they stride out to meet their separate destinies, separately.

And for why? The cause being cited isn't so much "musical differences" as a general consensus that TRB had lost that *je ne sais quoi*, was somehow minus that certain spark.

"I haven't been excited for a long time," confessed Danny Kustow, guitarist and TRB co-founder. "And that's what I want, to be excited on stage by what I'm playing.

"I don't think it was ever the same after Mark left," (Mark Ambler, the original keyboards player) "It didn't seem to be the TRB. The founder members, the original group started breaking up. And Dolphin went" (Dolphin Taylor, TRB's former drummer) "and once he went it definitely wasn't TRB any more."

But the split?

"It was a group decision. We thought we'd take it as far as it would go and that's it. We want to go our own ways. I'd like to play with a lot of people, so it's the best thing really.

"It was amazing playing with Tom. But the time had come to move on."

And Danny, although notoriously just a little more talkative than your average brick wall, went on to describe for *Thrills* his current preoccupation: a loose association known enigmatically as The Jimmy Norton Explosion (not, alas, as "The Jimmy Norton Experience" as previously reported).

Now in rehearsal, and chancing the odd gig, the group comprises Kustow with Rich Kids Glen Matlock and Steve New, plus the erstwhile Slit drummer Budgie.

"We're just going to see how it goes, really. There isn't anyone called Jimmy Norton. I think it's a really great name, don't you think so?"

Um, pass. But what're Tom and the other guys going to do? "Tom's writing some stuff. He's got a whole backlog of songs which he's never had a chance to play" — a facet indicated in his recent series of solo shows and by his release of a single, sans TRB, in 'I'll Never Fall In Love . . . (Again)'.

"Charlie Morgan the drummer and Ian Parker are both going to do some session work. Ian's writing, he's going to get his own band together."

Robinson himself had come to regard TRB as "no longer a challenging or risky venture . . . after 2½ years it's become a bit tame and predictable."

Some new manifestation of TRB seems likely in the long term; in the meantime Tom gets on with completion of a new album.

PAUL DU NOYER

THRILLS

Kustow and Robinson in typical happy-together pose. Pic: Chris L. Urea.

Preparing the world for Bunnybeat

From left: Les Pattinson, Ian McCulloch, Will Sergent. Pic: Kevin Cummins.

LIVERPOOL, ONE July night: cheering crowds and flag-waving children, an impassable mass that packs the city's centre: all pipes and drums and police-leave-cancelled, the muggy air thick with beer-breath and jubilation.

Tonight Echo And The Bunnymen play their eighth gig.

Okay, so it also happens to be the day of the annual Orange Lodge parade but, courtesy of a whole clutch of innovative and enterprising people, there is a lot happening on Merseyside that really is worth celebrating.

Like the local independent Zoo label, and its recent release of 'The Pictures On My Wall' / 'Read It In Books' — the attractive 'n' intriguing debut from one band in the forefront of current activity in the town, namely those above-mentioned Bunnymen.

And while there's a general denial of any common sound or of any unifying features save for a penchant for ridiculous names, it's difficult not to be struck by the cohesiveness of the scene just now. I arrived at our appointed rendezvous, Liverpool's Everyman Theatre, to find the Bunnymen's gear being set up by two of Those Naughty Lumps, overseen by one Moderate.

Enter, with a crash and an apology, Zoo's co-supremo Bill Drummond, endeavouring to carry an amp and shake hands at the same time.

Scottish, likeable, tall and gangling like a pre-lobotomy Basil Fawlty, Bill Drummond can seem wide-eyed, almost blunderingly honest; I suspect he actually talks more sense than any of his shrewdie London counterparts.

And after Bill, in single file, walk another three amplifiers, a Bunnyman just discernible beneath each. There's singer Ian McCulloch, guitarist Will Sergent and bass-player Les Pattinson. The group's fourth member is a drum-machine, but we weren't introduced.

Les is fair-haired, polite, builds boats. Will works as a cook; I didn't ask him but he tells me his favourite film-star is Donald Pleasance. Ian McCulloch is a pair of huge eyes and an elaborate quiff, presently on the dole; when rich and famous he would like to buy France.

The collective Bunnyman ethos is a simple one, as Les explains: "It just flows out. It's the way we come out with things. It seems to be different to what other people are doing."

Like using a drum-machine? "Er, that's 'cos we've never found a drummer. They're always either drunk or not reliable enough."

And Ian goes further: "There's this thing between us, we do think that, like, We Are Bunnymen and another member, a drummer, might not be 'a Bunnyman'.

"It's out of necessity rather than choice. It's nothing to do with the 'cold wave' or anything like that."

Fine, but what's with all this Bunnyman business? "It's meant to mean, like, nothing" says Les.

Ian: "Why is the name Echo And The Bunnymen so much funnier than, say, Slaughter And The Dogs? It wasn't us who thought of the name, it was just suggested to us by some idiot. I like it because people are confused by it. It's like a piss-take of ourselves, y'know — 'don't try and act too serious', kinda thing."

And the apparent Liverpool upsurge?

"There are a few bands that are good . . . but there's really no more of a Liverpool upsurge than a Wakefield upsurge."

And Will: "What we hate is anything to do with 'Merseybeat'. That just ruins everything . . . I hate The Beatles!"

Not that Fab Four comparisons look very likely where Echo And The Bunnymen are concerned. On stage they were subdued but never overtly self-conscious. Although hampered, I felt, by lack of live experience and the absence of that flexibility and responsiveness which a human drummer might give, they're nevertheless an outfit whose development I'll follow with interest.

Scheduled for September is a follow-up called 'Happy Death-Men'. "I saw an advert in *TV Times*," Will explains, "an advert for the Army, this fella at a passing-out parade, y'know — happy death man."

"He probably got his knee-caps shot off the next day."

PAUL DU NOYER

THRILLS

Stone was found in milk bottle

C'mon out with your hands up Keef — we can all see you. Spotted by Geoff Brown, Lichfield, Staffs.

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Taken from the Album 'WAVE'. SPART 1086

c/w

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Recorded Live in New York 23.5.79

Produced by Todd Rundgren*

ARISTA

HIPPIES IN HOLLYWOOD

— or, has Milos Forman flown right into the cuckoo's nest?

"I THINK the basic idea or philosophy of the piece is timeless. Any time some institution — the Army, the family, the government or the school — is trying to discipline the young people in a cause of something they don't believe in, you have *Hair* or something else.

"I think the risk is not to be on or off time; the risk is to have good or bad film. If you have bad film, then you are either too late or too early. If you have a good one, it doesn't matter."

Milos (pronounced Meelosh) Forman is sitting in the Upper Bar of the Inter-Continental Hotel, Hyde Park corner, puffing a cigar, looking serious from behind heavy-framed glasses, and talking reluctantly in heavily accented American.

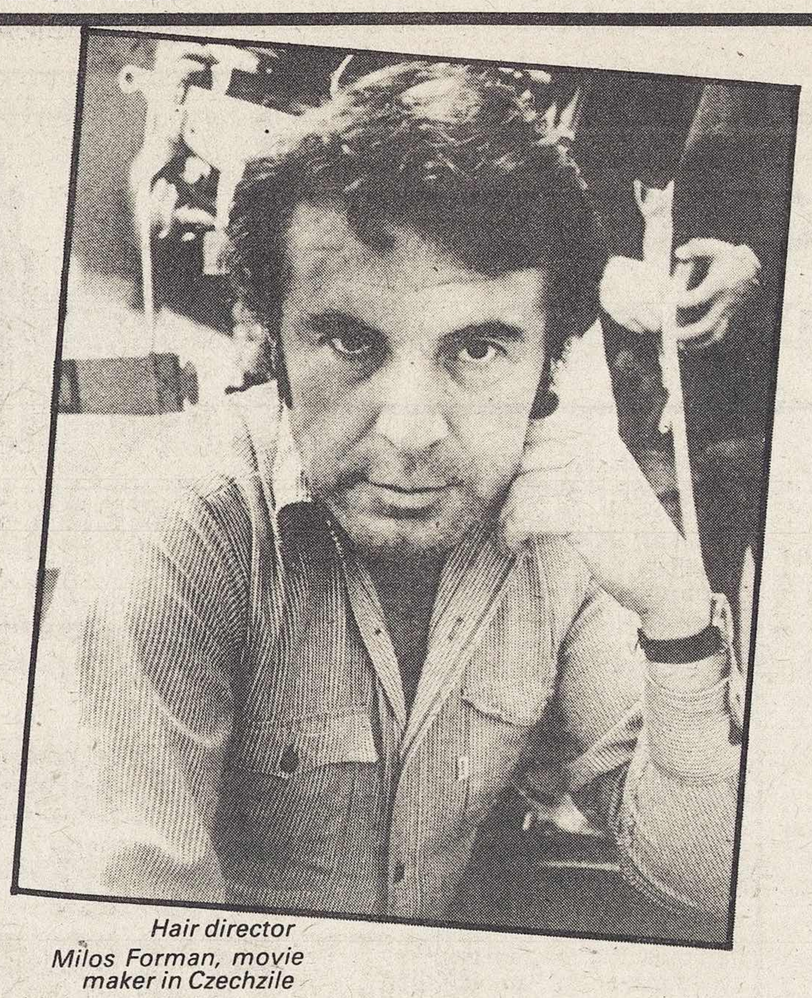
Hair is only the third movie he's made since emigrating from Czechoslovakia to Hollywood (discounting his work with seven other directors on *Visions of Eight*, a documentary of the Munich Olympics).

In 1971 came *Taking Off*, a wry examination of middle American mores, followed in 1976 by *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*, a movie monster that swept all the major Academy Awards for the first time in Oscar's 42-year history, and established Forman as a leading director.

A film craftsman who sees the United States through the eyes of a European immigrant, he recently became an American citizen and was named head of the film department at Columbia University in New York.

"I wanted to make *Hair* since I saw it first time in its very first off-Broadway public preview in fall 1967," he reveals. "I loved it — especially the music, because my English was very poor then. I didn't understand the words at all.

"But it was not up to me to decide when the film will be made because the moment the show became an enormously successful hit, it suddenly had so many legal parents — lawyers, agents, managers — that to put them together at one table and untangle the film rights is probably more difficult than the peace between Sadat and Begin.



Hair director Milos Forman, movie maker in Czechzile

"It was totally impossible then. Also my approach was very naive. I wanted to do *Hair* as a very raw, almost documentary-type of small film, which might be interesting, but definitely not welcomed by the people who had the money and the rights. They knew they had a big budget film on their hands with such a big success on the stage."

So they've shot for the box office bucks. Forman has taken the stage show and exploded, expanded and explored it to produce a succession of sharp images backed by crisp music.

"It was clear to me that you can't just photograph the show because it was so genuinely and ingeniously theatrical. It was fragmented like a kaleidoscope. It was in many, many moments paying dues to what was happening in the United States. Also, film must concentrate more carefully on the plotline and the story than the stage . . ."

His films take a long time because he works on them hard. He interviewed more than 1,000 actors for *Hair* and spent six months editing. The movie was shot almost exclusively on location, which Forman prefers "because it's a lot of time and energy you spend in the studio to invent nature. You save when you just find it in nature."

As it happens, the only studio scene is also one of the movie's highlights, which comes when Claude (John Savage) takes acid and hallucinates a bizarre church wedding.

"I was sort of aware or afraid of the danger to repeat the psychedelic phantasmagoria in the LSD trip sequence, mainly because I don't think it's true really. I never took LSD myself — I never took any hard drugs (sic) — but, like I guess everybody, I smoked some grass and these kind of things and I experienced my fantasy.

"My hallucinations were very real, very concrete, and dealt with things from my past coming back to me. Flashes from my very recent past with nightmares like flying and falling and fires. So I tried to put that in Claude's LSD trip . . ."

The producers of *Superman* had endless problems with their flying effects, yet in that scene Forman seems to have perfected the art. How?

"It's wires — but a very perfect rig developed by an Englishman who works in the US," he explains. "It's like a very perfected puppet theatre. You can turn the body whichever direction you want and the body has total freedom of movement. You don't feel the pulling force and you can't see the wires."

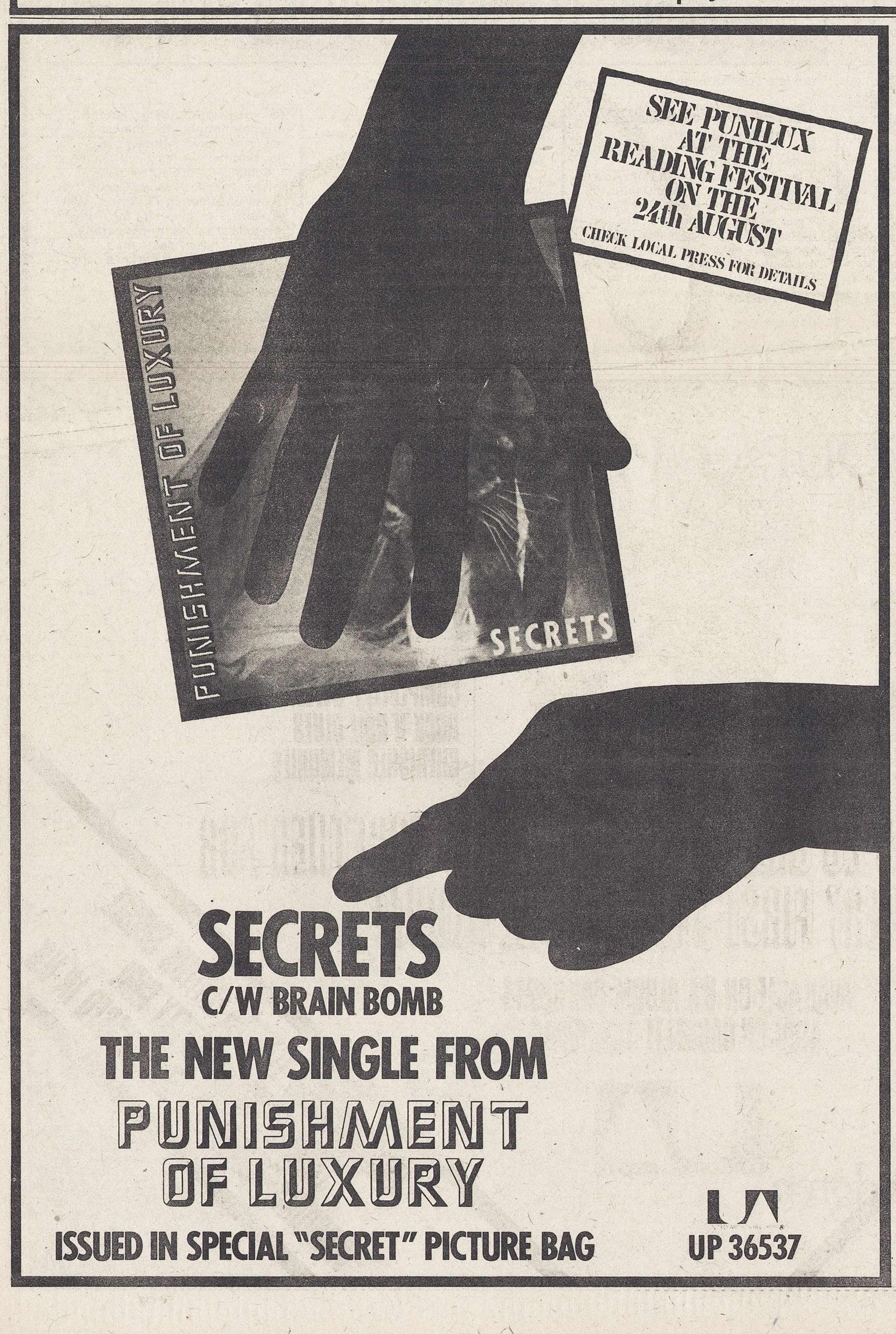
Changing tack, do you see a relationship between the Vietnam theme in *Hair* and films like *The Deer Hunter* and *Coming Home?*

"Well, I think what's common is the need to talk about this period. I think it's very good that all these films are talking about this event from different points of view, different styles with different attitudes. It was a dramatic period in American history and art is always attracted by the dramas."

Forman has swapped the ideological pressure and monopolistic structure of the Czech film industry for the commercial pressure and variety of Hollywood. He admits that as soon as he finishes a film he likes to start work on another one "out of boredom. It gives me a little more energy and drive." He's currently working on the script for *Ragtime*, based on the novel by E. L. Doctorow, for producer Dino de Laurentiis.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS



LIZZY

■ *From page 12*

very, very hot between us or it's not so hot. I got very hurt about some of the things I heard like, 'Scott has always been the lead guitarist in Thin Lizzy'. That's just crazy. We actually had to drop the title track of the new Lizzy album, 'Black Rose', because Scott couldn't play it live.

What about the fans? enquired the BBC man.

"I'm very sorry for the fans, but as a musician I have certain standards to keep up and there was no way I could have gone on with what I was hearing next to me onstage. I thing that the people who pay to see a band deserve higher quality music than they were getting."

Strong, forthright stuff from Gary, ehh? A bit tough on Scott Gorham — whose comments on Moore earlier in the year were a little more brotherly: "I was a little apprehensive when Gary joined because I thought, 'This guy's gonna leave me in the dust'. But it's turned out that he's turned me into a better guitar player. And now I can even show him things too."

In fact, surely Gary's a bit tough on the whole band when he is so dismissive of their live sound. To anyone who has lent an ear to the 'Live And Dangerous' LP, generally regarded as one of the best live albums ever, this must sound most strange.

Thin Lizzy co-manager Chris Morrison spells out a slightly different story.

After Lizzy had played one of Bill Graham's "Day On The Green" mini-festivals at Oakland Coliseum in Northern California, Moore said he wanted to fly down to LA to see his girl-friend. It was agreed that the guitarist would rejoin the band the following day in Reno.

Morrison's partner Chris O'Donnell then received a call from Moore telling him he was feeling weirded out and didn't think he could make the Reno gig. Having agreed to meet and talk when they returned to Los Angeles for the following date, Lizzy played Reno as a three-piece.

Once back in LA a group meeting with Moore took place. At first Moore told them roughly what he told the Radio One interviewer: that he didn't like the band or the band's music and didn't thing they were being creative.

Before their LA date Lizzy had four days off. Phil Lynott offered to help Moore out with his next solo album and stayed up for the next couple of nights in the studio.

Moore had already told the rest of Lizzy that he was

■ *Continues page 17*

WHAT HAVE THE FOLLOWING RECORDS IN COMMON?

C'MON EVERYBODY/SEX PISTOLS
SOMETHIN' ELSE/SEX PISTOLS — SUMMERTIME BLUES/THE WHO
THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN/SHOWADDYWADDY

THEY WERE ALL WRITTEN AND ORIGINALLY RECORDED BY ONE MAN....

Eddie Cochran

SIDE 1
C'MON EVERYBODY
THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN
CUT ACROSS SHORTY
JEANIE JEANIE JEANIE
TWENTY FLIGHT ROCK
WEEKEND
SITTIN' IN THE BALCONY
HALLELUJAH I LOVE HER SO
LONELY
SWEETIE PIE

SIDE 2
SUMMERTIME BLUES
SOMETHIN' ELSE
MY WAY
THREE STARS
DRIVE IN SHOW
NERVOUS BREAKDOWN
SKINNY JIM
COMPLETELY SWEET
ROCK 'N' ROLL BLUES
CHERISHED MEMORIES

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UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS.

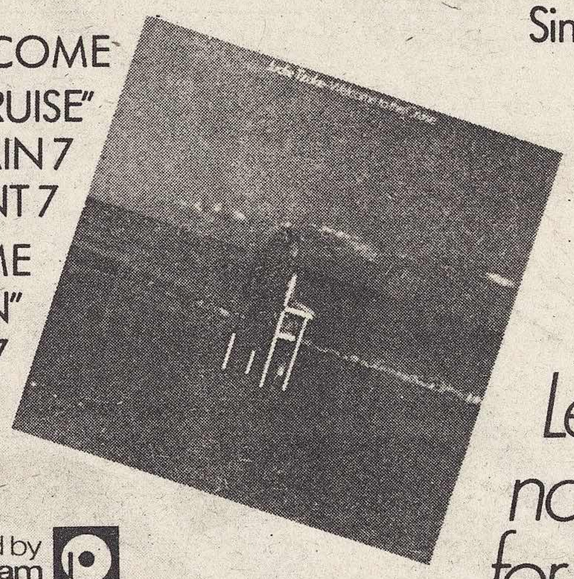
A few pronouncements on Judie Tzuke

"The best British female vocalist to appear on the scene in years."
Tommy Vance

"A major talent. Every track on her album is a diamond and I cannot praise her too highly. One of the finest albums of the year."
Simon Bates

"The best female singer to emerge in many years."
Andy Peebles

"WELCOME TO THE CRUISE"
Album TRAIN 7
Cassette SHUNT 7
"STAY WITH ME TILL DAWN"
Single XPRES 17



Judie Tzuke
(Tzōōk)

Learn to pronounce her name. You'll be asking for her records.

THE ROCKET RECORD COMPANY
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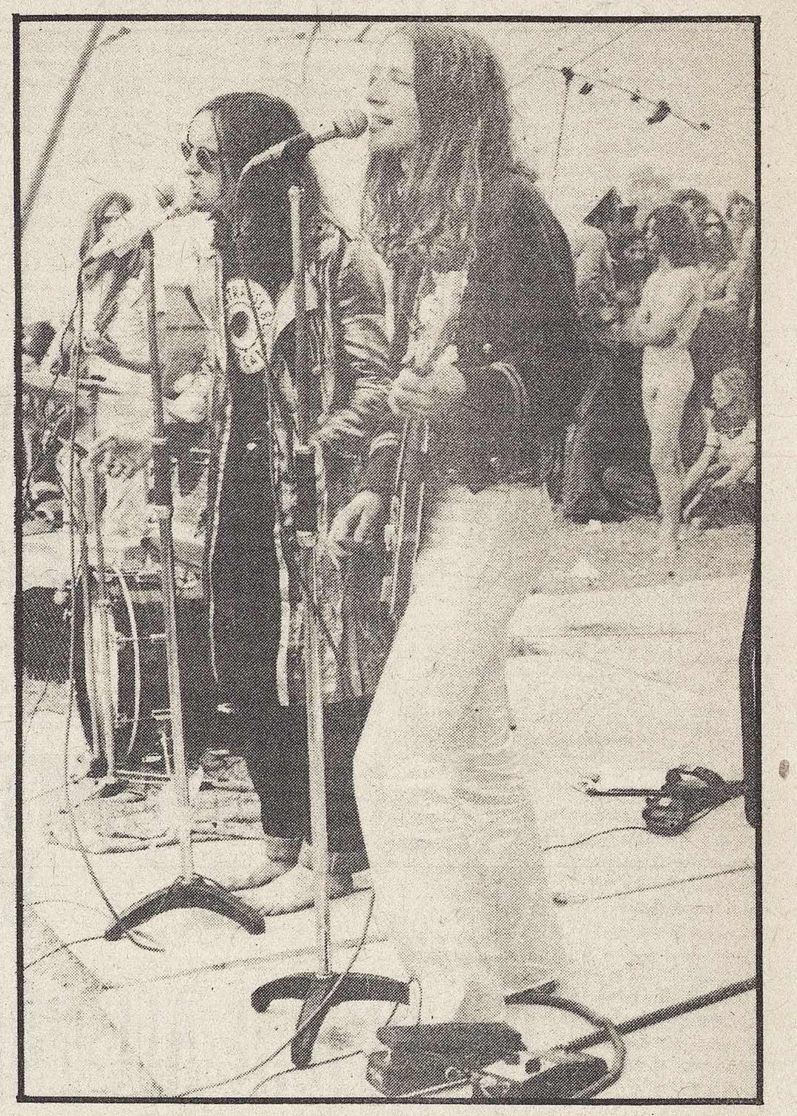


BLACKMAIL CORNER

IT CANNOT be too heavily emphasised that none of the effortlessly cool elitists who throng the *Thrills* desk have any significant prejudice whatsoever against hippies. Indeed, some of the older ones may even have been hippies themselves, and certainly only for the best and most valid of reasons.

Therefore, it is in no spirit of either censure or mockery that we disinter this photographic image of a rock band charmingly and evocatively named Skyco, which — over the years — mutated into into a popular and fashionable gang of new-wavish purveyors of beaty fun and populist merriment.

Needless to say, they are no longer known as Skyco, and we invite the more intelligent amongst you to suss out their current identity and — more specifically — the names of the two Skyco frontmen illustrated herein.

To aid your intuition, we present an early example of the lyrical genius which has — at the other end of the decade — taken them to the top. Herewith:

"Where it comes like thunder from the sky, let the spirit of love in your mind,
Jesus always loved us
Scattered us in stardust, I have waited a whole lifetime for you,
Singing Hare Krishna . . ."

If Skyco have come down from that last tab of yellow sunshine — or alternatively, if they're reading *NME* to see where they are in this week's chart — we advise them that our silence can be bought.

On the other hand, if no sufficiently outrageous bribes have arrived on the *Thrills* desk by Friday lunchtime, all will be revealed. Peace and love, man. Hare Rama (splutter, choke, snigger).

W. O. ODSTOCK

THRILLS

Disco still sucks, say baseball fans

CHICAGO'S Comiskey Park stadium was the scene of utter mayhem last Thursday night as 1000s of baseball fans staged an impromptu riot in protest against the increasingly popular sport of disco music.

The 'Twi-night Doubleheader' between the Chicago White Sox and the Detroit Tigers began peacably enough, with a standing room only crowd of 55,000 — biggest turn-out for the Sox in almost three years, partly the result of a promotional wheeze cooked up by the Sox's promotion executive Mike Veeck and radio WLUP-FM disc jockey Steve Dahl.

They called it 'Disco Demolition Night.' Anyone who brought along a disco record could get into the game at the bargain price of 98 cents and would have the pleasure of seeing their record ceremonially obliterated during the course of the evening.

It must have seemed like a good idea at the time.

But by the fifth innings the omens pointed to an imminent debacle. Records were being flung down from the terraces and dozens of banners bearing the legend 'Disco Sucks' were unfurled to the wind. Groups of fans took to chanting the slogan as the game drew on.

After the first game — which the Sox lost 4—1 — Dahl gathered the offending beat-ridden artifacts in a large wooden box and, after a short speech denouncing this intrinsically harmless leisure-time pursuit, he detonated the lot mid-field.

The anti-disco fervour of the crowd, however, would not be quelled. Fans spilled on to the playing field — first in their 100s, then in their 1000s.

A tactical security force of 30 was no match for the rampaging horde, estimated at upwards of 6,000. Bonfires

DYLAN & GOD —IT'S OFFICIAL

DESPITE REPORTS to the contrary, it looks as though Bob Dylan has most definitely become a convert to a born-again brand of Christianity. The up-coming album — 'Slow Train Comin' ' — is apparently bulging with thinly-veiled references to the joys of the Christian life.

All will be revealed, in vinyl terms anyway, when the record is released in September. There are no explanatory liner-notes, however, but Dylan's recent behaviour has left even his close friends more than a touch befuddled.

Dylan's head PR Paul Wasserman reported a conversation with the Big D wherein the latter's tone was distinctly cryptic.

"Cryptic *even* for Dylan," exclaimed Wasserman to a *Rolling Stone* reporter. Dylan asked his long-standing publicist, "Aren't you tired of dealing with people who are always gossiping and never talking about music? What's the matter with those people?"

Dylan also informed Wasserman: "All my albums have contained religious overtones — get the first one!"

When the confused PR got around to asking Dylan just *what* to inform the media regarding this alleged conversion to Christianity, Dylan instructed Wasserman to "just keep doing what you are doing."

A more revealing dialogue relating to this issue comes from a pre-trial deposition Dylan gave in Beverly Hills on May 22 as part of his defence against a defamation - of - character suit instigated by Patty Valentine, a character featured in the song 'Hurricane,' who felt that she'd been misrepresented by the song.

Questioned about his wealth and property, Dylan responded: "You mean my treasure on earth?" And when asked if he was known by any other name, Dylan replied, "Not here. Not on this earth."

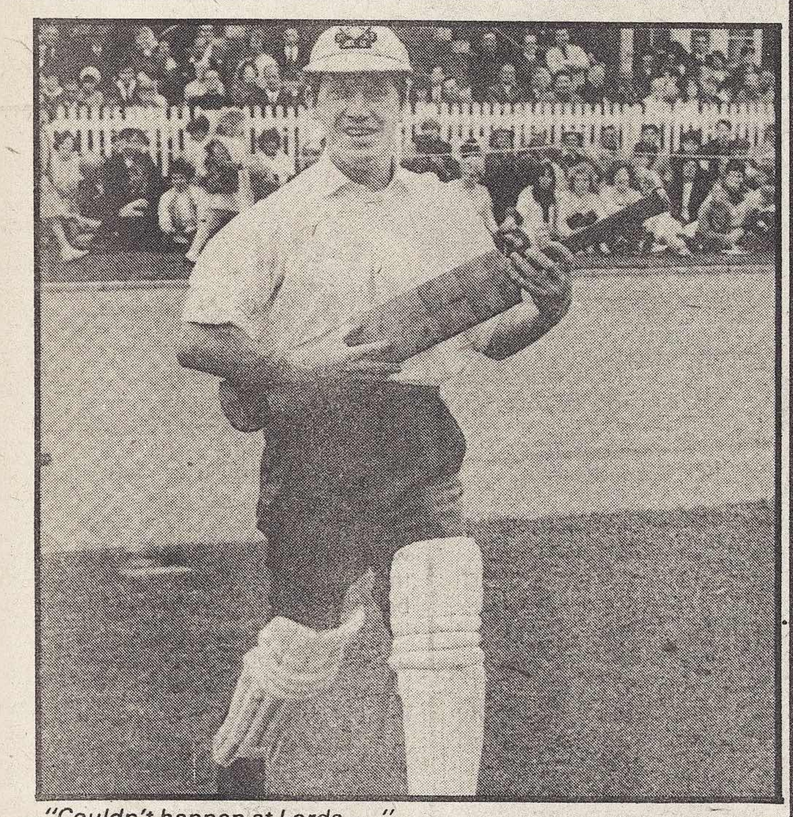
Meanwhile one Rudy Maxa, a gossip columnist for the *Washington Post Magazine*, reported that Kenn Gulliksen, leader of the California- based Vineyard Christian Fellowship, says that he met Dylan about five months ago, that Dylan has accepted Christ and joined his church. A spokeswoman at the San Fernando Valley chapter (cor, gettin' a bit complicated here) however, contends that Gulliksen was misquoted. "He's not talking any more. He got really burned."

Enough, already. Just time enough to leave you with the latest rumour which is that Dylan's next tour "will concentrate heavily on the Bible Belt."

NICK KENT

THRILLS

"I hear Nazareth are looking for a lead singer . . . prefer Genesis m'self . . ."



"Couldn't happen at Lords . . ."

were started with the debris of disco records, and firecrackers and brawls abounded.

Half an hour later the remaining 2000 demonstrators quickly scattered upon the arrival of a squad of Chicago Feds in full riot gear. Only a handful of people were arrested, but the second game had to be called off because the pitch was by then unplayable.

Blame it on the boogie.

BABE RUTH

THRILLS

LOWRY

"It's an entirely new concept in rock and roll entertainment. They sit there for an hour and a half, occasionally shifting in their seats, yawning, lighting a cigarette, coughing, picking their noses, breaking wind, scratching their ears and, every now and again, leaving the stage to go to the toilet."

LIZZY

■ *From previous page*

unhappy with the hotel in which he was staying and moved to another one. On the day of the gig Lynott, Gorham and Downey, along with O'Donnell, went round to pick him up to take him to the sound-check. He told them he wasn't going to play the gig. It was at this point, Morrison claims, that O'Donnell told him he was fired.

Apparently against Brian Downey's wishes the gig was then played as a three-piece — "If we'd had to pull out another US tour," says Morrison, "that would've been it for Lizzy in the States — and former Rich Kid Midge Ure, who co-wrote the current Lizzy single hit, flew out to play the rest of the tour with the band.

"I must say," added Morrison, "that the last time Gary Moore left Lizzy it was the day before a tour and I nearly went bankrupt. However, that was a long time ago and I haven't any particular resentment towards him. But I think he's really let down Phil, who spent a lot of time just helping him out as a friend with his solo career."

There is no comment from Phily Lynott himself in this every day tale of rock'n'roll folk. As I was writing it there was a further call from the Lizzy management. Rather than indulge in any transatlantic slagging of Gary Moore, a game the band felt he indulged in in his radio interview, the gang would prefer to wait until they returned to England in three weeks time when a fuller explanation of the situation would be given.

CHRIS SALEWICZ

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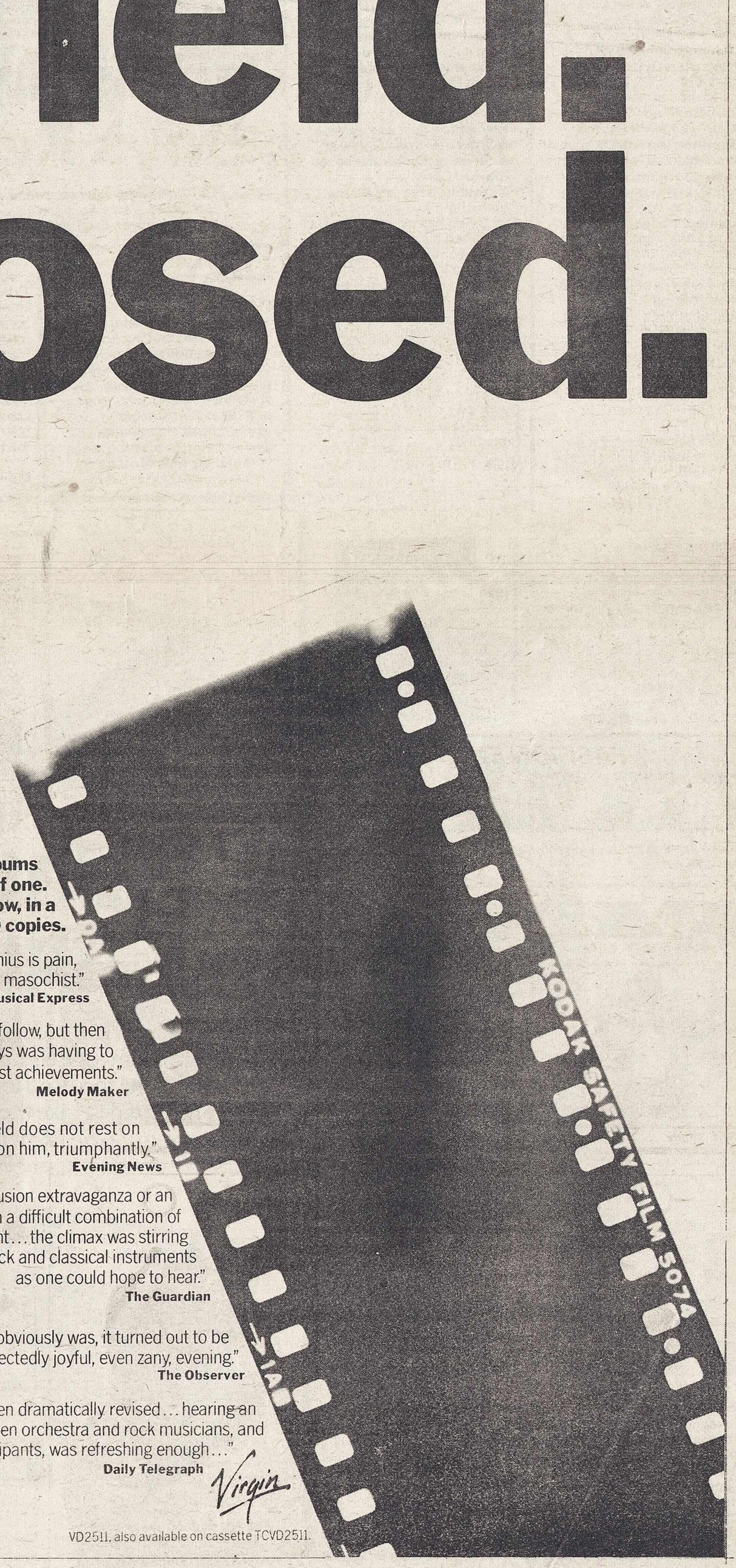

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"If genius is pain, then Oldfield's a masochist."
New Musical Express

"...a hard act to follow, but then his biggest problem always was having to compete with his own past achievements."
Melody Maker

"Mike Oldfield does not rest on his laurels. They rest on him, triumphantly."
Evening News

"Taken as grand-slam rock-classical fusion extravaganza or an exercise in achieving a perfect sound balance from a difficult combination of instruments, this was a remarkable achievement... the climax was stirring and exciting, and as impressive a blend of rock and classical instruments as one could hope to hear."
The Guardian

"Carefully prepared though the concert obviously was, it turned out to be an unaffectedly joyful, even zany, evening."
The Observer

"'Tubular Bells' has been dramatically revised... hearing an unprecedentedly fine balance between orchestra and rock musicians, and seeing the exuberance of the participants, was refreshing enough..."
Daily Telegraph

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Parkas (L—R): Neil Hurrell, Simon Smith, Danny Talbot, Mick Talbot.

Mods. Parkas. Mertons. RSG! Modern Boys Keep 'Swinging'

MODS. THEY'RE either this summer's Akron or just another faddish teenage revival to be dismissed with a hip sneer. It all seems to depend on where you stand and which rock comics you read. Whatever your point of view, no doubt your feelings are pretty strong.

What's needed is some perspective: sure, there's plenty of flotsam riding high on the modernist tidal wave that's sweeping the London clubs. But, by the same token, a handful of exceedingly promising new outfits have already emerged from the movement.

And right up there snapping at the loafers of top triumvirate of The Chords, The Purple Hearts and Secret Affair are The Merton Parkas.

Whereas groups like The Chords and Purple Hearts grew directly out of punk, The Merton Parkas — like Secret Affair — have their antecedents rooted firmly in last year's Powerpiffle hype.

The band — Danny Talbot on vocals and guitar, his older brother Mick on electric piano, bassist Neil Hurrell and drummer Simon Smith — graduated from their local South London working men's clubs to playing powerpop as The Sneakers at the Rochester Castle. This, of course, was all before they cheekily heisted their present moniker from the nearest suburban British Rail station — Merton Park, Wimbledon.

Explains Mick: "I never got into the punk thing at all. I know that sounds a bit strange to you, but it's true. I liked the energy but I just couldn't take the non-musicality of it all.

"I liked a few of the Clash songs but that was about it. I went to see them really early on, back in the Keith Levine days, but the two gigs I saw weren't very good, so I just left it!"

Your reporter's jaw drops in disbelief, The Clash at that time being the greatest live band he is ever likely to clap eyes on.

"The only band I ever really liked then were The Jam," continues the pianist. "They were like a younger version of what the Feelgoods could have become.

"Mainly I just carried on listening to a lot of blues stuff. Bo Diddley and Muddy Waters.

"As a band we've been playing the same sort of stuff that we're doing now for a long time. The only difference is that before we were unconscious of the mod thing.

"Only last year people were always coming up and saying we were too out of date. The A&R men used to say, 'You can actually play. You're too old fashioned.' Now they all want to manage us!"

On stage, brother Mick's soda-poppy electric keyboards dominate the sound, with Danny's tinny guitar taking more of a backseat role, blending in discreetly with the pump of the Hurrell-Smith rhythm section.

But it's the singing that catches the ear most — like on their new Beggars Banquet single 'You Need Wheels'/'I Don't Want To Know You' where the two Talbots combine to produce the finest vocal approximation of the vintage Coasters I've yet heard from a white 'rock' band.

The range of their remaining musical influences runs a gamut as diverse as their day jobs — Danny is a TV cameraman, Mick a shipping clerk and Neil a former stock car racer. They pick and choose from vintage soul, blues and '60s pop.

Alongside ten Danny Talbot originals, the live set includes five covers: Ray Charles' 'What'd I Say', The Miracles' 'Tears Of A Clown', The Contours' 'Do You Love Me', The Monkees' 'Stepping Stone' and Freda Payne's turn-of-the-decade classic 'Band Of Gold'.

An impeccable selection. But should not the band be pushing their own stuff at the expense of the non-originals?

"Well, we used to do even more!" exclaims Danny. "We used to do a lot more Motown stuff than we do now. It went down really well when we were playing the working men's clubs.

"We always try to add something to the non-originals. But I don't want to knock our roots, the music that's influenced us. I just want to build on them.

"I suppose we are closest to the original mod bands in sound, so we've got to get used to people having a go at us for being a revivalist band. But obviously, we're going to develop."

They also come in for flak for the rather wet, stylised approach they adopt towards the audience from the stage. Are the Parkas the first new wave cabaret band? Could they even play holiday camps?

"I can see what people mean when they say we're a bit like a wedding band," concurs Danny reluctantly. "But I think it's valid to try and get the audience involved. It's just trying to build up some sort of rapport."

"Anyway," butts in Mick, "It can't be that bad. I mean, Georgie Fame started out in a holiday camp!"

Butlins, here they come.

ADRIAN THRILLS

THRILLS

FASHION EXTRA — BOWLER CHIC

Patrick MacNee

Patti Smith

The bowler hat has long been synonymous with all that is tedious and boring about British life. Once, when the middle class was the middle class and bloody well proud of it and teenagers hadn't been invented yet, the bowler could be found gracing every self-respecting white-collar commuter's coat-rack. But then that peculiar animal passed into the annals of myth — thanks to the advent of such noted surrealists as John Steed, The Droogs, and Freddie 'Parrot Face' Davis. Nowadays nobody (with the possible exception of Steve Harley) need fear the ridicule that is often flung at outmoded stereotypes. Providing they set it off with a suitably adventurous mode of dress, people as far afield as Ian Dury and Patti Smith may cheerfully sport the quaint domed line of this classic titfer . . .

THE END

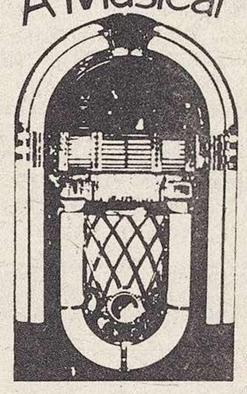
Malcolm McDowell

Ian Dury

JOHNNY JUKEBOX

Starring
PHILIP CHEVRON
PETER HOLIDAI
JAMES CRASHE
MARK MEGARAY
Chiswick

A Musical



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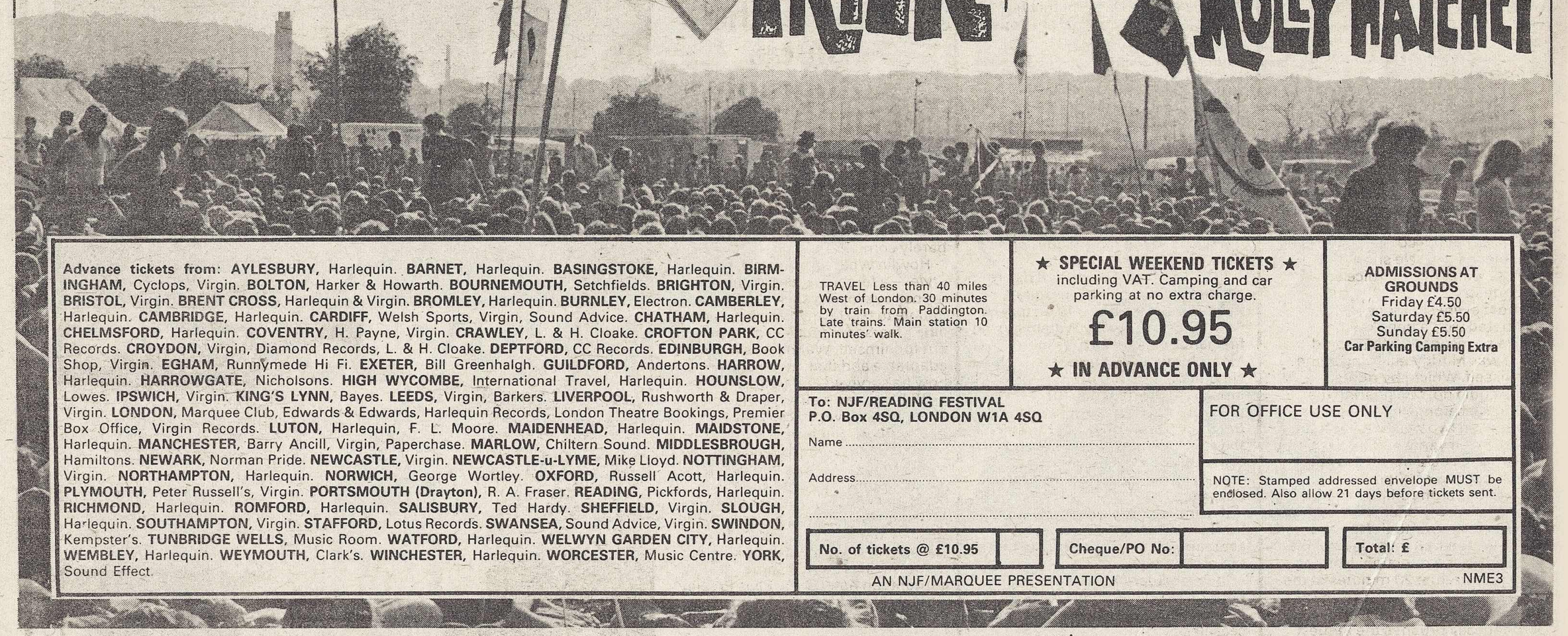

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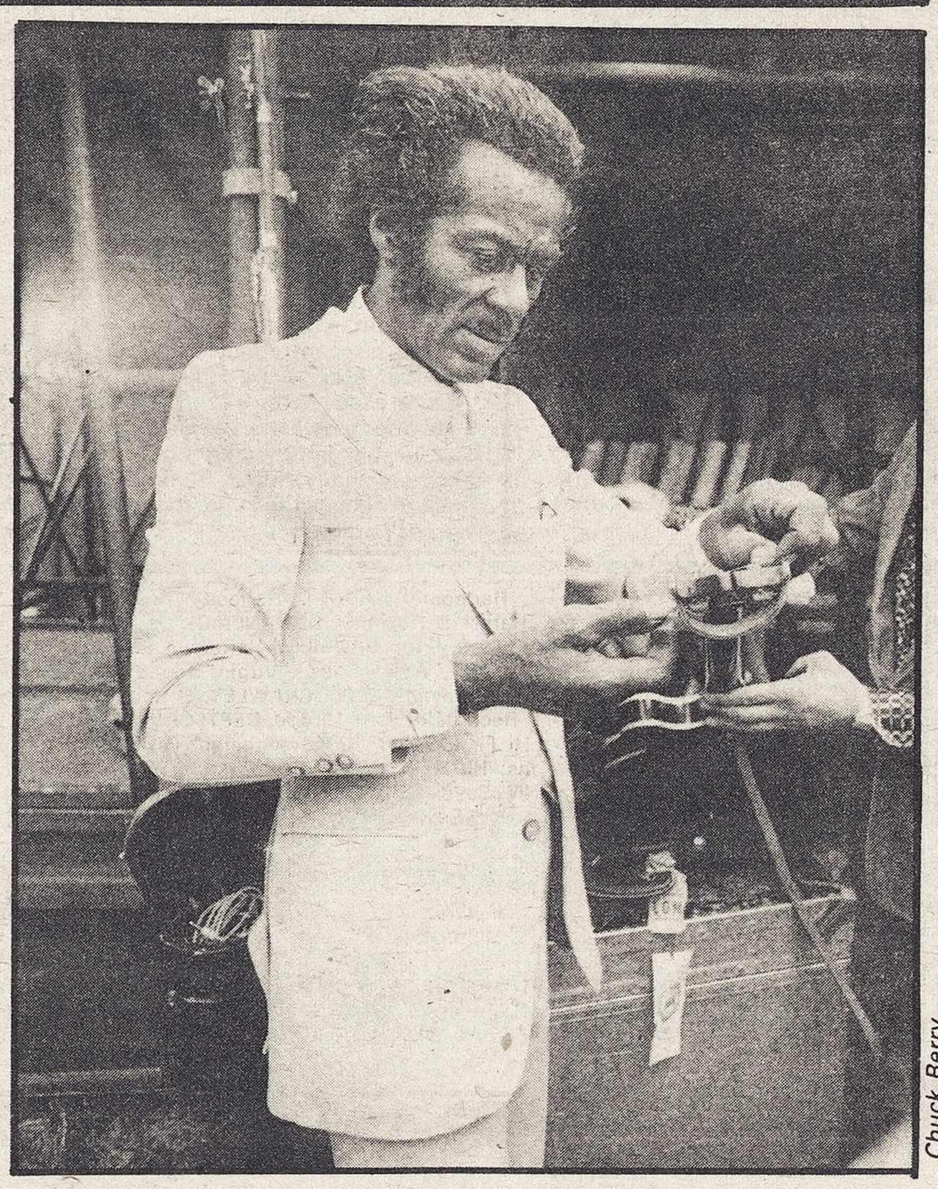
WOKE UP THIS MORNIN'...

Muddy Waters

...BLUES GIANTS ALL ROUND MY BED

B.B. King

NICK KENT meets the Three Wise Men of the Blues. Photography: PENNIE SMITH



Chuck Berry

ANOTHER WEEK in the music machine. Jimmy Pursey's spouting his views on life, punk and his own "down-to-earth" working class image. Kevin Coyne's play *Babble,* is banned by the powers-that-be. John Lydon is 'set up' once again on the telly.

And so it goes . . .

For the music press and public its all relevant stuff too — the pulse beat of 'now.'

But at last week's Capital Jazz and Blues Festival (review pages 50/52) there was on the bill a continuing pulse beat that's arguably even more interesting and relevant — a triumvirate of true grit originals, innovators each and every one, whose ages stretch from early 50s to mid-60s.

So let's just take a look at:

MUDDY WATERS: Real name McKinley Morganfield, born 1915, a native of Rolling Fork, Mississippi.

BB KING: Born Riley King, September 1925, a native of Itta Benna, Miss.

And last, but no means — CHUCK BERRY: Charles Edward Berry, born October 1931, a native of San Jose, California, tho' mostly raised in St Louis where he still lives.

Each man has stories to tell. Tales of discrimination, rip offs, knife fights, petty rivalries 'twix their peer group, all the low-down wretched clubs where they've been forced to eke out a living, grim reminiscences about the years when each was distinctly out of favour.

Muddy Waters, BB King and Chuck Berry are survivors and after all these years spent paying dues are now officially regarded as the bonafide kingpin godfathers of the music they pioneered.

MUDDY WATERS is certainly the undisputed 'King of the Blues'. All those years of feisty rivalry in the halcyon days of Chess Records twixt him and Howlin' Wolf dissipated when the latter passed away some years back leaving the throne undeniably vacant for his ample form to fill.

More important however, at 64, Waters is currently right in the throes of a career renaissance that began when Johnny Winters forced his manager Steve Paul to sign this fearsome, lumbering, great hulking bear of a man to Paul's own Blue Sky label.

Winters himself took on production duties and the result was an acclaimed ferocious return to the glory days of the dirty gut bucket blues of Waters' Chess hey day of yore, entitled 'Hard Again'.

Waters latched on quick to the scheme of things and followed up with 'I'm Ready', another power house blues album fully complementing the ferocity of its predecessor.

A live album forms an unarguable triumvirate statement of intent to Waters' majestic presence on the blues scene. And the man's rejuvenation is such that he has recently picked himself a 25-year-old girl for a wife!

Holding court at the bar of the Kensington Close Hotel, I notice Waters locked in animated conversation with a negro in one of those unbecoming 'pimp' hats whilst he sits next to a young girl, whom I presume to be his 'good lady', with a jet black curly mane of hair and a gypsy look to her features.

The tenor of the conversation is amicable, only a little short of raucous, with Waters' voice easily the loudest.

Almost every sentence is punctuated with a deep rolling chuckle so resonating that you'd think it was Muddy laughing at the devil hisself. Which, by rights, Waters could do, considering that the chuckle belongs to a man who has survived two near fatal accidents in the past ten years, not to mention a career often held in check by the proverbial hand of blight.

His laconic high rolling manner is held in check only once, when yours truly wanders over to the table to inquire whether an interview might not be out of the question. Nothing long, I remark, just 20 minutes of the man's time.

Waters, ever the gentleman, diplomatically brushes the request off by informing me he's in no condition to do an interview right now.

"Phone my man, Scott Cameron. He be in room 217. You tell him 'bout it, boy, and he'll arrange it."

A cursory, diplomatic wave-off and he returns to the aforementioned animated conversation. Which is probably just as well because my reason for lazing around the bars of this hotel is not to catch Muddy Waters offguard, but to talk with another of the triumvirate, BB King, in an interview formally arranged by his record company, ABC.

KING IS late, but soon enough he comes loping down the hallway, a large, heftily built man with glasses, casual suit, open neck shirt and a beaming countenance that seems most decidedly genuine.

King is a humble man. He apologises profusely for his lateness, explaining that he's been to Dobell's record store in order to purchase certain blues records you can no longer obtain in the US.

"It's a shameful thing, but folks over there jus' don't seem to have no time for the blues by and large. They don't care to regard it as part of their heritage, I guess."

BB King's beginnings and rise to renown as 'King of Blues Guitar' have all been written into history. A protege of Sonny Boy Willamson, he first landed a spot as a DJ in Memphis where Dan Kearn christened him 'Blues Boy' — brusquely shortened to BB.

His prowess on the guitar came from not merely dowsing himself in the country-blues of such as cousin Bukka White, but also picking up on the jazz influences of such as Charlie Christian.

It's arguably the latter, stemming from an ability to adapt, that has kept King, Waters and Berry at the top of their trees.

In Peter Guaralnick's excellent book on the blues, *Feel Like Goin' Home,* this point is hammered home ceaselessly.

"The blues", an engineer at the now-defunct Chess studios informed Guaralnick, "is a music of the barest competence. And what we're dealing with is musiciams who are barely competent."

Howlin Wolf, for example, had his *style* — a ferocious, bedazzling, monstrous loping style — but was unable to tackle anything beyond the albeit fearsome precinct he'd carved out for himself. Waters was more adaptable and that, in the end, is how he survived and flourished.

BB King may well have made his finest album ever in 1965 with 'Live At The Regal' but his consummate mastery of the guitar, allied with the well-aimed clout of a solid band, always found him work amongst black and white audiences. He was certainly the most respectable of the class 'A' bluesmen and has played Las Vegas — sometimes picking out his set in one room of some gargantuan hotel while Elvis Presley went through his sordid pastiches in an adjacent, infinitely larger hall.

■ *Continues over*

WOKE UP THIS MORNIN' . . .

■ *From previous page*

Out of the blues and into the black, so to speak.

Queried about the audiences in Vegas, King is amicably non-committal — "They're the same folks who come to see me when I play other places. I never notice the difference".

Certainly over the last few years King has had to fend off accusations of 'Uncle Tomming', of hoking it up for the white folks. But his answer to this accusation has become so pat I didn't even bother to ask him the question.

More to the point, recent developments in the guitarist's recording career have caused detractors to quieten down somewhat. For, in a move that could feasibly parallel Johnny Winter's link-up with and the subsequent rejuvenation of Muddy Waters, King has collaborated with The Crusaders on his past two albums to no small avail.

Few would disagree that both 'Midnight Believer' and the just released 'Take It Home' are the strongest B.B. King releases since . . . well, certainly the collaboration with Bobby Bland.

King, humble as ever, seems genuinely touched that I consider this to be so, and graciously relates the reasons behind this pairing.

"Well, I known those boys for years, Stix (Hooper) and Joe (Sample), and one day I get this call from ABC. Stix was put on the line and talked about us doin' an album. So I says — 'cos I was down in Lake Tahoe, doin' cabaret — 'Well, when can you boys come down and talk this over' and Stix, he said 'Well, howzabout tomorrow morning' ".

The material on 'Take It Home', arguably the better of the two aces, is credited mostly to Sample and "this young white cat named Will Jennings. Now this boy . . . he's a sharp one. I mean, he's hot. And, like, he'd be around me an' I be tellin' my stories and all and, godammit, if he don't write 'em down and turn 'em into lyrics. He's a sharp boy, that Will. Watch him 'cos he's a fast one."

FINALLY I enquire from King as to just how, at 54, he paces himself on the road.

"Well, I tell ya," he ponders, "I reckons on working . . . oh, nine months out of every year and, like, on average when I'm travelling it comes down to maybe four hours sleep a night. 'Course, when I settle in for a season I get myself a good sleep. And I never overdo it or nothin'. Nor do I allow members of my band to go onstage drunk or stoned."

Mention is made of the number of debilitating chemicals currently around. King chuckles, "Oh, don't you be thinkin' that any of that stuff weren't around when I was a young 'un. We had it all — yeah, you call it speed, but we had another name for it back then. Cocaine, morphine — all that bull–'s'. And the 's' stands for 'shit', right (laughs). 'Course, alcohol — peoples tend to underrate the power of that stuff, but I've seen some great men wiped out from too much drinkin'. I learnt early about my pacing, I stuck to it and it's not let me down yet."

At the Festival, B.B. King's benevolent demeanour is beaming all over the stage as his set reaches a climax. Backstage however another, albeit smaller, commotion is being set in gear.

Chuck checks the works

Fans check B.B.'s jacket

A plush white car has just deposited Chuck Berry and an unidentified white girl, bespeckled and wearing a billowing, Laura Ashley-type long dress.

BERRY STILL looks almost unsettlingly dapper for his 50 or more years. An ice-blue three-piece suit, white shirt and tie, hit-man shades — only the hair which looks like it was ironed and then weaved into strands with an excess of Dixie Peach is in the least unbecoming.

On the surface, Berry is the essence of businesslike serenity. With five minutes to go, he calmly confers with his bassist-personal roadie-flunkie-general dogsbody, a hard-bitten mean-faced type who hands him the inevitable Cherry Red Gibson, and, with the other two players congregated together, the quartet takes to the stage.

Berry plays probably the best set he's done in this country since the session that is recorded for posterity on Chess's 'Berry London Sessions'. This is simply because he has a good band — in particular a fine pianist in Lou Martin — causing Berry to actually concentrate on hitting the right fret, playing the right note.

Otherwise it's the same old Berry.

He does a selection of his more memorable vintage nuggets, and after a typically vulgar 'Reelin' And Rockin'' leaves the stage to instigate a press conference.

The conference proves an elaborate farce.

Berry is currently facing somewhere between a four or 15 month term of imprisonment for tax evasion, and it's a topic that he adamantly refuses to discuss. Instead he foxes his way out of the tax evasion scam and every other topic broached in this ludicrous affair.

He still refuses to admit to the term of imprisonment he underwent in 1960, for example, while other questions he destroys by manhandling their wording or by simply oustaring his interrogator in a fake display of serene misunderstanding.

We do get to learn that he has a new album out soon on WEA featuring nine new songs and a rehash of the self-penned chestnut 'Havana Moon', that the album was produced by him and Doug Morris and that he hasn't recorded for the past three years owing to litigation twixt himself and All-Platinum, the label that purchased Chess.

Otherwise the affair fast becomes ferociously sub-farcical, what with questions from feminists demanding to know why he hasn't used female musicians, earnest Oirish reporters quizzing Berry about punk rock ("I ain't heard it but I think I heard about it") and some twerp who reckons that Berry, "unlike the punks", never wrote a song about a social situation. (Oh, so 'Back in the U.S.A.' 'Promised Land' even 'Tulane' and about 20 more were just mindless pop ditties, huh?)

Berry sits there, serenity at its most specious, talkin' in his oily Louisiana croon.

I feel like asking him why he doesn't pack in performing altogether — since it's become such an obvious chore — and settle instead to teaching other superstars how to get through press conferences without saying anything in the least meaningful. But it's past 8.15 and I've a date with Muddy Waters.

SCOTT CAMERON is a small, slightly less offensive-looking fascimile of Mickey Rooney. I have spoken to him once already this day, to be informed that "Mr Waters doesn't do interviews over ten minutes long," that he is "currently entertaining friends" (it is 12.00 am on a Saturday morning), that "his friends will leave at 2 pm" and that "at 2 pm to 7.30 he will be resting."

This annoys me.

Finally I agree to a ten minute rap just before Waters is due on at 8.30 pm on Stage Two.

As I make my way down to the backstage area of Stage Two, Cameron introduces himself to me.

"Say, is Charlie Murray here?" he enquires. "You know, Muddy gave Charlie the *longest* interview I've ever seen him do in his whole life. I was amazed, y'know".

For yours truly however it's the ten minute treatment.

"Muddy just *hates* interviews" — Cameron, who's worked with Waters for nine years, tries to summon up enough venom to punctuate the word "hate" appropriately.

Anyway, a few minutes later and my precious 600 seconds is on the countdown. I'm led into the back of a gleaming black Rolls Royce where Waters, a giant of a man with a face that deserves to be preserved on Mount Rushmore, sits.

Next to him is perched his piano player, a contrastingly meek figure known as 'Pinetop' Perkins who has the most doleful, melancholic, defeated pair of eyes I've ever witnessed in a man's face. His body, too, seems frail and stiff — but then almost anyone would look comparatively frail next to Muddy Waters.

"Dese bin good times for me and dey'se gettin' better all a' time," opines Waters in his earthy wail.

"De past, man — ah bin 'round, ah seen it *all,* believe you me, an ah'm here to tell you that ah can still cut the best of 'em. There bin times when others tried to cut me, man. Ha, ah show'd 'em up. Look at me now".

I stare at Waters, this great hulk of pride, of one 100 per cent mannish self-esteem in his derby hat atop the granite face above a thick neck around which hangs a medallion with a silver-embossed 'M' on it, and have to nod in agreement.

I ask him about the song he wrote, 'The Blues Had A Baby And They Called It Rock 'N' Roll', attempting to gauge his views on the correlation between his music and the 'young boys'' music.

"Well, way I sees it is simple. It's all there in that song. Rock 'n' roll just come straight down from the blues, like its natch'l born offspring. Or its bastard son, ha . . ." and at this Perkins gives another dry choke of a chuckle in agreement.

"It's a youngblood's music, sure enough," mutters Waters.

But do you think those youngbloods will be able to grow up and grow old as gracefully as you have?

"Well, that 'mains to be seen," remarks Water laconically.

THERE'S NOT much left to be said really. I honestly can't see Mick Jagger or Johnny Rotten at 64 sitting in the back of a big black limo, ready to prowl that stage with the ferocity that Waters has that evening.

Only Bob Dylan and Neil Young could make it, and even there I'm not too sure.

As for the 'youngbloods' present — the rockers — I only get to see two members of the species. One, Elvis Costello's bass player, is deliriously drunk and sullenly attempting to get backstage for Chuck Berry's set. He doesn't have the right credentials, but in his torpor he refuses. to understand this. Instead he whines and looks pathetic.

Meanwhile up the hill, a member of Generation X is posing, all to little avail. He too looks pitiful.

Meanwhile Muddy Waters is towering over that stage, stomping, hollering, yowling. The men and the boys. They're worlds apart. Worlds apart.

Do ya wanna drop me in the Pressure Zone?

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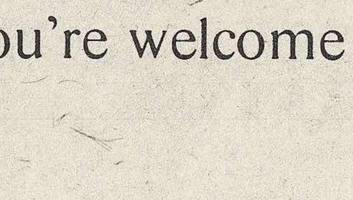
REASONS TO BE CHEERFUL, PART THREE / IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS

Why don't you get back into bed, why don't you get back into bed

Some of 1 ,the working folly, good golly miss molly and 2 ,

Hammersmith palais, the bolshoi 3 ,jump back in the alley add nanny 4 ,

Eighteen-wheeler scammels, dominecker camels, all other mammals plus equal votes

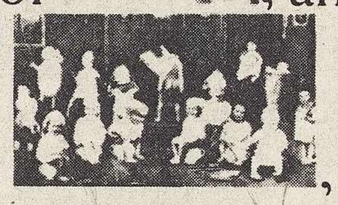
Seeing 5 ,fanny smith and willy, being rather 6  ,and porridge oats

A bit of grin and bear it, a bit of come and share it, you're welcome we can spare it

Yellow 7 ,

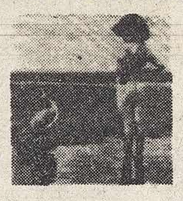
Too 8 ,to be haughty, too nutty to be 9 , going on forty, no electric shocks

The juice of the carrot, the smile of the parrot, a little drop of 10 , anything that rocks

Elvis and scotty, the days when I ain't spotty, sitting on the 11  , curing smallpox

Reasons to be cheerful, part three, reasons to be cheerful, part three

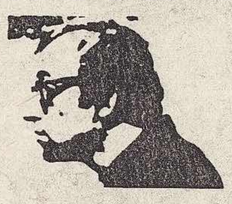
Reasons to be cheerful, part three, reasons to be cheerful, one two three

Health service glasses, gigolos and 12 13 , 13 or 13  bottoms

Taking mum to 14 , lighting up the chalice, wee willy harris

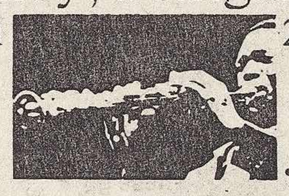
Bantu stephen biko, listening to 15 , 16 ,

Cheddar cheese and pickle, the vincent motorsickle, slap and tickle

17  , 18 , 19 , balabalabala and volare

Some thing nice to study, phoning up a buddy, being in my nuddy

Saying okey dokey, a singalonga 20 , coming out of chokey

John Coltrane's 21  , 22 , 23 ,

Reasons to be cheerful part three, reasons to be cheerful, part three

Reasons to be cheerful, part three, reasons to be cheerful, one two three

But what about but what about but what about but what about but what about

Yes yes dear dear, perhaps next year or maybe even never, in which case

Peter Blake, with a lot of help from Chris Morton, and the Stiff art-dept.

buddy holly boats shallot aeons piccadilly silly socks short naughty clarinet polly glasses round skinny tapirs two harpo groucho chico marx woody allen is dali dimitri and pasquale smokey soprano mozart coltrane

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SINGLES

May all your rock and roll dreams be wet ones...

● **SINGLE OF THE WEEK GARY BROOKER: Say It Ain't So Joe (Chrysalis).** The song not the singer. Gary Brooker sings 'Say It Ain't So Joe' as well as I've heard it sung, which isn't to say he sings it best, but it will suffice.

I remember back when I was young, Murray Head — the poor man's Paul Nicholas, imagine! — did the only useful thing he's done in his actor's bloody actor's life and wrote this song. At the time he emoted the first *Jesus Christ (Superstar)* in the wretched Timmers and Drew production. He was probably on fifty quid a week while the woosome twosome were on the way to their first few million.

Mr Head was pissed off.

Mr Head was inspired!

'Say It Ain't So Joe' sounds like the finest moment of a musical that never was. When I first heard it, I'd just about decided that politics were about the most glamorous and righteous thing on earth — politicians and power and TV following you everywhere, every gesture taken down for posterity. I felt about it the way most rock critics feel about rock. I had my list of heroes: De Gaulle, Bobby Kennedy (you angel you) and his dirty old brother, Boothby, Manny Shinwell, Churchill, Trotsky, Indira Gandhi (and her passive old ancestor), Roosevelt . . .

The "Joe" is obviously Stalin. The anonymous narrator — the wild-eyed Leon T, the passionate idealist on the verge of being cast into the black abyss of exile and assassination? Mrs Stalin, Nadezha Alliluyeva, on the night of her suicide after learning of the misery outside the confines of Moscow? Stalin's daughter Svetlana, prior to escaping to the West and selling her story to the *News Of The World* (this *actually* happened)? The flower of the Red Army, destroyed as Stalin refused to act and acknowledge Hitler had broken their non-aggression pact while the Krauts smashed towards Leningrad, Kiev, Moscow? . . .

A beautiful, beautiful record. I am very selective about the politicians I favour these days, but they still have for me that unimpeachable mystique and loyalty that rock has for my elders. I admit I sometimes try to bend the rules and let politicians get away with the kind of grossness that other critics let their fave rockers get away with. Does this make me more irresponsible, or more realistic, or what?

FOREIGNER: Double Vision (Atlantic). After a promising start where Foreigner assure us they're feeling kinda rancid, feeling kinda gross, these boys just can't stand the pace and by the middle-break have got all mawkish, mellow and 'Stairway To Heaven' sensitive — which would be okay if we hadn't known for years that all these loon-panted, lion-hearted gut-buckets really want to be Rickie Lee Jones. Jenne Haan could really get her glossy tonsils wrapped round that *"Never do more than I really need"* punch-line for the benefit of a Denim aftershave ad campaign. For all you pre-Raphaelite flying-V plywood guitar Wally heroes who don't have to try *too* hard to appreciate Sham 69 records.

THE UNDERTONES: Here Comes The Summer (Sire). Simple, classy and classic tune, worthy of a Small Faces 45 on the Immediate label, and there's not much catchier than *that*. Those voices rejoicing about girls on the beach all covered in sand, they're infinitely more moving and mind-jogging that young people are growing up in bombed-out Belfast than any brow-beating Fleet-Streeting anthems from Stiff Little Fingers about exploding barbed-wire. SLF try too hard for instant credibility/sympathy/mileage, like a first-time-caller on an LBC phone-in: "Hello, Monty, I've got no arms or legs, I'm deaf, dumb and blind, me parrot's got leprosy and all my children's heads dropped off at birth, so I mustn't grumble!" Bah!!!

The Undertones hurt because they look like evacuees. Superior little beat band makes good single. Sounds easy, doesn't it?

GENE CHANDLER: Duke Of Earl (Old Gold). Beautiful re-issue of 1961 song wherein pre-Motown-pride leader of the gang tries to convince his girl that if one could sum up what all the great leaders and singers of the Western World have made people dream of and aim it all at her, that would just about sum his love up. Anyone who likes this song and buys the Darts version just so they can own it is a real cretin.

IAN DURY AND THE BLOCKHEADS: Reasons To Be Cheerful (Part 3) (Stiff). SHAM 69: Hersham Boys (Polydor).
I'll tell you what these are — government subsidised records to help bolshy working class people adjust to their role in life. Dury and Pursey set themselves up admirably for outsiders to refer to as the last darling little Cockneys in captivity; bugger the fact that they're both ugly as sin and really not that Cockney at all, they'll pass.

Ian Dury realises the ultimate fulfilment of his art, and rhymes "Hammersmith Palais" with "The Bolshoi Ballet". The common, cultured touch, like Chas and Dave *almost* admitted to the Mensa society. This is another mouldy old shopping list in the mould (sic) of 'What A Waste' (people who release shopping lists as records must be very smug, or consider themselves to be *awfully* interesting, or both) except it's not half as interesting as Rogers' and Hammerstein's — *"Bright copper kettles and warm woollen mittens/Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens!"* — or my one — animals, alcohol, amphetamines and active protest. Dury, the stupid almost-humble little sod, is pissed off because he hasn't got so much to be pissed off about these days. Dury's a little too *precious* for my taste, I'm afraid, although I realise for many of you he makes life worth living.

Pursey, in his turn, stands up as the imperfect antithesis (what with his Surrey roots, mid-20s age group and espousement of all things "tough" and "young") of the very thing he would like to ape — The Magnificents, those real-life *Warriors* who roam New York's subways, unarmed and self-screened ("We don't want any vigilantes or racists" — gee, Jim, you don't bother your followers with such petty little details, do you?) just to warn those romantic, rockanrolling muggers off innocent travellers. Stupid rockanrollers, don't you see? The very people you idolise would spit in the eyes of your figureheads. Our youth have a duty now for the future far beyond the wishy-washy counter-culture.

Surely, after all the suffering Pursey has handled at the scaly hands of his fans, he should be a little more aware how '60s it is to go rabbitting on in terms of the generation gap. I can understand how he wants 'If The Kids Are United' to be recognised as the greatest youth anthem of all time — Scott MacKenzie probably feels the same way about 'If You're Going To San Francisco', Thunderclap Newman probably wants 'Something In The Air' to be taken up by Brutus Jeans or British Leyland for some TV advertising jingle — and does that make it less valid? I'll say not!

"Hersham boys, Hersham boys, laced up boots and corduroys" . . . a self-conscious little barn-dance, the most strained good-time on any record heard this week. *"They call us the Cockney Cowboys."* They *do?* Who? SURREY? COCKNEYS? It must have been a strong downwind in London the day the sound of the Bow Bells carried down to SURREY.

TANYA TUCKER: I'm The Singer, You're The Song (MCA).
PATTI SMITH GROUP: Dancing Barefoot (Arista).
ANNE MURRAY: Shadows In The Moonlight (Capitol).
Here we are, you and me, you're not half the girl you used to be . . . These girls once made good records, believe it or not.

Tanya (of 'Blood Red And Going Down' and other passionate country hymns) gets all my loving for her much-publicised cuddling of baby seals, and a revolted thumbs-down for not even knowing whether she's Linda Ronstadt or Rachel Sweet when she wins second runner-up at the fancy dress ball. Patti (of 'Horses', heh heh) can stick her artist's mistress masochism and Ayn Rand/Anais Nin impersonations up her drooping ass, along with this pseudo nitty-gritty "I go out with a creative person, give me pity" ditty. Anne (of 'Snowbird') acts considerably less bland than Tanya and Patti (karma kwestion: in which way have I just stumbled on the Hearst connection?) but still is many winters numbed from *"Spread your tiny wings and fly away/And take the snow back with you where it came from on that day/The one I love forever is untrue/And if I could you know that I would fly away with you."*

I have just one cliche to say to youse three — never a borrower nor a lender be!

EDDIE COCHRAN: Skinny Jim (Rock Star). Re-release of Eddie Cochran's very first single and, apart from the very rampant Foreigner, I haven't heard such undiluted *LUST!* on a record for ages.

"Went to a party and I met Skinny Jim/He's got brains/He's got class/Best of all . . ."

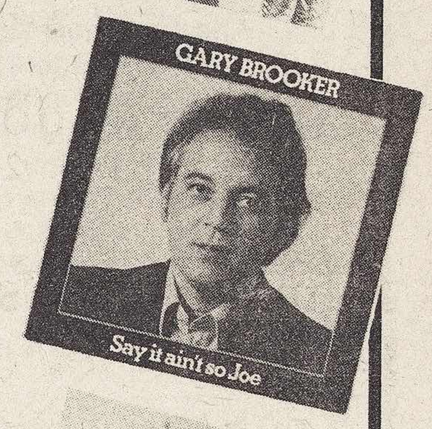
He's got a great ass!

"Jim" seems to have more homosexual connotations than any other all-male youth-culture name (e.g. "Marlon" or "Johnny"). James Dean with that king-size stuffed between his lips, Jimmy Osterberg waggling his bum at his guitarist *("Come on and bore me, dollface")*, Jim Morrison and that famous anecdote about how the loose lizard queen used to go to fruit parties and get his grass snake out and play with it in front of all the flits, taking care not to let them have a stroke . . .

Here Eddie goes on about how he went to a party with his baybee, but how his baybee left with Skinny Jim, and he spends the rest of the record extolling Skinny's virtues . . . everybody's raving about Skinny Jim . . . no wonder the only good songs Cochran ever wrote were with his girlfriend!

Still, he deserves better than the press release giving us three reasons why we should clutch this weedy little romp to our bosoms: the "Sex Pistols", The Who and Pepsi Cola.

■ *Continues over page*



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This is quite simply the most important music exhibition on the calendar. So why haven't you heard of it? Well it used to be known as the British Musical Instrument Trade Fair, and it was only for the trade, but we've changed the name and made the whole thing bigger and better—hence the need for a larger venue, i.e. Olympia.

The list of exhibitors is to say the least, impressive and the array of instruments and equipment on show positively mouthwatering; here's just an appetizer: Kramer guitars, Park amplification, Maya electric guitars and banjos, Moog synthesizers, Kawaii guitars (the new lines), Sonor drums, Blessing Brass (American imports, number one sellers in the UK), Sovereign range of studio instruments, the new range of Marshall amplifiers, Gibson guitars a new Yamaha electronic piano and Gretsch guitars and drums.

And it's not just the gear that'll be grabbing the limelight—a pretty amazing programme of live music has been arranged with guest appearances by: The Stan Reynolds Big Band, The Blowers—featuring Johnny Mars and other guest harmonica players, the Morrissey/Mullen Band, an "All Star" Rock Band, Harry Stoneham and Bruce Bolen—and that's just on Friday! Saturday you can bend an ear to Gordon Giltrap, the L.P. Latin American Session, Pete Stanley & Brian Golbey, the Midland Jazz Youth Orchestra, a Trumpet Spectacular and the Georgie Fame Band. John Dankworth will open the Show at 10.30 am on Friday the 27th July—why don't you join him!

A rather special event you can't afford to miss!

Guest names correct at time of going to press.

■ *From previous page*

ADRIAN MUNSEY: C'est Sheep (Virgin).
REX BARKER AND THE RICOCHETS: Jeremy Is Innocent (Beggars Banquet).
ANDY FORRAY: Drac's Back (Acrobat).
ANGELIC UPSTARTS: Teenage Warning (Warner Brothers).
Comedy records — guess which one made me laugh. Clue: its position would deem it to be not least.

WRITZ: Night Nurse (Electric).
DESTROY ALL MONSTERS: Meet The Creeper (Cherry Red).
THE TOURISTS: The Loneliest Man In The World (Logo).
TOYAH: Victims Of The Riddle (Safari).

Readers who rate rockanroll as the nearest to an all-in-it-together comradely camp-fire available in these casting-aspersion days may distrust the way I linger on girrrls — it's just that there are so many music men processed the rest of the time that they all start to look (let alone *sound*) the same. I feel I have to turn to the novelty of girls to stop me going mad with monotony. I *know* that most girls who end up in the music press or go into the music business are trivialised and exploited (maybe the ones who go into the business are so set on success that little things like dignity don't matter to them anyway — that's the way the ones I've met are), but I'd rather have dealings with trivial and exploited girls than no girls at all.

A current negative message says: If you want to get ahead, get a girl. On the pretty heels of the Biggest Blonde In The Universe, every bunch of moron males seems to feel all they have to do is find a girl with a face and some hips and stick her on the front of their combo like a false nose, and they'll be turning down Number One spots left, right and centre. Sorry, it's not so.

Niagara

Writz are Deaf School without the imagination. Beverley Sager is uninvolved with their writing, barely involved with their singing. Never mind, Beverley, it's hardly worth being involved in; you'll do better keeping your name clean. Beverley, like Bette Bright, is one of those Jayne Mansfield girls who despair over not having delicacy of feature, and go all out on the decolletage ticket. There's nothing sadder than a bosom that knows it's being used as a last resort.

I like The Tourists' solitary flash, and especially the Joyce Blair grossness of Annie Lennox, but when they want my ears I have no time at all for their useless art. Annie sings like an Annie; a Haslam, to be horrifically specific. Annie Haslam giving her own creative interpretation of 'Nowhere Man'! *Yeuchhh!*

I've thought for a while now that Niagara of Destroy All Monsters was the sexiest little jerk since Betty Boop, but her band, well . . . three fat men just about cancel out one cute girl in my eyes. Her Michigan monotone almost made me shiver awhile ago — not quite out of fear, either — but here she sounds more boring than bored. Tough luck, dirty!

Which leaves us lucky folk with the lovely Toyah! The only girl here to have a hand in the writing of the particular work she squeals, Toyah is still a fat Siouxsie, irretrievably fringe and late-coming. I'm sure, though, that she could make it on her looks alone (snigger).

GROVER WASHINGTON JR: Just The Way You Are (Motown).
CLEM CURTIS: Unchained Melody (RCA).
REGINE: Je Survivrai (Carrere).
DARTS: Duke Of Earl (Magnet).
SAMMY HAGAR: (Sittin' On) The Dock Of The Bay (Capitol).
GILLA: We Gotta Get Outta This Place (Ariola).
THERE, now you know how many holes it takes to fill a singles page! I have no intention of reviewing these artifacts of idleness; I'll just say that the originals are:

a) by Billy Joel — OK;
b) the version I know is by Dionne Warwicke — great;
c) Gloria Gaynor — just as great;
d) by Gene Chandler — yum, yum, see elsewhere for drooling review;
e) by Otis Redding — better than almost anything, on Atlantic;
f) by The Animals — better than this old disco toot, anyhow.

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HAIR

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"A sixties sensation transformed... in tune with the seventies."
FELIX BARKER – EVENING NEWS

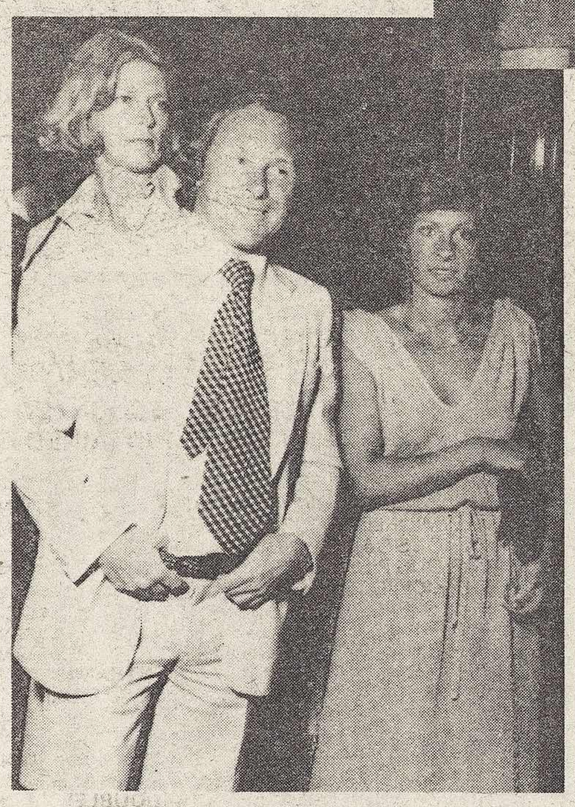
"...an exuberant two hours of entertainment..."
MARGARET FORWOOD – THE SUN

AT THE PREMIERE

David Essex.

Charlaine Woodard, who appears in "HAIR" with her co-star from "AIN'T MISBEHAVING" Andre Deshields and their guest Thomas Westermeier.

Peter Shaffer, author of "EQUUS," with Freddie Mercury of Queen and friends.



"Diddy" David Hamilton with Jan Wilbourne.

Two prominent admirers.

A LESTER PERSKY and MICHAEL BUTLER Production
A MILOS FORMAN Film of RAGNI, RADO and MacDERMOT'S "HAIR" AA
Starring JOHN SAVAGE · TREAT WILLIAMS · BEVERLY D'ANGELO · ANNIE GOLDEN · DORSEY WRIGHT · DON DACUS CHERYL BARNES and MELBA MOORE & RONNIE DYSON
Based on the Musical Play Book and Lyrics by GEROME RAGNI & JAMES RADO Music composed arranged & conducted by GALT MacDERMOT Vocal arranger & conductor TOM PIERSON Associate Producer ROBERT GREENHUT Director of Photography MIROSLAV ONDRICEK Screenplay by MICHAEL WELLER
Choreography by TWYLA THARP Produced by LESTER PERSKY and MICHAEL BUTLER Directed by MILOS FORMAN A CIP Feature Panavision® Technicolor®
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SILVER SCREEN

Blancmange: Trudy, Nell and Charlaine sing the praises of white boys.

Hair today

The grass roots of something or other

Hair

Directed by Milos Forman
Starring John Savage, Treat Williams, Beverly D'Angelo and Annie Golden
(United Artists)

Many people are mystified as to why *Hair* now. Various (middle-aged) reviewers in the nationals have dull-wittedly referred to it as being 'strangely dated'.

Of course it's dated — it's a bloody period piece.

It's 12 years since *Hair* appeared off-Broadway and 12 years is a long time — in 1967 LBJ was still picking up beagles by their earholes and Alf Ramsey's England were world champions. A very long time ago.

Even so, *Hair* may have been restored too soon. Old hippies I know have turned cynical and sneer at the very idea of (an admittedly risible notion) 'An American Tribal Love Rock Musical'. Cue hoots of derision. Whatever anyone — especially composer Galt MacDermot — thinks, the music in *Hair* never had anything to do with rock'n'roll in the first place. The entire phenomenon was merely an opportunistic exercise to cash-in on the fad of the day. But it had a halfway hummable score, passably strong on melodies, inevitably weak on lyrics, and has now been agreeably funked up for the '70s.

And if anyone could make a successful screen adaptation of a tacky old stage musical about *"harmony and understanding, sympathy and trust abounding"* and similar hypocritical hippy hogwash, then Milos Forman could. He has.

A humanistic film-maker specialising in perceptive behavioural comedies in Czechoslovakia, the ex-patriate Forman has the rare ability to convey a multitude of feelings and meanings in a single shot of a facial expression. Never was this used to better effect than in the mordant satire of his previous film, *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*, which managed to be both irresistibly ebullient and mournfully lyrical. He's had dealings with the 'Flower Children' before, too, in 1971's *Taking Off*, a facile comedy of identity crises in a resolutely middle-class American family.

What attracted him to *Hair*, apparently, were the contradictions and humour of that 'Summer of Love'. Contradictions there are aplenty but humour is a bit thin on the ground (unless words like "mystic crystal liberation" possess enigmatic amusement quotients).

It's strange watching the opening 'Aquarius' sequence *("When the moon is in the seventh house / And Mars is in conjunction with Uranus")* as what - appear - to - be - Ted - Nugent - fans prance around Central Park frightening the horses. But by the time they've lapsed into 'Sodomy' and 'Donna', so to speak, these strange, colourful, Tolkienesque creatures assume almost human proportions. Sympathy may be reserved for Claude (John Savage), the hick from Gibbsville who is adopted by this 'tribe'. Incidentally, in his cropped hair, small-collared shirt, knitted tie and straight-legged keks, Claude is the sharpest-looking of the lot. But that's fashion for you — fickle as an Orient supporter.

Forman's good on the relationships (not easy when they're as thinly sketched as this) and the incidentals. But he excels himself with the well-developed climactic scenes (including a ripe cameo from the late Nicholas Ray as a senile general) which momentarily stray into the wonderful world of *Oh What A Lovely Way*, demonstrating just how far Forman has here triumphed over content.

Hair is a genuine curiosity. In ten years' time it'll probably look even better.

Monty Smith

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Porridge: The late Richard Beckinsale as Lenny Godber

Porridge

Starring Ronnie Barker, Richard Beckinsale and Fulton Mackay

Directed by Dick Clement *(ITC)*

Like it or lump it, *Porridge* is prime time consumption.

So, inevitably, it's hit the silver screen, and the results are palatable, although spread a little thin at times.

A lot of effort went into keeping this movie in its familiar TV mould. All the main actors are the same, which provides — for many — a nostalgic last glimpse of Richard 'Godber' Beckinsale, who died shortly after its completion.

And, wisely, the original scriptwriters have been retained —Dick Clement and Ian La Frenais (who wrote *The Likely Lads)* — and they also produce, direct, and make a fair shot of a traditionally hopeless task. Very few TV spin-offs make the grade; at least this one's an acceptable failure.

One (dubious) asset is the location — Chelmsford Jail, without which, apparently, the film could never have been made. It was forced to close for repairs after a fire in '78, and the *Porridge* crew managed to convince The Home Office it would make them an ideal, authentic setting. Almost all the film was shot there, which works well for the outside scenes — a football match, the inmates farm — but its echoing corridors of stark, gloss-painted brickwork prove almost too severe a backdrop for such a soft-cell portrait of prison life.

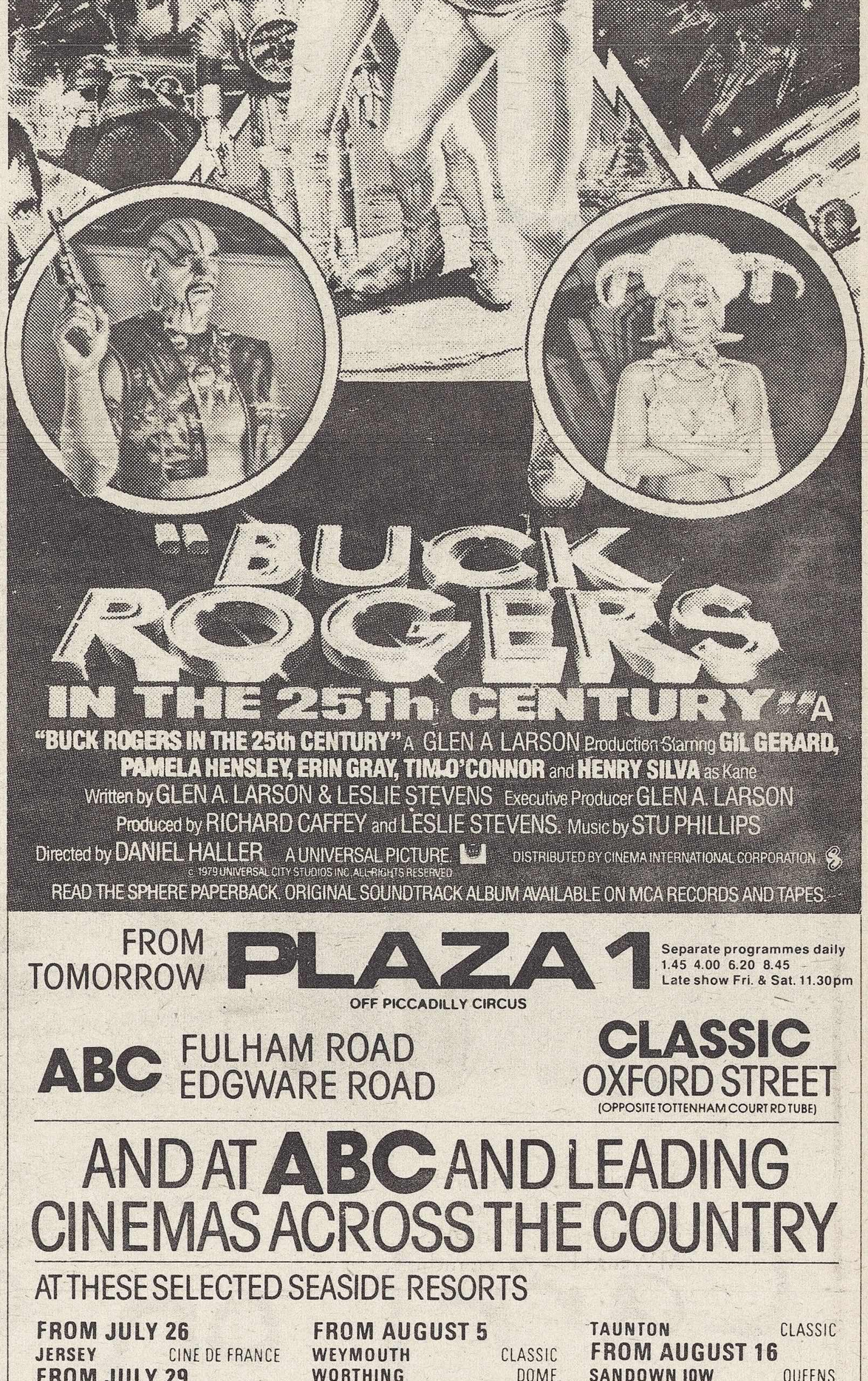
Predictably, the place comes across less like clink than a permanent factory workers' lunch hour. Again, this makes suitable support for the usual deluge of groaning one-liners, but not when its residents start waxing philosophical (or political). Mackay (Fulton Mackay), for one, makes an ill-fitting stand for prison wardens against "criminal hostility and public indifference," which clearly justifies both.

Apart from that, the script is slow but convincingly sharp and gives full reign to the reticent Godber and the avuncular Fletcher (Ronnie Barker — an Oscar or there's no justice), and eventually lands the pair of them outside jail and trying to break back in again.

And all that from a man who's convinced "you can't buck the system, you'd be mad to try."

Was it an inside job? If you can't join 'em . . .

Mark Ellen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In Praise Of The Virtuous Swell Chaps

Would these guys let you down? Would they deviate one inch from the True Path of The New Pop? Would they ever even think of succumbing to unsavoury compromise? NO WAY!! (At least, we damn well hope not after this build up).

By PAUL MORLEY

Swell Maps: (From left) Nikki Mattress, Jowe Head, Biggles Books, Epic Soundtracks. Pic: N. Mattress.

I THINK I'll have to be honest with you and say that my favourite LP of the year is by Swell Maps. It's called 'A Trip To Marineville,' on the Rather/Rough Trade label and contains a free four-track EP.

Their man Epic Soundtracks says: "As far as I'm concerned our LP is definitely the best of the year. I'd feel really sad if nobody recognised it — because I'd think, oh God, they're missing out!"

'A Trip To Marineville' is indisputably the most alarming and frivolous LP of the year. It has all those sort of things you find heartwarming about The Undertones LP, and all those sort of things you find chilling about the Joy Division LP — but that's not all.

It balances in the wrecked way we always hoped Buzzcocks would the threatening atmospheres and barren landscapes of Can, Faust, Wyatt with the boisterous bop of the brightest bubblegum rock. That's a vague guideline, of course.

Nothing is smooth. Swell Maps play unsteady outburst pop which frets and whirls, scratches and catches and if it ever comes close to boring or fading just stops dead or breaks off into angry orgies of noise.

Nothing is obvious, though. The first thing many level headed commentators would say about the Maps is 'childish'. But if they looked no further what wonders and horrors they would miss out on! Swell Maps are so much more than a light heart; not just a pretty face.

Y'see, Swell Maps play great pop. They throw up great noise. They want to be friends with everyone. They write about silly things. They write about touching things. They're scruffy. They're scary. You can sing along with their songs. You can bash pans with forks to accompany their noise.

You can laugh at and with their music, you can wonder with it. You can frighten your friends with it.

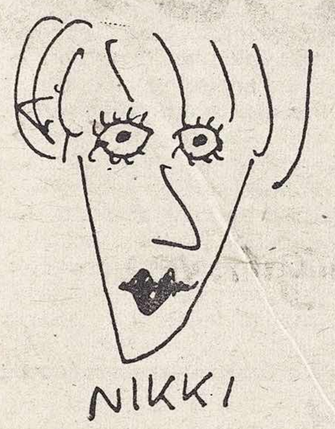
Swell Maps are nonsense. They don't belong. They are one of the few groups you could fall in love with. Who could ask for anything more?

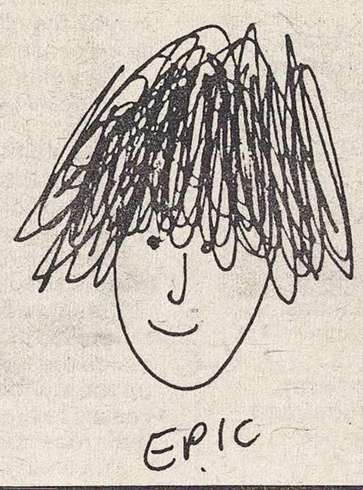
"It's like we used to do plays when we were kids. Gilbert And Sullivan opera type things, like when we were ten. I never listened to music before Easter '72. Then when I started listening to it I thought I might as well start playing it. If you listen to it you might as well play it. And as we couldn't play anything by anybody else we thought we might as well do our own stuff. So we did."

THE SWELL Maps story starts back in 1972 when two young brothers, whose names turn out to be Nikki Mattress nee Sudden nee Thrush and Epic Soundtracks, were sitting around their Solihull home wondering what to do. Nikki was raving about this guy Marc Bolan, and wanted to write songs of his own and form a group.

So Nikki and Epic, with their friend Phones Sportsman (who was once a Map but is now a part-time Map — which means he plays on records but not on stage, because he's too shy) got together, formed a group and started hitting boxes and tins together.

From that moment on they just started compiling 100s and 100s of





tapes of songs. From 1972 to 1976 there were just millions of tapes.

During this time the three founder members had been joined by more friends. Jowe Head decided he wanted to become a guitarist, so he bought a guitar and started bashing away. He now plays bass. Biggles Books became their second guitarist, and there's also another part time Map, jazz musician Golden Cockrill. They were all just messing about, but it's too insufficient to call what they were doing 'a hobby.'

In the smashing summer of 77, led by the likes of The Desperate Bicycles, the Maps went into Spaceward Studios in Cambridge to record their first single, 'Seymour.'

Young Epic takes up the story:

"I think we sold the 2,000 copies that were pressed. We felt it was worth doing it because loads of people wrote to us and seemed interested and asked when we were going to do more records. We just really enjoyed making the record and hearing it on the radio. It's a great record anyway.

"Before we did 'Seymour' we hadn't done any gigs. Our first was at Birmingham Barbarella's, which was a shambles. Everybody thought we were hippies and shouted 'Pink Floyd' and things — it was like one of those all-day punk festivals. We'd decided to play about 15 minutes before we went on, borrowed some gear and did about six songs. It was terrible but it was good in a way because of the reaction. People didn't understand because we didn't look like bondage punks.

"I think it's really good that we've had six years to play and sort things out, because it was a while before we knew what we were doing. Now we just know what's good and what's bad, and we chuck out the things we don't like. We were much more of a mess three years ago.

"When we recorded 'Seymour' we did think about doing it like two separate groups. Record Nikki's songs and separately do the more instrumentally-inclined stuff. But we've decided now that we don't have to do that, and it works well and it doesn't sound at all forced."

"It took me two years to learn two chords.

"I can't ever seen ourselves becoming polished, note perfect and all that. We hardly ever rehearse — about once every six months. We do about half an hour, then we get bored, have a cup of coffee and watch TV."

THE SWELL MAPS development has been totally logical and natural and could have only happened during the last three years. They operate easily well outside the realms of rock routines. They're not caught in circles, but travel in a straight line, responding to their own experiences and impulses.

"What they do is not a job, but a way of life. A part of life. Something they couldn't not do. It's almost a way of whiling away the time, of discovering things and themselves. There is no demand and no pressure. And most noticeably, there is no fuss.

The music has grown intuitively and idiosyncratically, untainted by deadline or breadline. It's natural music. Swell Maps play for themselves. After that, well . . .

"The group is nothing like a hobby. It isn't. It's there every minute of the day. We're at college and work but it's always there. It's like we're in a bit of a dilemma at the moment — should we do it full time? But then it gets like a job and you start to worry where your next meal's coming from and things are bound to change.

"We just do the things that we'd want to buy. We want to play live like a group we'd want to see. Like we're really jealous of people like you — anybody apart from us — because we can never see ourselves on stage. It's really frustrating. We just want to put out records because if our music didn't come out as records I'd feel there was something missing because nobody'd be able to hear it."

Swell Maps are nothing to do with full page ads in the music papers and ruthlessly organised tours. They see no point in climbing on the merry-go-round. There is charm and naivity in their methods, but also great strength of desire. They do sell 1000s of records "to people who care," and they have made an LP. They're looking for new ways.

That sound cute? Sounds a bit punky to me. But, it must be repeated, there is no fuss. No promise, no claims, no frowns and no hate.

"I'm not into destroying all the music I don't like because there's got to be music that you don't like to make it all worthwhile. It would be silly if everything was perfect."

Rough Trade have helped Swell Maps a great deal — indicative of their faith and vision. They helped the Maps put out their second maxi single, 'Dresden Style,' and when the Maps informed R.T. that they had recorded the good part of an LP they quickly helped them release it.

The Maps didn't see releasing the album as a particularly audacious move. "Well, we didn't actually realise we were doing it when we did it. We just about had enough money to go into this four-track studio in Leamington for a day, and by the end of the day we'd done half an album or something.

"Then Rough Trade put up the rest of the money and we went back to finish it off. We recorded another two singles at the same time."

Swell Maps don't pretend there's anything mysterious about either writing songs or recording.

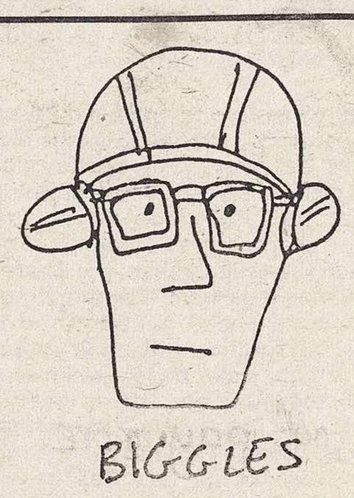
"I write songs," says Nikki, "like I drink a cup of coffee or read a book. I just do it."

The vitality and imagination or his prolific output don't contradict such a flatly arrogant statement.

"We want to put out an LP of stuff recorded in a garage two years ago. It's not 'experimental' — that doesn't sound right. In a way all our stuff is experimental. But these are quite long, rhythmic things. Atmosphere music. We're very involved in atmosphere."

Groups like the Maps, with Joy

■ *Continues page 61*



Drawings by Epic

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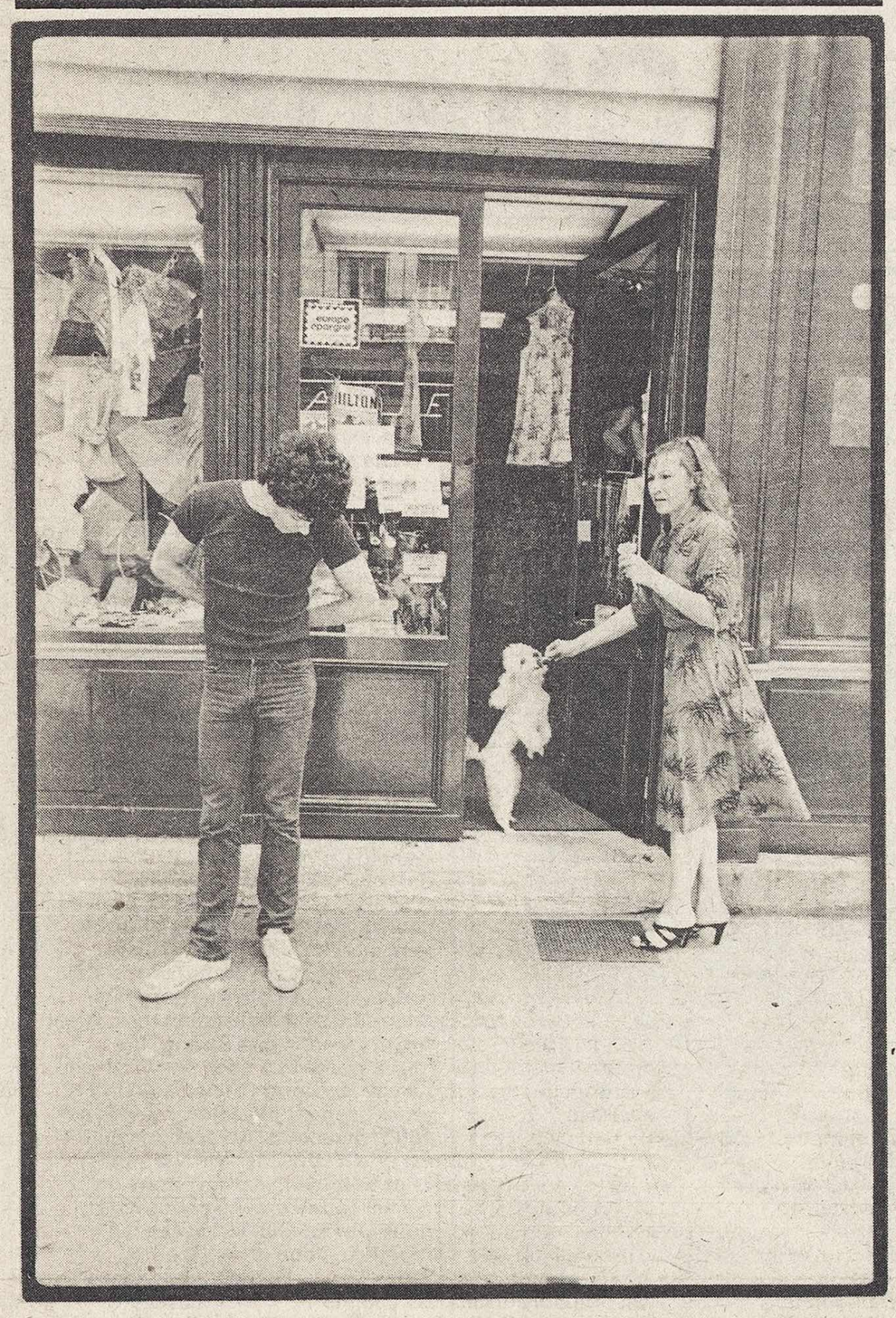
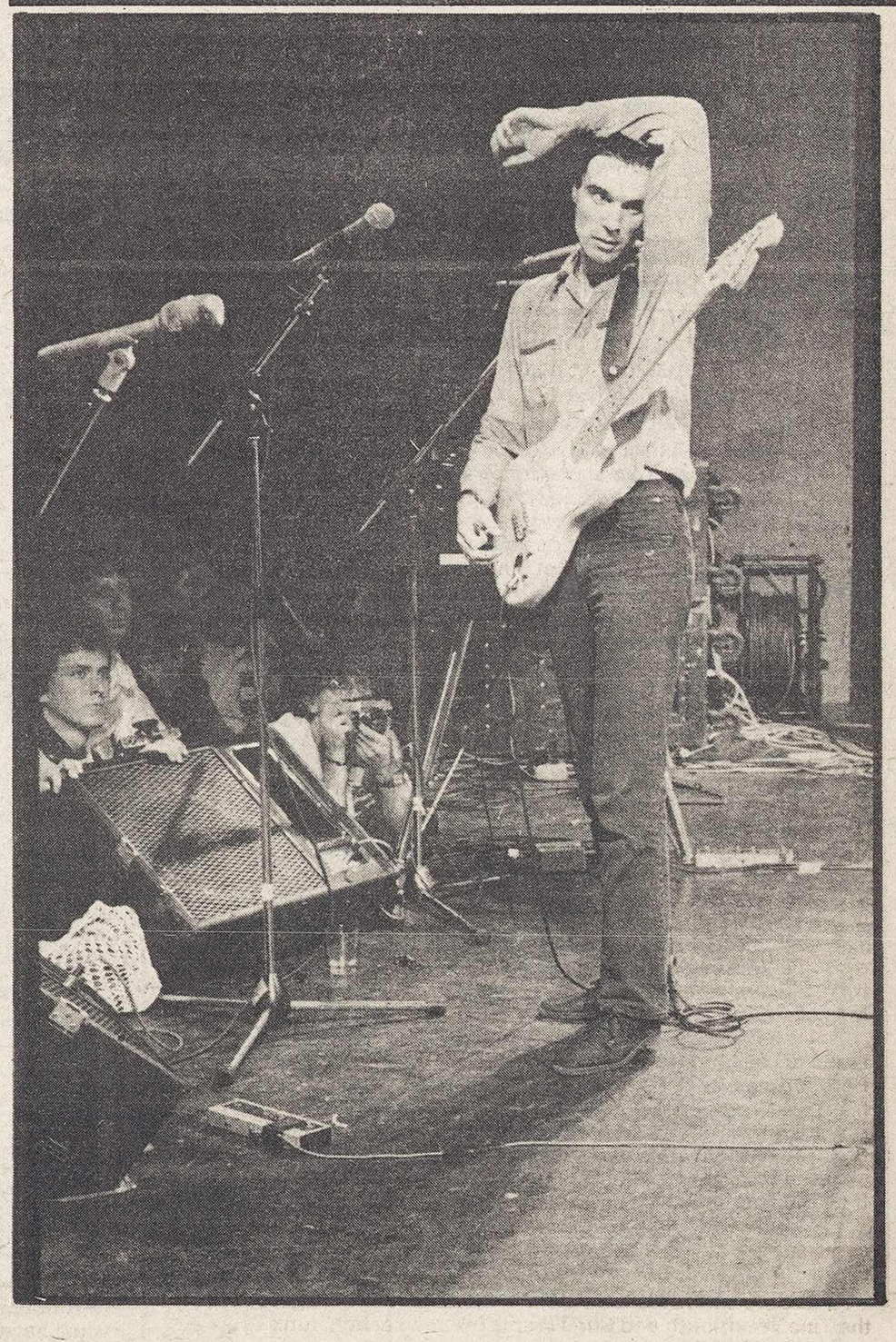




THE SCENE: Paris, France, July 10. Bastille Day looms, Talking Heads and their 'guests' The B52s have just completed a mini-European jaunt minus Great Britain. Tonight they played a concert of manic stature in the ultra-chic Theatre du Palace before a packed house of 1500 well behaved and even better dressed French rockers — now people, night people.

After the show promoter Frederic Serfati has a party scheduled in a massive mansion on the Left Bank, in a residential/financial/cultural haven. The setting here on the Passage de la Yisitation is pretty impressive, even by the bourgeois and luxurious standards of Paris.

This ain't no ordinary gaff: the entrance hall alone is stuffed with enough antique treasures to furnish the dreams of the most extravagant insolvent. Room after room reveals the splendours of a lifestyle which may not have changed one jot since the demise of the Sun King. Everythingis renaissance, Louisian, rich and tasteful.

So what have we here, and who? Meet the president of Rolling Stone records, Earl somebodyorother, who's holding court.

"You must, simply *must* meet him," one partygoer informs the world in general.

Feeling no pressing need to hobnob with such a luminary I stagger forward nevertheless, only to be bored stiff by the verbosity of a canny American businessman who fancies he's some kind of wit.

"Why is it that you British press chaps are always criticising The Rolling Stones?" he drawls, slightly the worse for drink.

Without bothering to wait for an answer Earl sways benignly then heads off. Meanwhile in the toot-up room, or one of them, highbrow scene makers jostle for nasal laxatives and lay out their lines on 18th Century glass-topped tables.

Now, into this divine and decadent soiree (and don't think I didn't enjoy it, 'cos I did) stumbles one of the stars of the show. Eyes right for the entrance of David Byrne, the lead figure in the Talking Heads psychodrama, an everday story of collegiate city folk.

Tonight everyone must make his/her entrance with aplomb. Cindy, the B52 with the 'Georgia Mushroom' hairpiece and batting, wet eyes makes hers by slouching into the walled garden slugging on a bottle of Heineken.

All around us lies the debris of the French vine, spouting vintage champagnes, elegant bouquets of Burgundy and scented Chateau Lafittes, but Cindy has her beer.

She may look decidedly unglamorous when set up beside the immaculately haute coutured and obscenely beautiful French belles, but for this undying devotion to the trash aesthetic Cindy wins tonight's star prize, a ten minute chat with old Earl.

Still, *the* grand entrance is reserved for David Byrne, who recoils from the attention of his hosts with that characteristic neurotic dread of having to exchange small talk. Perhaps it's nerves then, or maybe it was the vodka I saw David imbibing in such liberal quantities earlier on, but here he comes, out of the door, across the path and SPLAT!

UH—OH! David Byrne just fell into a hole. His plate of goodies flies off at an angle, covering the shrubbery with pate de fois gras and mayonnaise. Onlookers stifle their chuckles and David is helped to his feet by umpteen willing hands. He's slightly cut, half-cut, but the shock wears off.

Falling over gets you accepted, even in Paris, and the sight of Byrne's lanky six-foot frame spreading its length amongst the foliage is soon forgotten.

Later on he smirks: "I felt so embarrassed but perhaps that was what was expected of me, that I fall in a hole and spill food everywhere."

Byrne disappears for the rest of the evening to the kitchen, where else? Out of the gaze he proceeds to hit the bottle with a vengeance and converse with Kate B52, a lovely person who can't get over "everything bein' so old an'all. I bet this picture is real valuable, it's so pretty. Where can I git me a glass of water?"

David Byrne points her in the general direction of the taps and fumbles for a lychee.

By day this man is mild mannered, polite and slightly distant. "I'm fairly shy, yes. Not too shy — but I don't start conversations with people I don't know, the others are better at that than me. I guess you could say that I meditate a lot, or just observe. Sometimes I watch TV or look our of a car window and I drift off into my world. I never was too gregarious."

CUT TO the final night of the Talking Heads' French sojourn. Another party has been thrown in their honour in *the* Parisian niterie, an underground disco called Les Baines Douches, formerly a public bath.

Impressions of Paris as a 20th Century throwback to the excesses of Ancient Rome are borne out by this club. Come on downstairs, where the sound system blasts out Grace Jones and Dillinger, and the well-heeled, high-brow post-punk kids are waking up for the late shift.

In one corner the complex Heads and B52s manager Gary Kirfirst is shooting French pool, a bastardised billiards sans pockets, and knocking spots off the locals. Effeminate black boys smooch around the perimeter, blowing kisses. "Anybody wanna make some easy money?" Kerferst is cleaning up.

A French groover approaches Byrne, who's perched on a wall, meditating. "You want to meet some nice French girls,oui?"

Byrne: "Oh, err, umm, nooo. I wouldn't know what to say to them. Thanks all the same."

Hedwige, the former Queen of the Paris punks, a tall blond with a Fred Perry shirt, is introduced quite po-faced with her erstwhile title. "I 'ave my own band now, eet's better than new wave."

On the dance floor a wild 15-year-old mademoiselle is frugging with total abandon. This is Ionesco, a direct descendant of the legendary French playwright and author. Her microskirt defies the laws of gravity and even the cucumber-cool French lads can't remove their eyes.

My companion tells me that Ionesco was once more beautiful. "When she was twelve, 'er mama took some photographs of 'er nekkid, perhaps now she is a bit fat and crazy."

Two people, one of indeterminate sex, have got their hooks onto David Byrne. There's a momentary flare-up, a lovers' tiff and whoosh, the girl partner sulks off to watch porn movies through the hole in the wall. Her friend stays put by the green inviting pool. "She is a transvestite, n'est ce pas," whispers my companion loudly.

Maybe it's the Jack Danny but I'd swear she just hitched her top down. A breast pops out and is casually tucked in again. Byrne decides this is all too much and departs for the hotel to play his tapes.

LET'S FLASHBACK to the Palace. Some venue. Given that the French are hell-bent on enjoying the remainder of this century while they can you have to admit that their style is something else. It's style without the revolt, punk without the punch but with all the trappings fully developed, the sense of occasion, the night out.

Maybe these kids are bored with the high quality of their lives, maybe they feel guilty about their wealth, it could be that they lack a sense of purpose or reality. Or have they just got it right?

The political leaders of the western world are fiddling while their ideals burn, but these people are having fun while David Byrne's.

If the edifices are crumbling, this decadence is the sure sign that the basic superstructure is fucked. But rather than worry about the consequences, get nihilistic and spit on their peers, the French are out to find a real good time.

Even at a rock and roll concert there is a sense of civilised frisson. Life is one big party and everyone with a ticket gets in.

Outside a few 100 stragglers fight amongst themselves but ignore les flics, nasty vicious sadists with a license to maim. Inside the temperature is boiling. The B52s have just whipped up the standing hordes to the state where underearm deodorant ceases to function and now Talking Heads are ready to deliver their repertoire.

The band has improved immeasurably over the last year. The never ending journey into the American hinterland has honed up their act and sharpened their cynicism. Any one member of the group will admit that touring is getting them down.

Dig this schedule. Three months roadwork in the States was followed in May by the making of their third album, 'Fear Of Music', with producer Brian Eno, 11 tracks in ten days. Then they left for Australia, New Zealand, and back to Europe. The day after this European trip Talking Heads were catching a plane back across the world to Japan, the mega yen market, a necessary extension of the thinking rock band's itinerary.

Pretty soon the Eastern bloc will open its borders to the western scourge. By 1984 there are going to be more potential concert halls in the world that ever seemed likely in the innocent '60s.

The Talking Heads are very much a part of this mad circus but at the moment they have retained sufficient integrity and independence to stay outside the soul destroying *arena* circuit.

They have just renegotiated their Sire contract, are undoubtedly comfortable, but fortunately are not complacent. Having completed a fairly lacklustre set of festivals in Belgium and Denmark. They are primed to deliver the goods in a proper hall.

Talking Pictures: PENNIE SMITH

NG HEADS A LA CARTE

MAX BELL samples the musical menu as Les Tetes Parlantes chew up Paris and spit out the nasty bits. David Byrne tells more tales about creativity and technology.

The nucleus of their set bears testimony to months spent on perfecting each song, and suggests a capacity for improvisation. Having spent two albums and three years working up the chops Talking Heads are fast approaching that magic moment when, hey presto, learning becomes an escape from technique and the pieces fall together of their own accord.

Tonight is a classic set, beginning with the staple diet of 'Big Country', its lazy C/W diatribe set off by a ludicrously funky husband and wife backbeat. Then the opening of the rock star's secret jornal, 'Warning Sign' combinging myth and truth — "I've got money now, c'mon baby". Ordinarily, the man wouldn't say boo to a goose but on stage he's transformed, a real live wire, a nutcase, an exposer of every frayed nerve ending.

Byrne's own performance is staggering. It encapsulates everything that seemed interesting in Bowie and Ferry all those years back and creams them with a totally original approach. His thyroid glands are pumping towards the red zone, danger level. What goes through his head?

"I get taken over by the live act. The adrenalin rush for me is complete. I seem to be running around while everyone else is in slow motion. It's exciting but frightening and wonderful. The only thing that disappoint me is when a crowd shouts out for the better known songs — that's not likely to boost your opinion of an audience . But audiences *will* tire of the obviously manipulative stuff.

"My own perspective when I go to a show is I hate that pop star routine. I assume that our audience wants to be treated with respect. We made it a rule never to use artificial crowd responses. Then again we try and play in decent places — comfortable halls or clubs with good acoustics.

"Of course we don't always succeed. Sometimes the venues are far from ideal. The bouncers manhandle the audience when there will only be a few trouble makers on quaaludes. Promoters tend to assume the worst. Because of a minority they mistreat the majority. I admit that a lot of times we end up playing in terrible places, but you just try your best."

This particular night there's no hint of an audience who've come for the hits. Instead they are treated to a daring set which includes the resurrected 'Love Goes To Building On Fire' ("We dropped that for a year, then realised we were missing it"), plus five brand new numbers from the August-scheduled 'Fear Of Music'.

The quality of the band is apparent in ensemble playing that stretches beyond the narrow confines of quirky rock. Jerry Harrison coaxes all manner of weird, engrossing textures from his small arsenal of keyboards, conventional and synthetic. His rhythm guitar work, never more than effectively rudimentary in the past, has taken an appreciable step forward.

The innovations that the Harrison and Byrne axis have up their musical sleeve stamps the group as legitimate purveyors of a vibrant melodic understanding. They are ready to stand comparison with the champions of any age whilst possessing a custom sound as taut and delicious as prime Television.

And spare a thought for the extramarital thrills oozing from the Tina Weymouth and Chris Frantz rhythm section, funk ascloseasthis being a real rarity in normal white terms.

Before the show Tina and a small party of the English speaking contingent converge on a street cafe to while away her pre-gig blues. The diminutive, blond bassist chainsmokes her edginess into the distance, a bundle of wirey worry and stomach turning fear.

"Even after three years I get physically ill before concerts. We used to look nervous on stage too but that doesn't show anymore, it's just the waiting that gets to you. If I ate anything now I'd be sick."

The pressure is greater tonight than usual. Talking Heads are in the invidious position of topping over a support band, B52s, whose current star is so high in the critical eye that any amount of shoddiness due to lack of match practice seems to have been completely forgiven.

Ironically, Heads enjoyed a similar license when they toured Europe with Mrs Ramone's favourite sons in 1977. Today the two bands are not in direct competition with each other but the tension of record company hype lingers in the background. The Palace is chock full of B52s posters but not one Talking Heads poster. Little things like that can sap a band's confidence even before they've stepped on stage.

Talking Heads have also suffered some indignities at the hands of their New York counterparts. There have been riling espisodes with Sire stablemates The Ramones over bill topping and dressing room status, Joey Ramone allegedly proving to be a particularly obnoxious and paranoid individual when any threat to his ego is at stake.

There again, the Patti Smith Band, once the doyens of the New York artistic clique, have done their best to sequester their position and shove it down their peers' throats. Tina lets slip tales of snubbing at the hands of Miss Patti Lee that don't bear repeating.

To their credit Talking Heads are not the kind of people to pull any such stroke on lesser known kin. The B52s are afforded every courtesy they could wish for. When the audience takes them to its collective heart, the headliners don't adopt the 'let's go out there and blow these novices offstage' rap. Intead they pay credit to their guests' ability to put the crowd in an up mood.

The band's dislike of a cushioned reception is most obvious in their handling of the best known numbers, 'Thank You For Sending Me An Angel', 'Take Me To The River' and the inevitably popular 'Psycho Killer', replete with French chorus and singalong rock and roll lingua franca.

It's here that the hard work and sense of adventure pays off in spades.

While it would be easier to rest on the laurels of 'motions' performance, Byrne whips himself into a state of controlled frenzy that inspires his vocal nuance, his postured, jerky electric dance and his instrumental expertise, which now rivals that of Tom Verlaine for inflection and attack.

He moves as if brain and voice were slightly at odds with each other. . .watch him work the changes, dramatically and emotionally. Whoever said this band were cold or premeditated must have been brought up in the wrong rock environment. On the contrary, Talking Heads today are as involving, intriguing, and as plain danceable as any band on this planet. Period.

DAVID BYRNE'S hotel room is dominated by his closest travelling companion — a sophisticated tape deck stereo system that packs into a brief case. Amongst his current listening selection there are tapes of the new Neil Young and Bowie albums, Steel Pulse, Ultravox and Kraftwerk, Berlin Zoo, Ennio Morricone and, of course, Talking Heads.

Byrne's bedside reading includes Dr Hunter S Thompson's *Fear and Loathing On The Campaign Trail 1972, Paris Metro* and *Actuel,* a French almanac for the '80s where the standard of imagery and the breadth of the articles puts any English magazine to abject shame.

Aside from these mental relaxants Byrne travels light. Two months' wardrobe fits into one holdall. He makes no distinction between on and off stage attire, preferring his familiar garb of sweatshirt, black trousers and sensible shoes to anything more flashy.

Despite this conservative, college boy clean-cut demeanour there is one aspect of his apperance which causes him pleasure. David Byrne evidently sets great store by his hair style, his grey flecked black straight hair is his most assertive superficial characteristic.

Facially, Byrne modulates through stages of chronic introversion to private, wicked thoughts and an openly sardonic cheeky grin with a hint of wolverine around the edges.

His speech is slow and checked by qualification as if the words were being weighed on a spring balance. Usually he tilts towards self-deprecation and irony, taking every question at face value and avoiding any hint of conceit or artistic justification.

Given the artificiality of any interview, the instant opinion and the discretion of the journalist, Byrne is quite at odds with the picture I had of him as a wilfully oblique person. His assertiveness is greater than his internal solitude, even to the extent that when the interview is first mooted and other members of the band express a desire to attend he rebuffs them firmly — "No, I want to talk separately."

While the band zip down to Montmartre to shoot a photo session Byrne leaves me in his room to listen to the new album, 'Fear Of Music', a far remove from 'More Songs'. Lyrically, the material maintains Byrne's favourite device, the third person narrator, but the subject matter is more advanced, moodier and abstract.

Many of the titles are simple nouns, 'Mind', 'Paper', 'Cities', 'Air', 'Heaven', 'Animals' and 'Drugs' (formerly 'Electricity'). Themes and styles are unfamiliar, save for the now recognisable group 'sound'. The move towards complex rhythmic structures and the contrast of vocal idiosyncrasies with melodic texturing is immediately clear.

"The people who disliked what Eno did to the second album will probably dislike this one more," Byrne mutters with a grin. He picks up a Swiss Army knife and runs his thumb down the blade.

"See, they assume that it's all his doing. Every time they hear a weird sound it's 'Aah, there he is' — when a lot of time it's us, our ideas."

This sense of misunderstanding is a sore point, then?

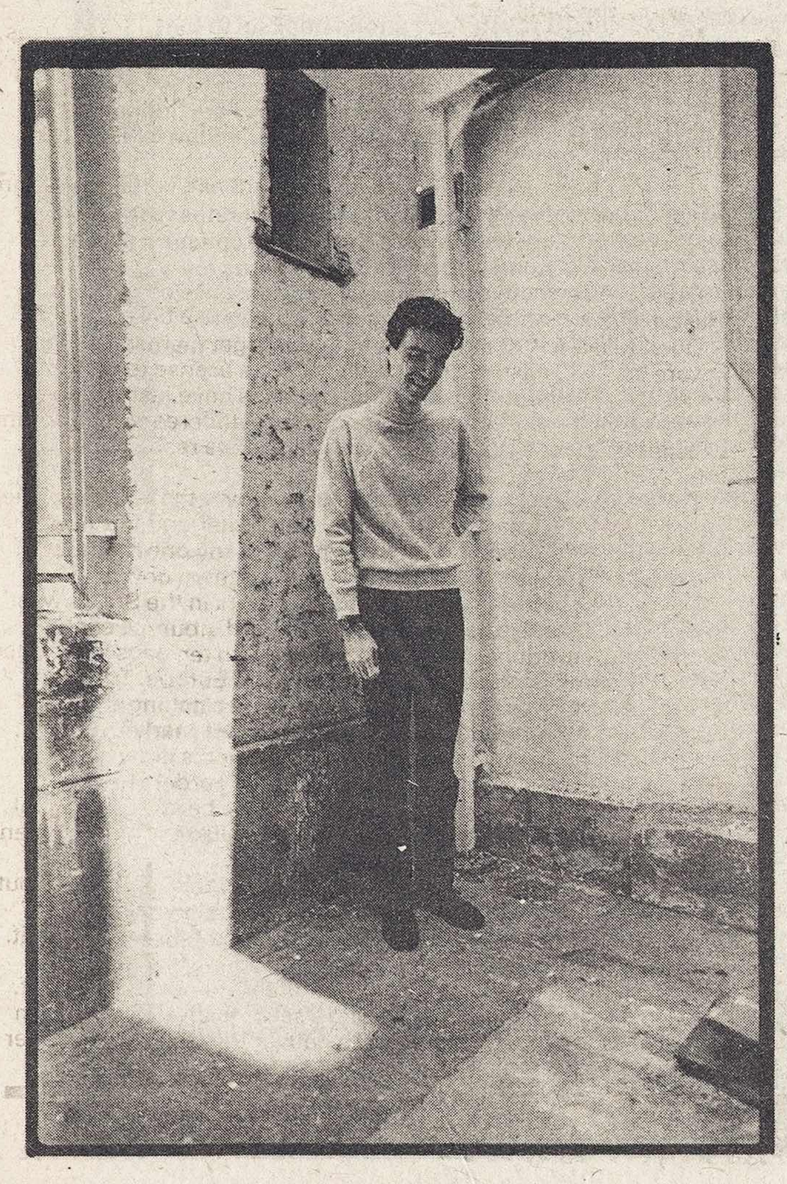
"Well, people have missed the humour, or at least undervalued it; especially in the singing — I send myself up a bit. I have fun with it. Some of the quirky little things that end up on record I think are real funny — the first coupla times anyway. Jokes always wear off after a while. It isn't obvious humour; there are no knee slappers."

The first song, 'I Zimbra', utilises an African rhythm, lush percussive effects treated by some spectacular synthesiser colouration. It's the kind of deceptively simple sound that Brian Eno experimented with on 'Taking Tiger Mountain By Strategy' or 'The Lion Sleeps Tonight' but with a more integrated, less self-conscious appeal. The vocal is a multi-layered nonsense babble, African esperanto.

Towards the end Robert Fripp contributes a fragment of a

■ *Continues over page*

"Anyone who tries to be naive these days is a fool. I know that most of this business is just merchandise."



Clockwise from left: David Byrne escapes suntan/Tina Weymouth works on hers/Tina nitpicks hubby Chris Frantz's coat/Jerry Harrison hose down.

T. HEADS CONT.

■ *From previous page*

solo.

Byrne has a selection of South African music with him, notably 'Rhythm Of Resistance'.

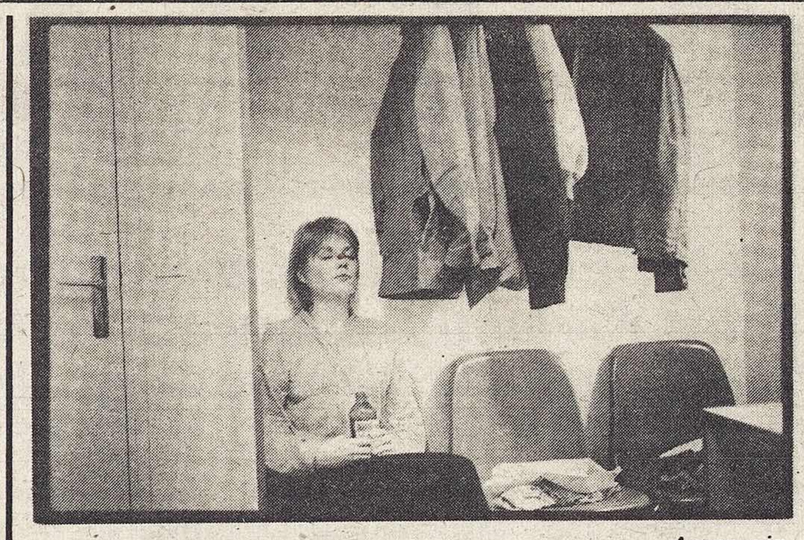
"Some of that stuff is difficult to listen to. It's not something you grow up with. With the ethnographic records you have to concentrate to hear what's going on, and for me it isn't always easy. But with Fela . . . stuff like that, you know . . . just listen to it. It might be chants or something but it's no trouble, no sweat."

Byrne's interest in ethnic musical forms goes beyond the hip, elitist viewpoint, being both academic and practical. The title of the album, 'Fear Of Music' was drawn from a technical book called *Music And The Brain:* "It has long sections devoted to musically associated diseases. There was a word with a long Latin title, a phobia that certain people have, a real fear of music. Any kind of music is obnoxious to them and they have to be sent to live in the countryside.

"It's such a contradiction of the attitude we have to music, that it appealed to me. The album is also a bit frightening; not shocking but spooky and melancholy. I enjoy it.

"It's my ambition to write some really sad songs but I haven't succeeded yet. People assume that when you perform a sad song you need to use some method acting to get it in the right mood. Actually it works the other way. If the song is well constructed it will cause the emotions.

"It's true that there are hardly any songs about relationships this time. Only 'Mind' comes close to being a love song. It's best to get away from them. I mean, I like a lot of other people's love songs but it's a horrible thing to have to sing about every night. Eventually, the subject becomes meaningless.



Apres gig.

"These abstract subjects are more open to different interpretations — they don't matter so much."

I PUT IT to Byrne that he's been damned in the past by writers who assume that the lyrics reflect his own viewpoint, whereas they are often fictional devices, vehicles for all manner of contradictory statements.

It's obvious Byrne uses the stage as a platform for expressing many opinions which he'd be too reticent to say to a person's face. "I might express the ideas privately but not so drastically. In a song I can spout off an idea that would sound ridiculous in a conversation."

The best example of this on 'More Songs' was 'Artists Only', which Byrne didn't even write. Predictably, some of our brethren took exception to the line *'I don't have to prove that I'm creative'.*

"A guy called Wayne Zieve wrote the lyric on that. I don't know anything about it. He was crashing at our place (the Byrne and Harrison residence) and he used to scribble messages on bits of paper and leave 'em round the room. I just liked that one so I wrote some music for it. Now he gets royalties, which spoils the effect somewhat.

"Generally, writers understand a bit of the band but they naturally focus on the lyrics, 'cos it's hard to write more than a couple of sentences about music — there's not a lot you can say about a guitar solo.

"As far as the band goes, they don't mind the words too much. They wouldn't mind writing but they're good about it. It's hardest for Chris and Tina when we're in the studio. They play and that's it. Brian (Eno), Jerry and me play with the mixing. Chris and Tina like to be around, but it gets boring after a while. That frustrates them . . ."

To avoid this inequality 'Fear Of Music' was recorded in a mobile studio hooked up to the Frantz family's Long Island loft. The band rehearsed for ten days, working up basic tracks, then recorded half the album in two days.

Most bands in Talking Heads' position would spend three or four months on a third album and a lot more money.

"Eno got back to London from Bangkok. I phoned him and he came straight over. He layed less on this one than before, so though it's said he's like a fifth member he isn't there when we record basic tracks. It was my idea to be on our own, without a producer for a while; we did OK, we didn't fight too much.

"We made the record in two sessions on the mobile, and it worked better; it was more relaxing. Initially, we achieved a near live sound. There was none of that stuff with headphones and engineers and 'I can't hear the drums' nonsense.

"Of course we treated it with studio care. We spent a lot of the time sequencing tracks. I've never liked the variety approach where a band show how clever they are — y'know, following a ballad with a rocker, then a lush song. We try to group them for similarities. That sounds premeditated though; it was an afterthought."

One of the strangest songs on the record is 'Animals', in which starts off as an oddball paean to animal characteristics — *"Animals are pretty smart/They shit in the park/They see in the dark"* — until suddenly the listener realises the furries have taken over and they're not domesticating the humans.

"That was the last song I wrote. It was a conscious attempt to go back to the old style but it ended up more complex, it has a 7/4 rhythm or something . . . I don't understand. It's jerky but I can't play the guitar part and sing it live yet. I got excited when I wrote it though. There are lots of lyrics I didn't use."

Byrne takes a childlike delight in his own words, which remove a lot of cryptic and sinister veils from his sub-conscious.

The most immediately evocative song on 'Fear Of Music' is the most harrowing: 'Life During Wartime', set in a fictional future, say tomorrow — when snipers on the streets and suburban guerilla warfare are the norm.

Byrne reckons he's ready for the inevitable:

"Living in New York you have to be. There *will* be chronic food shortages and gas shortages and people will live in hovels. Paradoxically, they'll be surrounded by computers the size of wrist watches. Calculators will be cheap. It'll be as easy to hook up your computer with a central television bank as it is to get the week's groceries.

"I think we'll be cushioned by amazing technological development and sitting on Salvation Army furniture. Everything else will be crumbling.

"It doesn't bother me too much but it isn't something to look forward to. Government surveillance becomes inevitable because there's this dilemma when you have an increase in information storage. A lot of it is for your convenience — but as more information gets on file it's bound to be misused.

"Electronic banking, where you never meet a teller or stand in a queue, is already common, and that system can only get more prevalent.

"A funny thing is that as computers do inventories the crimes may be fewer but are far more costly to the company. People can alter the programme, spin money off and go undetected for years.

"I read a book about computer crimes before I left. For example, one guy printed up a number of fake deposit slips and hid them with the blanks they keep in banks for customer's use; they all had his personal number on. After three days in which people had been depositing huge sums of money into his account, he withdrew it and split. There was no way to catch him.

"Another person had a touch-tone phone hook up to the General Electric master computer in Los Angeles. He was ordering vast supplies of wire, cables, you name it, storing it in a warehouse then selling it. These companies are so huge they don't figure anything is up. Eventually he got too arrogant and tried to sell them their own gear back."

IT'S HARD to know where Byrne fits into the framework of his own subject matter. Very few Talking Heads songs feature his first person experience, and the lyrics tend to focus on observed relationships, cliches and generalisations.

This may be a defence mechanism, an extension of his diffidence, but it is also a fine way of illuminating other people's foibles.

The fact that this is usually a novelistic or cinematic technique makes the songs that much more absorbing, although it tends to polarise listeners who recognise their own faults being mocked.

For someone so shy, Byrne has a genius for provoking a reaction:

"I've tried to write songs that are far from my usual point of view, about getting drunk and chasing after girls, but they're never successful. I don't think I can chase . . . See, if I use the third person it achieves distance. It's slightly humorous. It isn't always very nice.

"The songs 'Heaven' and 'Mind' are set in parties and bars, places where people get together, except in one of 'em the party is in someone's mind and they want it to stop. Eventually they decide they like it."

Byrne turns away to the wall, fiddling with a Camel packet and laughing manically to himself.

"One title, 'Drugs' is a psychedelic song. I like those '60s numbers where they try and describe the experience . . . They're stupid. There's a big resurgence of acid in Paris apparently. The people from the disco where we played go on huge acid binges, hiring trains and stuff. That's a little intense for me."

DAVID BYRNE grew up in Baltimore, Maryland, then attended the Rhode Island School of Design in 1970, where he met Frantz.

In those days Byrne played violin and ukelele!

■ *Continues page 49*

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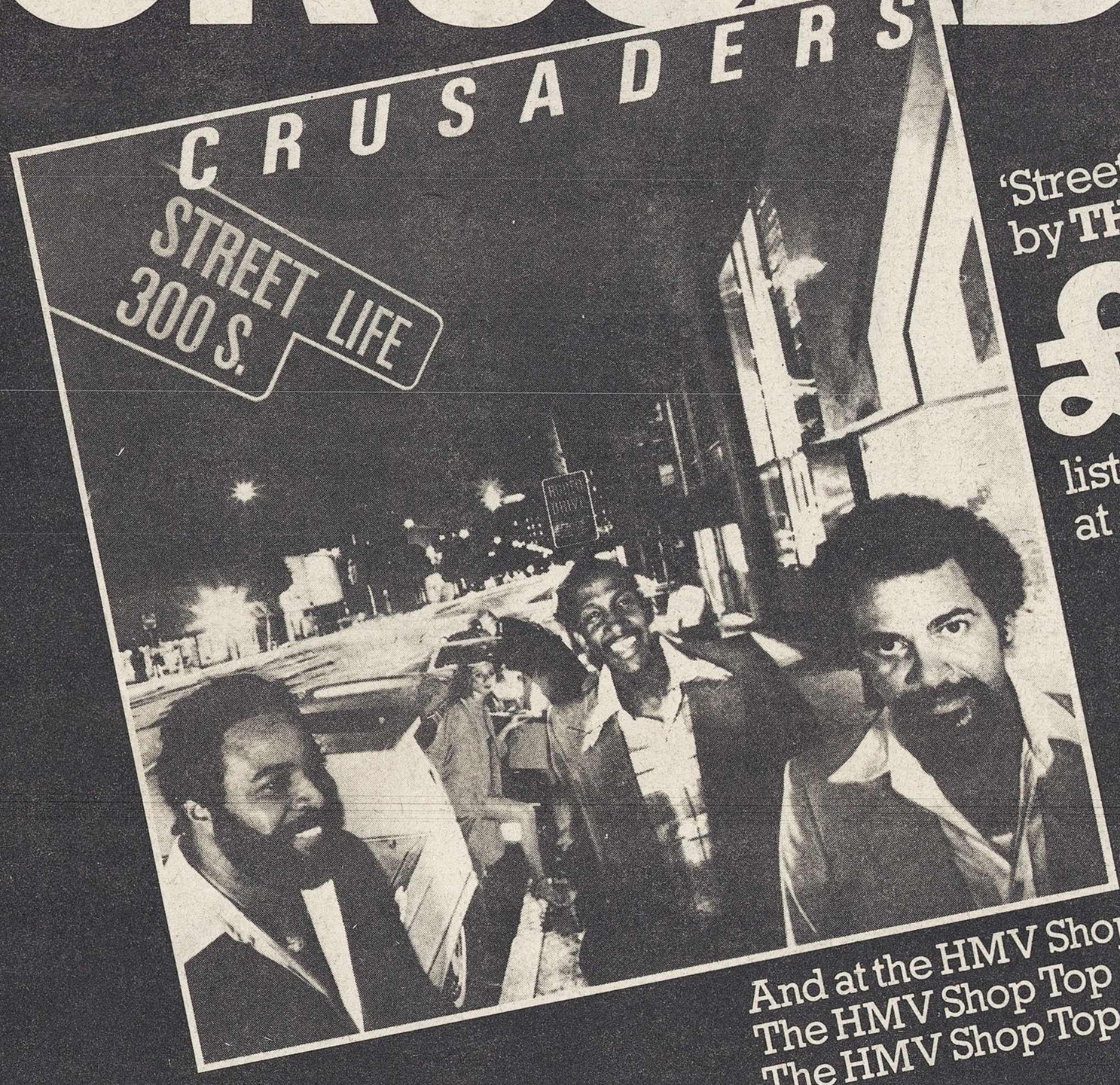

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ALBUMS

Paul Cook gets his just desserts from an unangelic upstart in L.A., maan. Pic: Stevens Holstrom

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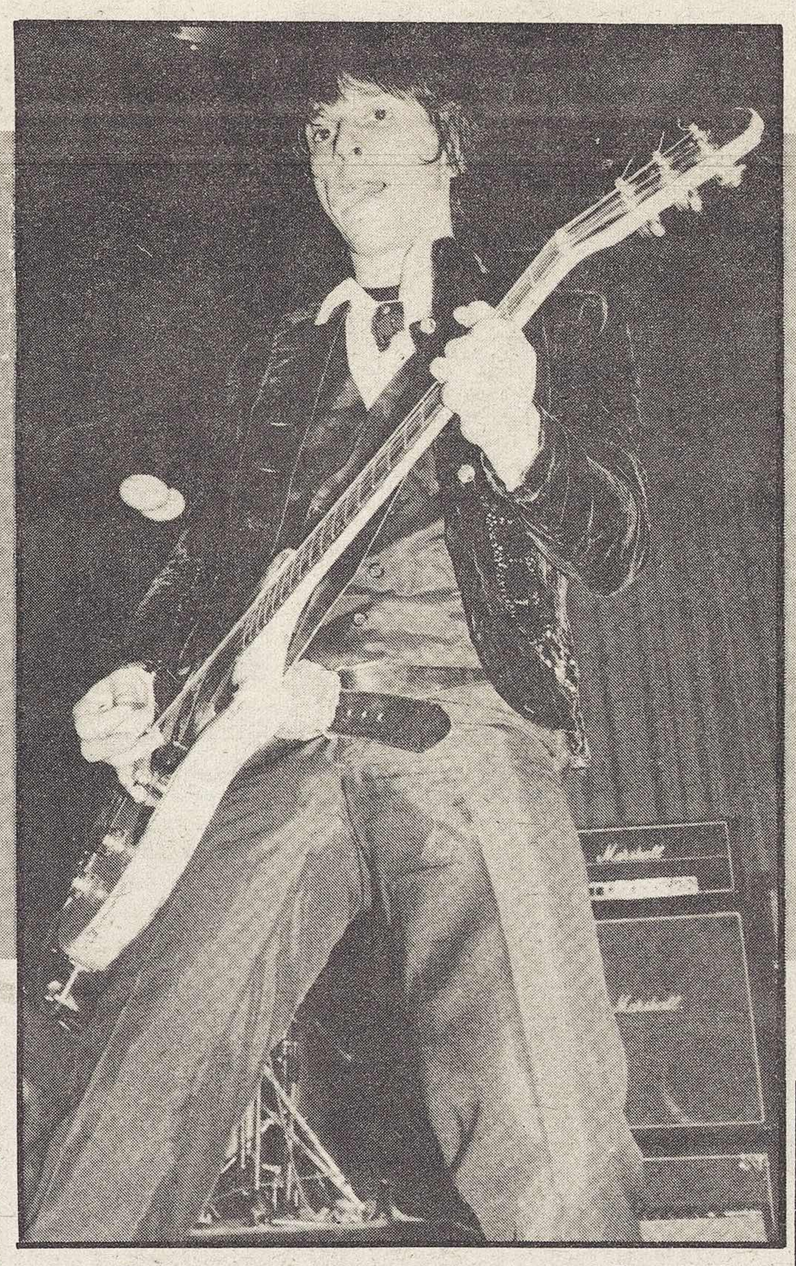

Johnny Thunders shows respect to audience. Pic: Ross Halfin

CSM and NICK KENT suss out the has-beens

SEX PISTOLS
Some Product: Carri On Sex Pistols
(Virgin)

This is getting silly.

After all, no new Sex Pistols recordings have been issued for at least three months, and since Cook, Jones, Pursey and Kermit have not yet been obliging enough to supply the teeming, seething masses with the first fruits of their blessed union, a vacuum thereby exists. This is a situation that, naturally enough, could not be tolerated. Though such masterworks as 'The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle' and all the attendant 45s by teenage icons like Ronald Biggs and Sid Vicious have satisfactorily outsold the faltering half-formed early works like 'Never Mind The Bollocks' (which were, after all, never really what the Pistols were all about), there is a crying need for more recordings to stash alongside all the posters and T-shirts.

Unfortunately, a large proportion of the interview material on this record is taken up with the tedious and irrelevant thoughts of the band's original lead singer, which is a shame because it wastes valuable needletime which could more appropriately have been devoted to an extended version of the US radio phone-in sequence in which Paul Cook and Steve Jones ask all the female callers if they've got big tits, or more thorough explorations of the tormented psyche of the unfortunate Sid Vicious, who at least had the decency to get himself put away and then finally snuff it so that nothing could interfere with the real purpose of the exercise, i.e. MARKETING.

Interspersed between the interview tapes and the banned radio commercials are snatches of the Sex Pistols records that you've already bought, while the cover gathers together artefacts from the promotional campaigns that you've already seen because they brought all those records to your attention in the first place.

Overflowing with pure anarchy and all the other stuff that devotees of punk rock T-shirts and ad campaigns love to consume, 'Some Product: Carri On Sex Pistols' is a must for every tourist who ever bought a Sex Pistols badge from a market stall, and for every U.K. Subs fan who wants to learn about the true roots of modern rock music. As a final badge of authenticity, the album was compiled and produced by John Varnom, the man responsible for many of the original posters and advertisements on which this record is based.

It goes without saying that if you cared enough about the honest rebellion which the Sex Pistols began to symbolise as soon as they got rid of that singer with all those wanky ideas about honesty and truth, you will just have to own this album and play it regularly, preferably while wearing your 'Sid Is Dead' T-shirt and staring at your 'Bollocks' poster. What would be even more fun would be to memorise large portions of it and recite it with your friends.

The entire career of the Sex Pistols has been little more than a prelude to the release of this album, which provides a much-needed perspective on the short but bizarre history of this phenomenon which we use to call 'punk rock'.

'Some Product: Carri On Sex Pistols' is a fine example of what rock and roll is really all about.

Charles Shaar Murray

THE HEARTBREAKERS
Heartbreakers Live at Max's Kansas City
(Beggar's Banquet)

Going to have to make this one brief. Brief, because this wretched excuse for a live album is such a shameful affair that to dwell on its dismal lack of quality at any length would grant it more attention than it deserves.

There was a time — approximately two years back — when Johnny Thunders Heartbreakers looked like becoming a real force to be reckoned with. Riding the crest of the punk wave alongside the Pistols and The Clash, the U.S. expatriates had not merely credibility gratis the fact that Thunders and drummer Jerry Nolan were once in the legendary New York Dolls but a penchant for hammering out a forceful set of four-to-the-bar abrasive rock action that made them a perfect rock'n'roll bar band. The music was one-dimensional, sure, whilst their insistence on harping on how cool it was to be a hard drug user in most of the lyrics was downright contemptible at times, but beyond those considerations, the band at least *put out* with a chutzpah and vitality that left most competitors of the time at the starting gate.

Almost inevitably, the band fell to pieces as quickly as they had achieved momentum in this country. Bad management was certainly one consideration, bad record company dealings (their one and only studio album was a botched-up mess of trashy mixes) most decidedly another, but ultimately the onus for the band's fall from grace fell squarely in their own irresponsible laps. The band ceased to be a viable proposition after dummer Jerry Nolan's departure since he was in fact the true leader.

So Thunders tooled around, making a solo album that at least boasted a half-way decent production even though most of the songs were tired old affairs kept on their feet by the presence of innumerable guest musicians. The solo shot a failed coup, Thunders returned to New York and mooched around, playing the odd gig with the remnants of Heartbreakers (minus Nolan) and inevitably advertising each ensuing debacle as the Heartbreakers' last, farewell gig.

What this record displays, very simply, is three washed-up, demoralized individuals plus the inevitable semi-competent drummer (some godawful pick-up percussionist named Ty Styx) sleepwalking through a bunch of the Heartbreakers' repertoire with a total absence of conviction, a truly disgusting sense of jadedness — the whole charade played out simply for the bucks that'll keep those involved solvent and able to purchase the necessary stimulants. Some fun!

For the record, the band dredge up old faves, kicking off with Thunders' antiquated 'Chatterbox' a.k.a. 'Leave Me Alone' and here entitled 'Milk Me' (the song's original title), and fumble through the likes of 'Chinese Rocks', 'Get Off The Phone', 'Can't Keep My Eyes On You', 'One Track Mind' and a few other utterly predictable rehashes. These songs have never sounded lousier. Guitars are out of tune, the drummer is hopeless and Thunders' 'I'm such-a-cool-junkie-maan' attitude grates horribly throughout. I doubt whether I've ever heard a more pathetic excuse for a rock'n'roll album and the most hideous aspect is that the band themselves don't care.

The whole enterprise stinks and there is absolutely no reason for even a rabid Heartbreakers fan to purchase this pice of shit. Simply, file it alongside the new Sex Pistols' abortion and see which artefact corrodes quicker.

Nick Kent

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THE GREATEST ALBUM EVER MADE

(In Australia)

AC/DC
Highway To Hell *(Atlantic)*

AC/DC are five Aussies (hair longish, age 25ish) who first appeared Over Here in '76. They cut four studio albums in Oz and one live LP from a tour of the planet. One of their number, Angus Young, is heavily into Bash Street Chic and goes onstage sporting blazer, school-tie, Just Jimmy cap and short keks. Their business is Heavy Metal Rock Music.

Apart from hearing one side of the live LP through cans in my local megastore (I left with my head in a different shape), I can profess no foreknowledge of their previous works, which I can only presume to be of the same calibre. Those amongst you who have already been exposed to AC/DC damage will please forgive my failure to draw comparisons to their earlier work.

The goods: the songs are five-a-side, and range from good to formidable on the Opinion Scale. Side one kicks off with the title track. A raucous chanting boogie, it's constructed round a biting riff and embellished with all the attendant humdinger powerchords and wailing solos of the genre. Not a great song as the album goes, but they've quickly staked out their territory. The band then collide into 'Girls Got Rhythm', a massive onslaught of metallic noise where vocalist Bon Scott spits razorblades and lays on the agony as if it were going out of fashion.

Next is 'Walk All Over You', by which stage AC/DC are champing at the bit (silly buggers). It's a custom-built track, fast, vast, sneering and relentless and successfully aggrandized by the thundering, up-front rhythm guitar. It ends on a strangled scream, laying the table for the rumbling menace of 'Touch Too Much'. The song builds up into a boggling crescendo. Bon Scott's voice seems coated with paint-stripper. Colossal power-chords intervene. Heroic guitar solo spews forth. Total group involvement. Etcetera.

'Beating Around The Bush' commences in a flurry of filthy guitar licks and side one ends with sulphurous sparks and stuttering rage.

Side two, like side one, is very good for the neck muscles, and opens with 'Shot Down In Flames'. Bon Scott screams his predicament like a poacher sat in a possum snare. Rejoice in the raucous tumult and electric epilepsy of 'Get It Hot'. Savour the punishment of 'If You Want Blood', a full-tilt boogie that trepans the cranium like an Inter-City 125.

Further steam and rumble belches forth on 'Love Hungry Man', five-star noise that features yet more gargantuan guitareries, and a back-beat that could kick-start the Woolwich Ferry. Finally, 'Night Prowler' which begins smouldering, grizzled, sultry and dangerous. It gathers force, reaching a pinnacle of tautness and volume, lacerates my tweeters, and pummels my woofers.

This is Heavy Metal as she is spoke. It means flailing chords and wailing guitar solos — buzz-saw bass-lines and everything you wanted to know about guttural, agonised vocals but were afraid to ask. AC/DC are a band who practice the science of overstatement to a ludicrous degree and succeed. 'Highway To Hell' shrieks itself beyond any aesthetic considerations. Whether AC/DC are reviving dinosaurs, are contemporary, or are several steps ahead is really beside the point. By taking all the unfashionable cliches and metaphors of Heavy Rock, discarding every ounce of the genre's attendant flab, and fusing those ingredients with gall, simplicity, and a deceptive facility into a dynamic whole, they have created an aesthetic of their own.

A magnificent album.

Rick Joseph

SAXON
Saxon *(Carrere)*

Fire and brimstone, blood and iron, stallions, swords and Saxons — "Saxon's impressive first LP captures the aggression of Yorkshire life." Far be it from me to argue with a WEA press-release, but the whole thing reminds me more of cheese-and-onion crisps.

The Saxon saga began — no, not in Valhalla — "in the Rotherham/Sheffield area" where the lads "first met when they used to heckle their rivals at gigs".

Since then the band have organised a following for themselves around the North of England and they should, with this album, consolidate it safely. The production is good and their musicianship rarely falters.

To me, the songs are mediocre and the lyrical luggage is absolutely dreadful, but Saxon probably operate in a world — the homegrown small-venue HM circuit — where volume, attitudes and loon-pants are enough to ensure acceptability.

They've combined a serviceable Deep Purple thrust, plus suitably Ted Nugent bad-ass machismo, with occasional Yes-like clarity and prefabricated profundity.

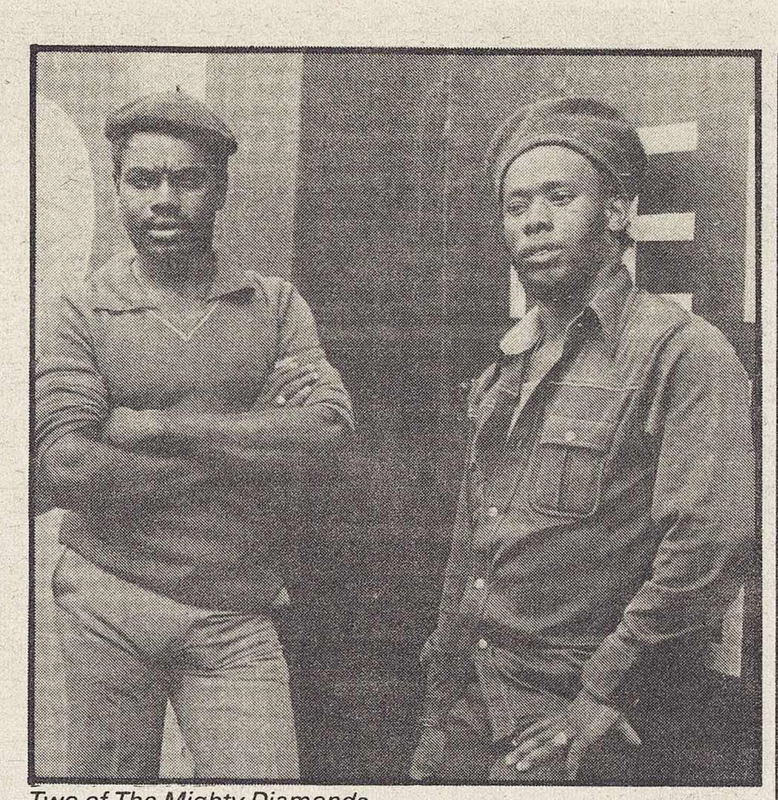
Critis can come and go; but Boys Keep Grinding. The nicest thing about headbanging is it's so pleasant when you stop, and go listen to something else.

Paul Du Noyer

THE MIGHTY DIAMONDS
Deeper Roots (Back To The Channel)
(Virgin Front Line)

So-called because it sees the return of one of Jamaica's finest vocal trios to the island's Channel One studios (where some would say they belong).

The Diamonds, who're celebrating this return by calling themselves Mighty again, have not had an easy studio ride of it since their debut 'Right Time' album of '76, itself also a Channel One production. In the interim they've recorded unsuccessfully with Allen Toussaint in New Orleans ('Ice On Fire') and merely pleasantly with Karl Pitterson in Nassau ('Planet Earth'). Another Channel One album entitled 'Stand Up To Your Judgement' was also sneaked out just before 'Planet Earth', but only on pre-release.



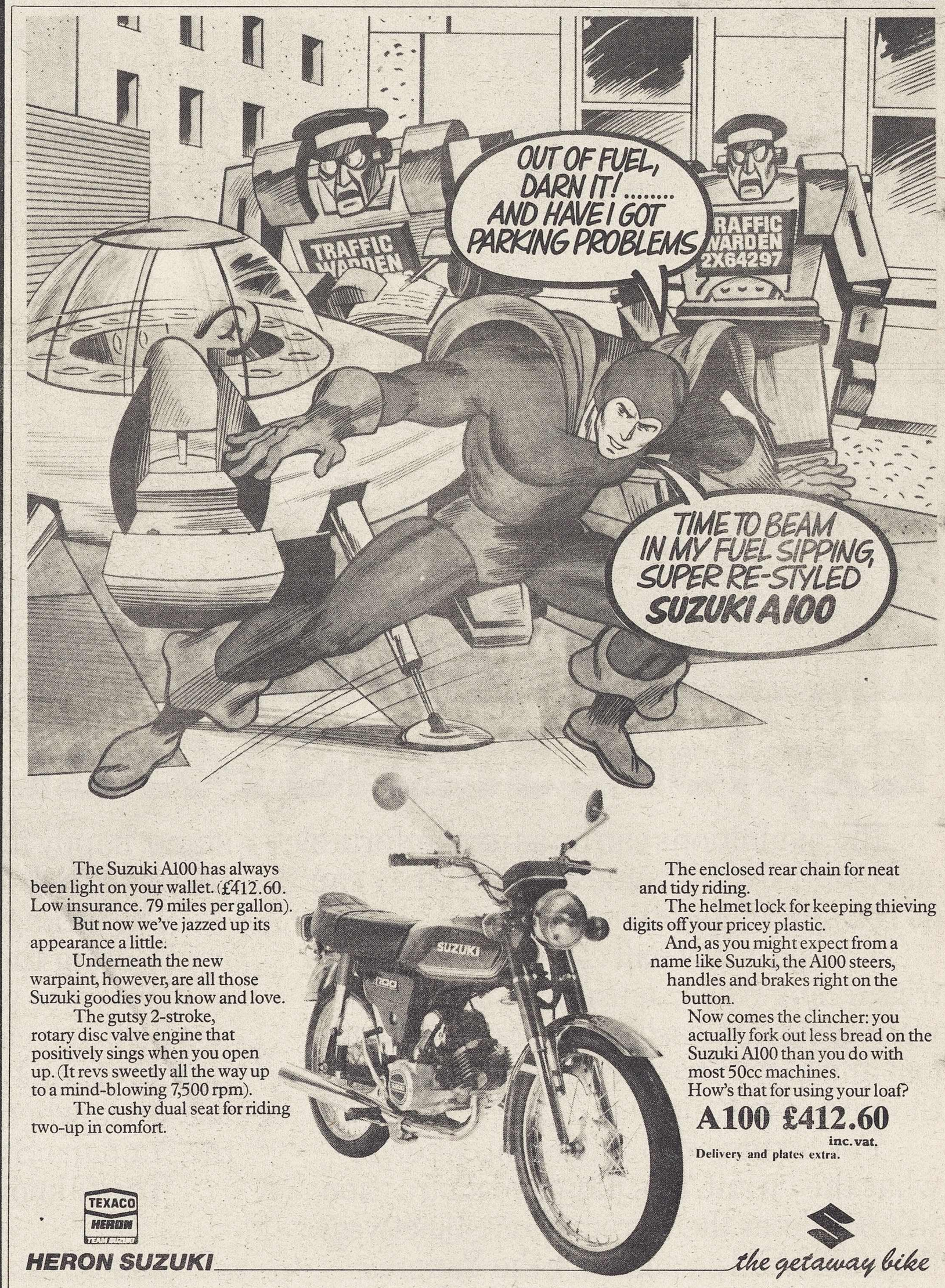
Two of The Mighty Diamonds

'Deeper Roots' is inevitably harder than its immediate predecessors, but something's still amiss or AWOL here. The set attracts immediately, then, I'm afraid, palls rapidly. The Diamonds' keening voices, Donald Shaw's leading those of Fitzroy Simpson and Lloyd Ferguson, are as emotive as ever, but all too many of the songs are not; there's certainly no 'Right Time', 'Them Never Love Poor Marcus' or 'Why Me Black Brother Why?', even though similar subjects are up for issue.

The brisk 'Reality' and the biting 'One Brother Short' and 'Bodyguard' are lyrically and melodically striking, but much of the material stumbles, lacks definition and overall direction, seems worryingly brittle. The accompanying rhythms are often similarly hesitant, especially when exposed on the (free) dub album included in the package. They're clean and quipping, sparse and spacious but . . . But I look at the symbolic and fiery mandrake root on the album's cover and wonder where all the energy leaked away to.

A puzzling, disappointing set. Try an earful of the recent 12" coupling of 'One Brother Short' and 'Bodyguard' with their respective dubs, and see how you go. If you want more — or rather less — of the same, then 'Deeper Roots' will provide accordingly.

Angus MacKinnon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The Mincer

Annie Haslam threatens G Lock with GBH. Pic: Tom Sheehan

GRAHAM LOCK sifts through the surplus

THE SUTHERLAND BROTHERS
When The Night Comes Down *(CBS)*
THE YANKEES
High 'n' Inside *(London)*
FREEWAY
Freeway *(Decca)*

And one little group wanna be The Hollies, and one little group wanna be the Stones, but Freeway wanna be Phil Spector, The Beach Boys *and* The Byrds.

The Sutherland Brothers churn out another platter of lame wetness in the style of the erstwhile Manchester Milksops. Pretty, empty, charmless. The Yankees, led by rock critic Jon Tiven, come on like a rough 'n' ready Rolling Stones, only far more rough than ready. Exuberant, yes, but sloppy, tuneless and futile.

Freeway are chiefly John Hobbs and Terry Melcher and their album is a too-studied attempt at West Coast summer pop, full of creamy harmonies, inane lyrics and stylistic rip-offs. Why not go for a swim, California? It does have the ugliest sleeve of the month, though.

RENAISSANCE
Azure D'Or *(Warner Bros)*
STEVE HACKETT
Spectral Mornings *(Charisma)*

Renaissance are plush, polished, pointless. The lyrics strive to be 'poetic', the music tries to be 'mature' and the result is an adolescent slushiness bolstered only by musical discipline and fine singing from Annie Haslam.

'Spectral Mornings', having no such qualifiers, is unmitigated rubbish. Hackett attempts whimsy and significance, achieves wimpishness and bombast — orchestral meanderings and laughable egotistical guitar sometimes interrupted by school magazine lyrics.

Such albums induce despair — so cosy, so careful, so deadening. Art rock kills.

EPPU NORMAALI
Maximum Jee and Jee *(Poko Records)*
TONE DEAF AND THE IDIOTS
Catastrophe Rock *(Blue Angel)*

Punk reaches Finland and sounds like it walked all the way. 'Maximum Jee and Jee' comes on clear green vinyl with a bright pink label, but the music is less than colourful. Fast guitars, chanted harmonies and titles like 'Lainelautaileva Lehmanmaha' — could be a tennis player or Stiff's latest discovery, I suppose.

Tone Deaf And The Idiots are one of those rare groups who live up to their moniker. They could've been great — they can't sing, write songs or play their instruments and the production is non-existent, but somehow it all goes wrong. Can't quite put my finger on it. Fun, though, if that's your prison.

FOXY
Hot Numbers *(TK)*
LINDA CLIFFORD
Let Me Be Your Woman *(RSO)*
ERUPTION
Leave A Light *(Atlantic)*
ADRIAN GURVITZ
Sweet Vendetta *(Jet)*

Foxy are "slick, proud and aggressive" (says their press release), which sounds as appealing as terminal cancer. 'Hot Number' was a good, jostling disco single but the rest of the album is cold by comparison.

Linda Clifford's version of 'Bridge Over Troubled Waters' had more, er, wallop than the original, but less soul than Aretha Franklin's. The rest of the album comes on with similar schlock panache. Clifford belts out the songs with great gusto and the band struggle to keep up. It ends in a tie.

Eruption can't decide whether to be funky or Boney M. On the joyous 'One Way Ticket' they manage to capture the qualities of both; on everything else they're just a tacky ooze of nondescript pop-funk.

Surprise of the month is Adrian Gurvitz's 'Sweet Vendetta', on which Ginger Baker's ex-partner dumps heavy rock and tries to sound like The Bee Gees. He comes close, too, helped by Toto and Earth Wind And Fire musicians. The album is smooth, swish, but the wrong side of bland.

JOHN TROPEA
To Touch You Again *(TK)*
DIONNE WARWICK
Dionne *(Arista)*
JANE OLIVOR
Stay The Night *(CBS)*

John Tropea is a session guitarist and his album is pleasant, drippy supermarket noise. I wonder what wholesale cooperative music would sound like?

Dionne Warwick is still a great singer, but she's burdened on 'Dionne' by lousy lyrics and a stiff, lifeless production from Barry Manilow, full of artificial delicacy, clumping rhythms and turgid orchestration. The dreaded Serious Artist syndrome strikes again — or is it the Commercially Viable complex? Somewhere in there a woman is going to waste.

Jane Olivor is like a less precious Janis Ian, which means you don't cringe quite so much, despite her tendency to overdo the quivering vocal bit. An album of middle class romance and dewy-eyed dishonesty of the 'I'll love you forever' kind (isn't that what politicians always say?). Best moment comes on a poker-faced version of 'He's So Fine' — the opening *"do lang do lang do lang"*, intoned with great solemnity, is utterly hilarious.

Oh God, I almost laughed.

VARIOUS ARTISTS
The Main Event *(K-Tel)*

A pair of Blondies and two Squeezes. One Dickie and a Member, not to mention the Buzzcock. Add a couple of Rat-tracks and oneaside from Generation X. Contribution, too, by Nick Lowe and The Stranglers, Elvis Costello, Patti Smith and Jonathan Richman (with cover-credits to something called Beseirkey).

So our old friends the ever-prolific Various Artists return to recorded form with a superior sampling of recent product. Essentially, the theme appears to be 'New Wave's Greatest Hits' (with the odd but welcome addition of Old Nick's 'American Squirm'), 16 in all, an attractive collection of much of the stuff that's made our Fun 40 half way bearable.

Lurching erratically in that endearing compilation/sampler/juke-box manner, side one trips from 'Banana Splits (The Tra La La Song)' right into 'No More Heroes', from 'King Rocker' to 'Radio, Radio'. And later, 'Ever Fallen In Love (With Someone You Shouldn't've)' is answered by 'Mary Of The 4th Form'.

Any selection that finds room for 'Road Runner' can't be too bad, while 'Rat Trap' re-emerges as a song of unsupposed strengths. There's the fiscal wit of 'Offshore Banking Business' and the underrated Chuck Berryesque narrative panache of 'Cool For Cats' and 'Take Me I'm Yours'. 'Hanging On The Telephone' suffers a trifle in comparison with 'Presence Dear', and 'Your Generation' fares less well across the months, though 'Because The Night' remains impressively epic.

A most acceptable summary and a tribute to the Pop Intelligence.

Paul Du Noyer

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Doctored Dolly and Mrs Hyde

Dolly on and off (inset) stage. Wow. Big pic: Charlie Davis. Little pic: Barry Plummer.

DOLLY PARTON
Great Balls Of Fire *(RCA)*

Probably Dolly's strongest album since the dodgy digit of destiny pointed Locust Ridge's most well-rounded citizen in the direction of pop fame, 'Great Balls' is a massive improvement on 'Heartbreaker', her last release, an offering that came on like Von Stroheim's original version of *Greed* — and deserving of much the same fate.

Most great singers have imperfect voices. It's the vocal failings of such as Billie Holiday or Neil Young that makes them continuingly interesting to listen to, when more technically endowed singers appear to have run out of creative steam. Dean Parks and Gregg Perry, who have (thankfully) taken over the reins of production from Gary Klein, seem aware of this with the result that most of the tracks are allowed to upoint Dolly's basic vocal frailty, her Daisy Mae-lost-in-the-big-city appeal.

True, this is forgotten on 'Star Of The Show', where she shazams into Disco Dolly Summer for the benefit of those seeking danceathons for 12" single release, while there's some minor mayhem on the title track, an item that probably works as an onstage rabble-rouser but moves me not a jot at listening room level.

But the ratio of good to indifferent is high this time around. 'Down', a neat little Dolly-jog about being on the losing end, comes full of pithy but piquant keyboard fills, courtesy of Bill Payne. And 'Sweet Summer Lovin' ', which like 'Star' is aimed at the tootsies, proves that Dolly can befriend the Travolta set yet retain her own identity, remaining Parton parcel of Country Music, if you'll excuse the phrase!

Then too, there's a version of 'Help', with Ricky Skaggs and Herb Pederson lending harmony vocal and instrumental aid, that's attractive enough even if you do believe that Beatle bluegrass is passe, while at the album's tail-end comes 'Sandy's Song', ostensibly a Parton original but owing more than a little to Hank Cinque and 'Greensleeves'. Folksy enough for Cecil Sharp House, it's a fine way to say goodbye, sad, warm and sincerity-filled.

Be not deceived by the laser bedecked front sleeve and the *Star Is Born* centre-shot. Though 'Great Balls' remains a crossover caper, there's plenty of Sevier County Parton to be heard. And that's really much the best kind.

Fred Dellar

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Rebel Music *(Trojan)*

As a rule, you'd be well-advised to steer clear of 'Various Artists' reggae collections. Those old Tighten Ups have quaint period charm and the triple album Trojan Story was a good idea, well annotated but musically weak.

You can't complain about this budget-price double, though; it's thoughtfully assembled and serves well as both a beginner's introduction to the best reggae and a collector's dream come true. I wish I'd had something like this when I first started buying reggae; it would have saved me a lot of money wasted on dull records.

Ska is ignored here, presumably on purpose (although I'm sure there are plenty of ska reissues on the way), and the years '77-'79 overlooked — either because they're too familiar or not worth bothering with, take your pick.

Side one is mostly rock steady. Defined in '66, refined in '67 and cast aside in '68, rock steady, Kingston's musical core, abandoned the riotous sax, trombone and trumpet instrumentals of ska, all but dispensing with the horn section. Instead we were given a slower rhythm, with the bass pushed well forward, soulful vocals and only the occasional instrumental. Val Bennett's sax weighs in well here with 'The Russians Are Coming', a version of 'Take Five'.

There was no nonsense about the best rock steady, they just got on with the job; Derrick Harriott shows the way as a singer with 'The Loser', unbearably poignant, and as a producer with Keith And Tex's 'Tonight', lust masquerading as romance while the lead guitar closely follows the bassline, providing melody and rhythm for the singers to lean against. Kingston studios were a good five years behind the times, so it's not surprising that rock steady was uncluttered, and straightforward. You get a taste of the best here.

But it couldn't last; technical advances and an increasingly politicised youth made reggae more or less inevitable, with its strutting bass and souped-up rhythms like a cross between ska and rock steady. Whereas 'ska' and 'rock steady' describe specific types of JA music, 'reggae' covers ten years of development — from the early chugging rhythm of Bob Andy's great 'You Don't Know' to the harder, slower skank of K. C. White's 'Anywhere But Nowhere', and on to the stylistic profusion of today's music: flying cymbals, rockers and one-drop drumming, toasting, dub and the rest.

Not all of these developments are covered here, but we get a fair cross-section, dominated by singers while toasters get a look in with U Roy's effervescent 'Ain't That Loving You?', plus two more earnest tunes from Big Youth, and one from I Roy — both men wear their social consciences on their sleeves, but good humour rescues them.

By now we know the all-pervading effects of Rasta, not always a musical blessing. The music heart earns its 'rebel' tag without easy and vacuous slogans, getting there instead by virtue of its introspective unorthodoxy. Glen Brown's '2 Wedden Skank' could only be called radical in terms of Glen Brown's cack-handed approach to the melodica keyboard, yet it's defiant '70s youth music. Little Roy's 'Hard Fighter' is more conventional with sufferer's lyrics and Roy's committed vocals, but its Matador Daley production lifts it.

All in all, I'd say the producers are the real stars here, despite their reputation as mere predators depriving the performers of their financial rights; Harriott with his rock steady precision; Gussie Clarke with his teenager's grasp of roots music (he also crops up on I Roy's 'Black Man Time', begging the price of a sandwich off Roy); Keith Hudson; Lee Perry — these are the men who are always pushing the music forward and who make the biggest contribution to this entertainment.

It's dangerous to praise an album too highly, so I'll find a fault or two. Firstly, a liner note would have been helpful. Secondly, one or two of the tracks don't give us the artists or the producers at their best — Tosh's 'Here Comes The Judge' would have been better than either of his tracks here. Apart from that, the album is absolutely essential; the music is brilliant, and also gives some sense of reggae history, which is still pretty confused.

Nick Kimberley

K.C. AND THE SUNSHINE BAND
Do You Wanna Go Party? *(CBS)*

I'm not ashamed to admit that I like K.C. and The Sunshine Band. I also like their album. A good fun band with plenty of life, who consistently churn out boppy, funky chart tunes which needle their way into your head whether you want them to or not.

This album provides great party music, as the title suggests (that is, if you go to those sort of parties), with songs that are sure to get you fidgeting in your chair.

The lyrics are highly intelligent — all about love and romance etc. Is there anything else worth writing about? With each song potential hit material, the only complaint is that there aren't enough of them, making the seven that are here rather drawn out.

Still, an entertaining album which does its job well.

Adele-Marie Cherreson

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Rocking Dopsie does the doopsiedoo.

Fun beside the zydeco

ROCKING DOPSIE AND HIS CAJUN TWISTERS
Hold On! *(Sonet)*

What, you never heard of Rocking Dopsie and his Cajun Twisters? Why, I'll bet you don't even know what 'zydeco' is.

If not then you've some acquainting to do and *fast,* because this music is not to be missed and it's fun and maybe we'd better talk a little more about it.

Zydeco is, it seems, the name for a kind of musical hybrid which grew up around the Deep South. It's a funny mix of black R'n'B with the emigrant French Cajun sounds of Louisiana. So, what you end up with is lots of that lovely, oily old 12-bar stuff plus — and this is the twist — your standard Gay Paree issue accordion (that's right, accordion) wheezing and sleazing its funky merry way straight over, through and under the whole show. Very interesting!

And, as it happens, the aforesaid Rocking Dopsie (pronounced "doopsie", you name-droppers) is amongst the foremost exponents of the zydeco art — a talent displayed to generous effect on this record.

With Dopsie's vocals and accordion, ingredients include tenor sax (John Hart) and washboard (Chester Zeno) plus drums, guitar and a bass, handled by Joseph Edward, Major Handy and "Morris" Francis — that's the Cajun Twisters for short.

The results, in crazy but compulsively danceable numbers like 'Hold On! (To That Tiger)' and 'The Opelousas Waltz', are certainly unorthodox — so when did you last hear a chuckling blues boogie sung in a French patois? But it's full of swing and bounce and sheer unaffected pizazz.

Lookin' for a good time? I gotta a feeling these men might have just the thing you're after.

Paul Du Noyer

MARTIN CARTHY
Because It's There *(Topic)*

Isolate and evaluate folk music?

As in matters reggae, it's not just the old 'can a *rock* critic deal with a *folk* music?' twister. Filing under 'folk' is conditioned by this, my, anyone's experience; limits and perspectives are all over the shop.

The homogeny, that similarity of sounds commonly associated with folk individuals and groups — *fal da ral de day?* — is indeed there. But it isn't grounded in *formal* musical similarities, more on — again, as in matters reggae — something *social* in common, the space in which the music has emerged and been transformed. Folk music mysteries are those of everyday life, they come out of a recognisable landscape of ideas and events.

Martin Carthy could and should be acknowledged outside his usual neighbourhood, outside the folk mainstream and its history. His accessible, beautifully unformal music could and should be put alongside neighbours such as Robert Wyatt, Tim Buckley, Pere Ubu, and so forth. It cries out to be.

Carthy's voice and guitar are a jewel, twinned sounds working together through spaces of tone, tense, rhyme and reason. Acoustic guitar pieces ('Swahhering Boneu' and 'Siege of Delhi') swash and scythe, situated in a precipitous dynamic not unlike the sharpest dub — itself a modified folk music, after all. Vocals (try 'Lord Randall') are pitched into the forceful unpredictabilities of narrative, tricking and dealing around the guitar work. His version of Gilbert O'Sullivan's 'Nothing Rhymed' makes perfect sense, despite itself. The corny, off-set set of lyrics twiddles about with song format, with the space for manoeuvre between an idea conveyed and the form which conveys it: *'The pleasure I get from, say, winning a bet/Is to lose.'* The link between rhyme and reason is, in other words, arbitrary; the song is heard and defined by the relations which set it off from its neighbours . . .

Hear the trumpets, spans, tales, sounds, treacheries, and sympathies. 'Because It's There' illustrates all the points in Martin Carthy's conscientious entertainment, and helps to mark out folk music's feinting form: a socially useful entertainment, it's not *just* entertainment.

And you can jig to it.

Ian Penman

GERAINT WATKINS AND THE DOMINATORS
Geraint Watkins And The Dominators *(Vertigo)*

Geraint Watkins, Welsh pub rocker, meets Andy Fairweather Low, English pub rocker, and . . . well, guess. Well-played, well-preserved, slightly animated nostalgia. But Dave Edmunds does it better, and Elvis, Chuck and Buddy reissues are thick on the ground. Possibly a Job Creation Scheme for ageing rockers.

Graham Lock

IMPORTS

Of late, **Lee Ritenour** would appear to be grabbing more than a little of the action in the Direct Cut stakes. For Lugton's, the wholesalers, are currently listing no less than three new JVC Direct Cuts by sessionland's most prolific picker, namely 'Gentle Thoughts' (VIDC-1), 'Sugar Loaf Express' (VIDC-2) and 'Lee Ritenour Friendship' (VIDC-3).

All are outrageously expensive, of course — being about three pounds dearer than **Jun Fukamachi's** 'Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band' (Toshiba Pro-Use), which at £6.75 is probably the cheapest Direct Cuts on the market. Keyboardist Fukamachi's previously been involved in 'Spiral Steps', a jazz-rock fusion shot; a live-in-Tokyo album with the Brecker Brothers and trombonist Barry Rogers; plus a number of other Toshiba releases. On 'Sgt Pepper' — which is superbly packaged (the sleeve is basically The Beatles' one in reverse, with everyone except Marilyn Monroe and a superimposed Fukamachi looking in the opposite direction, while the lettering is back-to-front and the 'Welcome to The Rolling Stones' sweater now reads 'Goodbye, Rolling Stones' — he revamps the 'Pepper' favourites with the aid of a concert Steinway and a Fender Rhodes, plus a Solina, Oberheim, Arp, Glockenspiel, a bass drum and a tambourine. Quite something really, when one considers that Fukamachi's the only musician involved and it's all one take stuff with no overdubs or tape jiggery-pokery. All of which means that at one point during his rendition of 'Lucy In The Sky', jumpin' Jun is forced to switch maniacally from keyboard to keyboard, apparently gripping the mallet for the glockenspiel between his teeth! As a technical exercise, I guess it's quite remarkable and from a hi-fi point of view there's little to fault. The dynamic range of the disc is beyond reproach — no limiter is used in Direct Cut recording — and there's a certain 'truth' about the sound quality that even the much vaunted PCM digital system (as utilised on the recent Dick Morrisey single and Ry Cooder's latest album) will find it hard to equal. But performance-wise things are a little dull — for Fukamachi has obviously got so engrossed in his mouth, hands and feet (one of his feet operates a bass drum!) and been so aware that to err is not only human but also damned expensive in terms of studio time and ruined masters, that he fails to flow and neglects to add that extra ingredient that takes the record out of the clever-but-so-what category, The disc is therefore recommended to audio freaks only.

If you thought the era of soundtracks such as 'Shaft In Africa', 'Slaughter's Big Rip-Off' and 'The Dynamite Brothers' was long gone, then stay in after class. For the black villain causing mayhem and scantily-clad harpies that bedeck the sleeve of **'The Hitter'** (Capitol) denote that black is still beautiful at the box-office, at least, somewhere in the world. It's mainly just black music for the sake of black music, though the jukebox selection is pretty good on this occasion, featuring cuts by Gloria Jones, Maze, A Taste Of Honey and Raul De Souza.

Fred Dellar

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VARIOUS/20 Rock Musical Greats	£1.00
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ARTIST/TITLE	PRICE
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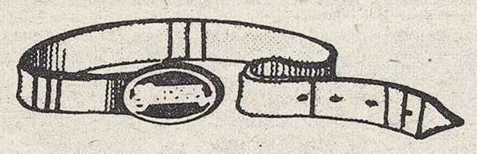

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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

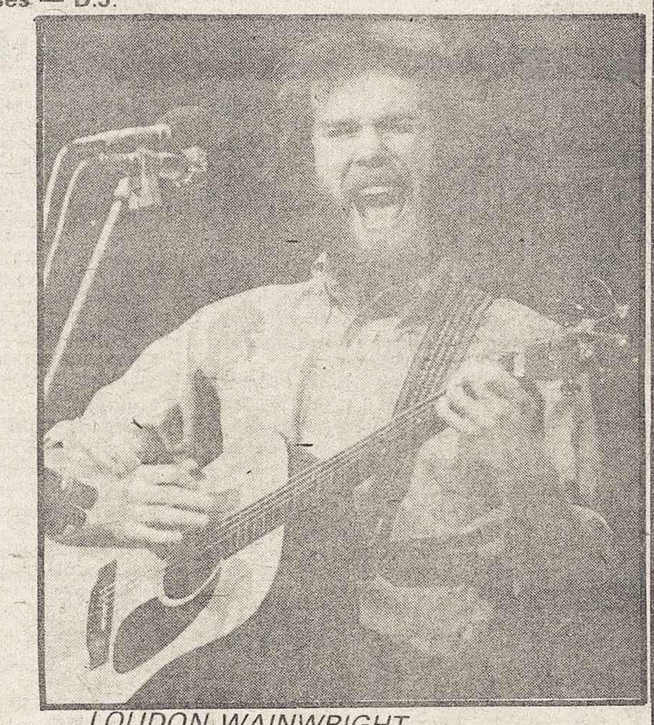
THE CAMBRIDGE FOLK FESTIVAL

THE CAMBRIDGE Folk Festival is unquestionably Britain's premier folk event, and it takes place again this weekend for the 15th consecutive year. It's always an entertaining outing, and I know from personal experience that even poor weather can't dampen the good nature and high spirits of the knowledgeable crowd. As usual it takes place in the attractive grounds of Cherry Hinton Hall and, besides the open-air music, there are also two indoor stages for evening performances — plus ample parking, camping and refreshment facilities. Admission for the whole weekend will cost you £7.50 (camping 20p extra) — or if you feel like coming along for Sunday only (when most of the big names are playing) you can buy a day ticket for £4. The show gets under way on Friday afternoon.

Above: RY COODER Left: MADDY PRIOR

THE LINE-UP for this year's festival includes such welcome American visitors as Loudon Wainwright III and Ry Cooder, plus the full Woodstock Mountains Revue featuring Happy Traum, John Herald, Bill Keith, Artie Traum, Pal Alger, Jim Roonie and Roly Salley. *(By the way, the Revue is also in action at London's The Venue on Thursday night).* And from Louisiana comes America's principal exponents of so-called Zydeco music, Rockin' Dopsie & The Cajun Twisters — who are also playing other dates on their current UK visit.

Other Cambridge attractions are Maddy Prior, Boys Of The Lough, Doc Watson & Friends, The Tannahill Weavers, Alex Campbell, Jim Page, Noel Murphy, Richard Digance, Dave Cousins, Louis Killen, Harvey Andrews, Dan Ar Bras, Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators, The New Victory Band, Orrin Star & Gary Mehalick, Plexus, Earl Okin, Anni Chester, Joe Stead, Neil Lewis, Julie Mairs & Chris Stowell and Warren Wyse. Plus several others and, no doubt, a few surprises as well. So Cambridge takes pride of place this week. and I hope this will satisfy those people who've written to complain that I've tended to neglect the folk scene in my main Gig Guide showcases — D.J.



LOUDON WAINWRIGHT

Thursday

Bathgate Dreadnaught: **The Shapiros**
Billericay Mayflower Club: **Bastille**
Brimingham Mercat Cross: **The Clinic**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Bradford Princeville: **The Alwoodley Jets**
Brighton Polytechnic: **F.I.G.**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Money**
Chesterfield Fusion: **The Pretenders/Interview**
Colne Union Hotel: **Wolfrace**
Cornforth Supporters Club: **Saxon**
Derby Ajanta Club: **After The Fire**
Eastbourne Lottbridge Arms: **The Dials**
Eastleigh Crown Hotel: **Thieves Like Us**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **The Martian Schoolgirls**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Blues Band**
Hull Romeo & Juliet: **Radio Luxembourg Summer Roadshow**
Hull New Theatre: **Maddy Prior**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Sweet Substitute/Pat Halcox All-Stars**
Leeds Fan Club: **The B-52's**
Liverpool Duke of Wellington: **Dark Heart**
Liverpool Eric's: **Adam & The Ants**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Straight 8**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Idiot Dancers**
London Camden Music Machine: **Tradition**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Special Branch**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Stagefright**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Rest**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Red Tape/Clean Heels/El Seven/Sad Among Strangers**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Wildlife**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Groover Washington Jr**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **London Zoo**
London Harrow Road Windsor Castle: **Mark Andrews & The Gents**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Piranhas**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Lacey's Allstars**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Sinceros/Cuddly Toys**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Martin Taylor & Ike Isaacs**
London Marquee Club: **The Enid**
London Oxford St 100 Club: **Pressure Shocks**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Johnny Barnes Quartet**
London Southall White Swan: **The Injections**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Matchbox**
London Victoria The Venue: **Woodstock Mountains Revue**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **Aj Webber**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Rednite**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Big Chief**
Manchester Mayflower: **The Zones**
Norwich Boogie House: **The Defendants**
Norwich Cromwells: **T.C.O.J.**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Hormones**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Penzance Demelza's: **Mud**
Plymouth Collingwood Club: **The Bombers**
Port Talbot Troubadour: **UK Subs**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Rebec**
Preston Clouds: **Black Gorilla (for three days)**
Reading Target Club: **The Distrainers**
Redruth London Inn: **Lip Service**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Simple Minds**
Southampton (Eastleigh) Knights Club: **Lip Moves**
Southport Scarisbrick Hotel: **Mistress**
St Albans Horn of Plenty: **The O.K. Band**
Stoke Green Star: **Exhibit A**
York Rugby Club: **American Echoes**

Friday

Aymestrey (Herts.) Crown Hotel: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Barnsley College of Technology: **UK Subs**
Basingstoke Magnum's; **Lip Moves**
Belfast Harp Bar: **The X Dreamysts**
Birmingham (Balsall Heath) New Inn: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **The Specials**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **The Traitors**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **TH2**
Blackpool Imperial Ballroom: **Joy Division / Final Solution / The Glass Torpedoes / Orchestra Manoeuvres In The Dark / Selection 25**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Zehn Archar**
Blyth Golden Eagle: **The Accelerators**
Bournemouth Town Hall: **Merger / Pressure Shocks / The Tours**
Brentwood Hermit House: **Mad Chateaux**
Bridlington Spa Pavilion: **Radio Luxenbourg Summer Roadshow**
Brighton Buccaneer: **Beggar**
Brighton Hanbury Arms: **The Rest**
Brighton Polytechnic: **Steel an' Skin / Ivor Cutler**
Bromley William Morris Hall: **The Good Missionaries / The Transmitters**
Burton 76 Club: **After The Fire**
Cambridge Folk Festival at Cherry Hinton Hall (for three days): **See above for details**
Cannock Troubador: **The Kidda Band**
Carlisle Flops: **The Shapiros**
Carlisle Wigton Market Hall: **The Zones**
Chelmsford City Football Ground: **The Passions**
Chester Smartyz: **The Distrainers**
Cleethorpes Pier Bar: **The Alwoodley Jets**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Davidstow Hall: **Lip Service**
Dorking Town Hall: **Kay Russia**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Wide Boys**
Dunfermline Belleville Hotel: **Trax**
Guildford Royal Hotel: **Nicky & The Dots**
Horncastle Town Hall: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Hull Railway Club: **American Echoes**
Ingatestone Youth Club: **Bastille**
Ipswich Henly Cross Keys: **General R & The Meanies**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Alex Welsh Band**
Kettering Windmill Club: **The Bearshank Band**
Kirklevington Country Club: **The Next**
Knaresborough Folk Club: **Bill Caddick**
Lincoln A.J.'s Club: **The Sinceros**
Liverpool Eric's: **Simple Minds**
Liverpool Oscar's: **Marital Aids**
London Acton Kings Head: **Paz**
London Camden Dingwalls; **Dafny & The Tenderspots / Ojah**
London Camden Music Machine: **Writz**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Clapham Lord Westbury: **Stagefright**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Carol Grimes Band / Nightbird**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton's H-D Band**
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios: **The Blues Band**
London Harrow Road Windsor Castle: **The Crooks**
London Hounslow Red Lion: **T.C.O.J.**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Piranhas**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Rockin' Dopise & The Cajun Twisters**
London Leicester Square Notre Dame Hall: **Secret Affair**
London Marquee Club: **The Enid**
London Notting Hill Old Swan: **Belt & Braces Band**
London N.1 Duke of Wellington: **Embryo**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Central Line**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night**
London S.E. 1 Colombo Street Community Centre: **Crass / Poison Girls / Pilgrim**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Tony Allen Quartet**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Amba**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Teenbeats / Squire / Les Elite**
London W.1 Crackers Disco: **Angelwitch**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **The Barracudas**
Mansfield Blidworth Welfare: **Strange Days**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Mungo Jerry**
Norwich Whites: **Naked Sin**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Adam & The Ants**
Oxford Oranges & Lemons: **The Russians**
Plymouth Castaways: **Mud**
Retford Porterhouse: **The B-52's**
Scarborough Penthouse: **The Pretenders / Interview**
Southend Minerva: **Matchbox**
Stroud Marshall Rooms: **The Defendants**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **The Bombers**
Torrington Folk Festival (for three days) **The Yetties / Brenda Wootton & Dave Penhale / Bob Cann / Staverton Bridge etc.**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **Voyager**
Worthing The Balmoral: **The Tinsels**
Yeovil Camelot Suite: **The Martiar Schoolgirls**

Saturday

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
Ashford Stour Centre: **UK Subs**
Aylesbury Friars: **The Pretenders /The Piranhas / Interview**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **The Sinceros**
Birmingham Bogart's: **Exhibit A**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Strider**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Shader**
Brechin Football Ground: **Trax**
Brighton Polytechnic: **Louis Moholo's Spirjts Rejoice**
Brighton Portslade Town Hall: **Johnny and The Jailbirds**
Bristol Granary: **Writz**
Bristol Turntable Club: **Black Slate**
Carlisle Twisted Wheel: **The Accelerators**
Carshalton St Helier Arms: **Freddie 'Fingers' Lee / Rockhouse**
Cheltenham Whitcombe Lodge: **The Angelic Upstarts**
Chippenham Maida Hill: **Idiot Dancers**
Cinderford Rugby Club: **Soul Direction**
Cockermouth Moota Hotel: **The Shapiros**
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **The Kidda Band**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Tradition**
Derby Ajanta Club: **Zones**
Dudley JBs Club: **The Specials**
Dunstable California Ballroom: **Grover Washington Jr**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Mark Andrews & The Gents**
Harlow Spurriers Town Park: **Hi-Tension / 64 Spoons / Hedgehog**
Haverfordwest Masonic Hall: **TCOJ**
High Wycombe Town Hall: **Eddie & The Hot Rods**
Ilkeston Concorde Club: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Jacksdale Grey Topper: **The Out**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Max Collie's Rhythm Aces**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Agony Column**
Liverpool Eric's: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Liverpool Everyman Bistro: **Lies All Lies**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Marital Aids**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Kevin Coyne (poetry)**
London Brixton George Canning: **Stagefright**
London Camden Brecknock: **Tennis Shoes**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Sussex / Red Alert**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **Gang Of Four / The Delta Five / The Spoilsports**
London Camden Music Machine: **After The Fire**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Zorro**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Brian Knight & The Thunderbirds**
London Deptford Kings Head: **Stagefright**
London E2 Festival At Bethnal Green Weavers Field: **Burn/Lo/Bad Manners/ Embryo/Top Marx etc.**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Straight 8**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Jolt/The Pretty British**
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios: **Roy Hill Band**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **Interference**
London Hendon Football Club: **'Save The Whales' benefit with Benn Gunn**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Cleaners**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Brian James & The Brains**
London Lewisham Black Bull: **Matchbox**
London Marquee Club: **Reg Laws & The Alibi**
London N14 Club Noriek: **Tribesman**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Billy Karloff Band**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Sham 69**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Johnny Parker - Colin Smith Quartet**
London Southbank National Theatre Terrace: **Ricky Wales Band**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Billy Lee Riley**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Amba**
London Waterloo The Wellington: **Squire**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **London Zoo**
Manchester The Factory: **The B-52s**
Manchester Mayflower: **Joy Division / Distractors / The Wall / Frantic Elevators**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Mungo Jerry**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Adam & The Ants**
Norwich St Andrew's Hall: **The Monochrome Set/PragVec/Manicured Noise**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **Slaughter & The Dogs/Bitch**
Retford Porterhouse: **Scandal**
Scarborough Penthouse: **Radio Luxembourg Summer Roadshow**
St Austell New Cornish Riviera: **Mud**
St Ives (Cornwall) Penbeagle Croft: **Lip Service**
Swindon Moonrakers: **Fast Livin'**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (luchtime): **The Pests**
Wolverhampton (Bilston) Rising Star: **Spookey**
Worksop Manton Colliery Club: **Strange Days**

Sunday

Barnstaple Chequers: **Mud**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **Wide Boys**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**
Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: **The Crack**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Red Express**
Bournemouth Village Bowl: **Lip Moves**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Hi-Tension**
Bradford Vaults Bar: **The Negatives**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott and Ian Ellis**
Carlisle Twisted Wheel: **The Shapiros**
Chiddingly Six Bells: **The Dials**
Douglas I.o.M. Palace Lido: **Eddie and The Hot Rods**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Ian Dury and The Blockheads**
Gravesend Prince of Wales: **Rednite**
Huddersfield Albion Hotel: **Zanathus**
Jacksdale Grey Topper: **Adam and The Ants**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Midland Youth Jazz Orchestra**
Kenton Travellers Rest: **American Echoes**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Simple Minds**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brent Gladstone Park (free open-air): **Yachts/The Ruts/Misty/The Pop Group**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Red Beans and Rice/Terminal Snack Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Remus Down Boulevard**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Squire**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Crooks**
London E.2 Festival at Bethnal Green Weavers Field: **Nightbird/Batteries-/Central Line/French Lessons, etc.**
London Finchley Torrington: **The Blues Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Supercharge**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Small Hours**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Piranhas**
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Ron Rubin**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Pretenders/Madness/Interview**
London Victoria The Venue: **Maddy Prior**
Manchester (Stalybridge) Commercial Hotel: **Any Trouble**
Newbridge Memorial Hall: **Writz**
Newcastle The Red House: **Hot Snax**
Norwich Whites: **The Denizens**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Dr Sunshine's Pavement Show**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **The B-52s**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

GIG GUIDE CONTINUED

Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**

Monday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Freebird**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Brighton Bombay Bar: **The Piranhas/The Chefs/Pinball**
Brighton Dome: **Grover Washington Jr**
Edinburgh: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
Exeter Routes: **Mud**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames**
Liverpool The Crown: **The Clerks**
Liverpool Eric's: **Rockin' Dopsie & The Cajun Twisters/The Opposition**
London Bermondsey Apples & Pears: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Camden Brecknock: **Scandal**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Bad Manners/Burn/Lo**
London Camden Music Machine: **Simple Minds**
London Canning Town Bridge Hose: **The Mods/Squire**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Carpettes**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Blues Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Reg Laws & The Alibi**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Mark Andrews & The Gents**

NEW YORK GIG GUIDE

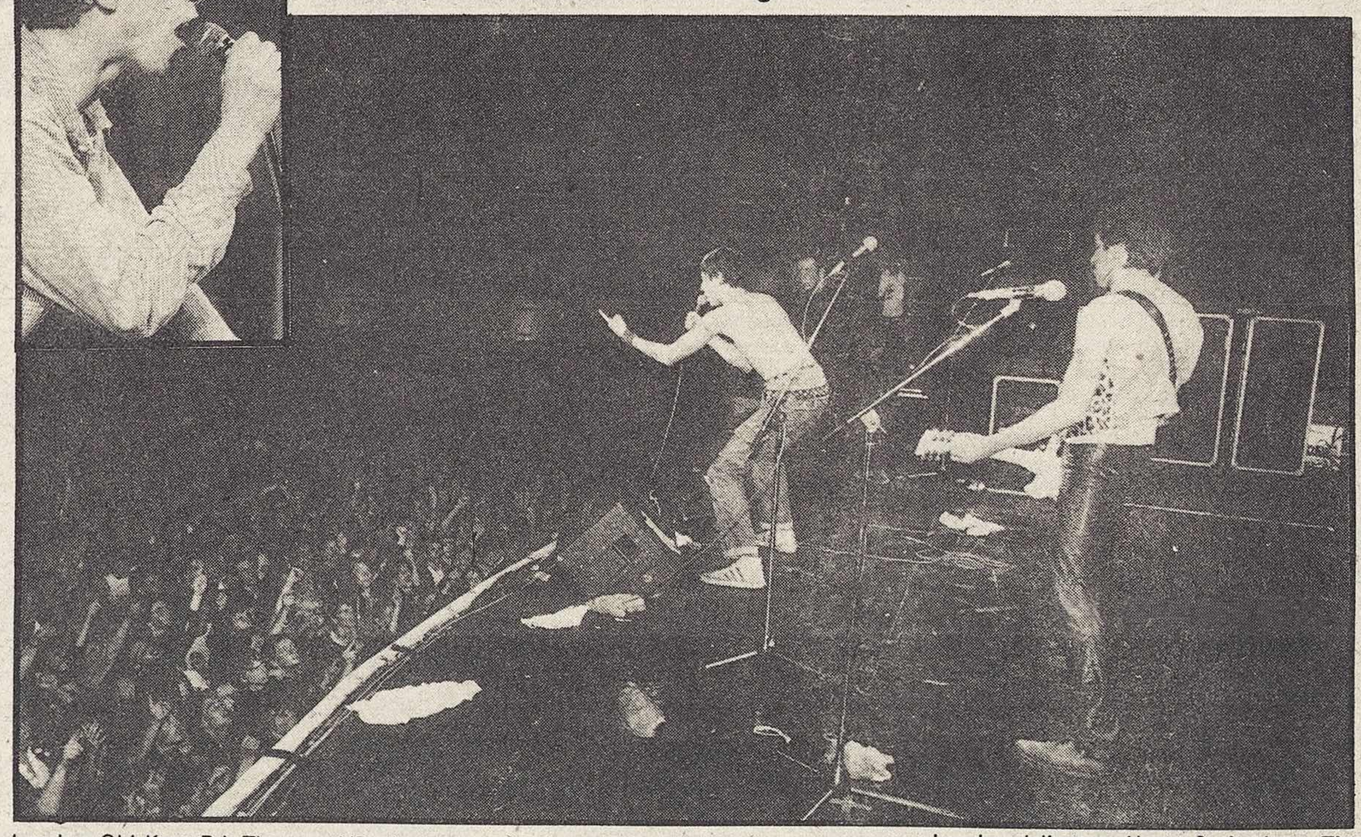
MONDAY (30): Max's Kansas City — **The Maroons/Power Tools;** Central Park — **Gato Barbieri/Angela Bofill.**
TUESDAY (31): Max's Kansas City — **Cheetah Chrome/New York Niggers;** Mudd Club — **Black Randy.**
WEDNESDAY (1): Mudd Club — **Black Randy;** Heat — **Neon Leon;** Trax — **The Hooks;** Bottom Line — **Wet Willie;** Madison Square Garden — **Peter Frampton;** Max's Kansas City— **The Victims/Panic Squad.**
THURSDAY (2): Heat — **Neon Leon;** Club 57 — **Suicide;** My Father's Place — **Good Rats;** Max's Kansas City — **The Heartbreakers;** Mudd Club — **Black Randy.**
FRIDAY (3): Club 57 — **Silvain Silvain / Come On;** Heat — **Brenda Bergman & The Realtones;** My Father's Place — **Robert Gordon.**
SATURDAY (4): Madison Square Garden — **Ted Nugent & AC/DC;** My Father's Place — **Robert Gordon;** Heat — **Brenda Bergman & The Realtones.**
SUNDAY (5): Max's Kansas City — **Suicide.**

London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Pretty British**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Regulars**
London Leicester-Square Notre Dame Hall: **Tribesman/Amba/The Mexicano/The Outpatients**
London Marquee Club: **The Chords**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The O.K. Band**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Queen Elizabeth Hall: **Swingle Singers**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Sad Among Strangers**
London W.C.2 Global Village, Charing Cross: **The Name/Teenbeats/Squire/Speedball/The Small Hours**
Newcastle Tuxedo Junction: **Radio Luxembourg Summer Roadshow**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Plymouth Fiesta Suite: **The Zones**
Romford The Camelot: **American Echoes**
Sheffield Penthouse: **Bitch**
Sheffield Romeo & Juliet: **The Bombers**
Southend Zero 6: **Musicians Workshop**
Tunbridge Wells Assembly Rooms: **The Venigmas**
Wakefield Griffin Hotel: **Dosco Dennis Bashford**
Watford Bailey's: **Liquid Gold**
Worcester The Hideaway: **Chas & Dave**

Tuesday

Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Killer**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **The Martian Schoolgirls**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Radio Luxembourg Summer Roadshow**
Brighton The Richmond: **The Chefs / The Under-Aged**
Edinburgh Aquarius: **The Visitors**
Exeter Routes: **Adam & The Ants**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **London Zoo**
Ilkley Rose & Crown: **The Accelerators**
London Camden Brecknock: **Belt & Braces Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Zones**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Arthur's Dilemma**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dotty Crochett**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Anniversary**
London Hounslow Earl Haigh: **American Echoes**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Squire / The V.I.P.'s**
London Islington No. 1 Club: **Doll By Doll / Dry Rib**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Regulars**
London Leicester-Square Notre Dame Hall: **Samson / Ricky Moore Band**
London Manor House Shades: **Back To Zero / Synchromesh**
London Marquee Club: **The Small Hours / The Merton Parkas**

SHAM 69 play their final farewell at London Rainbow on Saturday — four weeks after they played their final farewell at Glasgow Apollo! (Thinks: Are Sham going to say goodbye as often as Fairport Convention?). Seriously though, folks this really does look like the end of the road for Sham, and Jimmy Pursey, promises to make it a night to remember.



London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Queen Elizabeth Hall: **Gordon Giltrap Band**
London Ravenscourt Park Summer Theatre: **Jim Page / Mrs Spinks**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Digby Fairweather & Chris Ellis**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Mark Andrews & The Gents**
London W.1 Maunkberry's: **Ripple & The Body Snatchers (for three days)**
London W.1 Vortex Club: **Matchbox**
Manchester (Ashton) Birch Hotel: **Any Trouble**
Norwich Boogie House: **Pressure Shocks**
Norwich St Andrew's Hall: **The Pretenders / Interview**
Rogate White Horse: **Interference**
Sheffield The Marples: **Savage Rose / Nice Guys**
Southend Talk of the South: **The Bombers**
Southend Zero 6: **The Specials**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Writz**
Tunbridge Wells Assembly Rooms: **The Venigmas**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**

Wednesday

Birmingham Bogarts: **Writz**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Zones**
Brighton Buccaneer: **The Injections**
Brighton Sherry's: **The Bombers**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Glasgow Mars Bar: **London Zoo**
Hatfield Hilltop Country Music Club: **American Echoes**
Hazel Grove Youth Centre: **Sister Ray**
Ilford Kings Club: **Chas & Dave**
Leeds Rock Against Racism Club at the Cosmo Club: **The Piranhas/Massagana/Mavrick**
Liverpool Romeo & Juliet: **Radio Luxembourg Summer Roadshow**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Rockin' Dopsie & The Cajun Twisters**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Zilch**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Blades**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Realists**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Photos**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Free Beer**
London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
London Queen Elizabeth Hall: **Kevin Coyne with Zoot Money**
London Wimbledon F.C. Nelson's Club: **Dangerous Rhythm**
London W.2 Cryptic One Club: **The Favourites**
Manchester (Ashton) Birch Hotel: **Zanathus**
Newport Stowaways: **The Pretenders/Interview**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Plymouth Woods Centre: **Adam & The Ants**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Fairport Convention**
Southport Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Staindrop Black Swan: **Alan Bell & Pete Thompson**

TROOPER PROMOTIONS PRESENTS
SUPERCHARGE
WITH GUESTS
STILTS . . . and . . . RIFF-RAFF
plus ROB JONES DISCO
at FOCUS CLUB
Chestnut Ave., Dogsthorpe, Peterborough
FRIDAY, 27th JULY at 6.45 pm
Licensed bar applied for 7 pm — 12 midnight
Tickets: £1.75
in advance from Andy's Records, Bridge St., Peterborough; Live Music, Fitzwilliam St., Peterborough; Discurio, West St., Oundle
£2 on door

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
PRETENDERS
WITH GUESTS
MADNESS
INTERVIEW
LYCEUM
STRAND, W.C.2
SUNDAY 29th JULY at 7·30
TICKETS £2·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL. 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL. 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL. 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., N.W.1., TEL. 485 5088

FRIARS AT THE MAXWELL HALL AYLESBURY
Saturday July 28th at 7.30 pm
THE PRETENDERS
+ THE PIRANHAS
+ INTERVIEW
AC Sound & Vision
Tickets 210p from Earth Records Aylesbury, Scorpion High Wycombe, Hairport Amersham, Old Town Records Hemel Hempstead, F L Moore Bletchley, Dunstable and Luton, Hi-Vu Buckingham, or 210p at door on night. Life membership 25p.
Your Safety Vest Is Under Your Seat

A Rare Event
ALAN CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
with
L7
Hitchin College
Friday July 27th
£1.00

THE CARPETTES
at
ROCK GARDEN
(Covent Garden)
MONDAY 30th JULY

THE PORTERHOUSE
20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts.
Tel. 0777 704981.
Thursday July 26th
DEF LEPPARD
Friday July 27th
B52s
+ Fashion
Saturday July 28th
THE YACHTS
+ Scandel

SHERRY'S BRIGHTON
presents
BOMBERS
Wednesday August 1st at 8 p.m.
Tickets £1.00
Enquiries: Brighton 21628

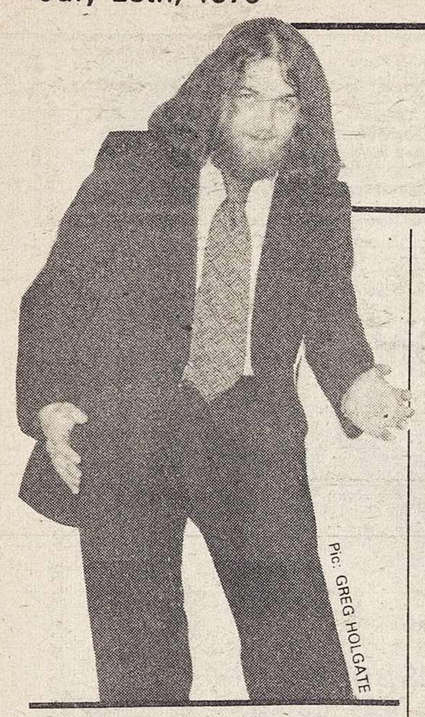
THE DONKEYS
London Week
Monday July 30th
Wednesday August 1st
Thursday August 2nd
Friday August 3rd
Saturday August 4th
MARQUEE
90 Wardour St., W.1
01-437 6603
Monday August 6th **HOPE AND ANCHOR**
See the show, watch the band, buy the single
"What I Want" on Rhesus Records Go Ape 2
Tel. 061 795 5751

DON'T BE MODERN BE A MOD
SHADES
Green Lanes, Manor House N4
Tuesday 31st July 9.30-2 am
BACK TO ZERO
SYNCHROMESH
THE LEEPERS
Adm £1.50 (£1 mem) *Adjacent to Manor House Tube*
Booking: Venus 01-534 2770

"When I first advertised on t' Live Page I had just t' one clog, but now I ride around in taxis. So take my advice and ring **Brian B on**
01-261 6153

WINDSOR CASTLE
309 HARROW ROAD, W9
Thursday 26th
THE CROOKS
+ Small Hours
50p Adm Open till 12
Friday 27th
ZORRO
+ The VIPs
50p Adm Open till 12
Saturday 28th
THE DISTRIBUTORS
+ Support
50p Adm Open till 12
Sunday 29th
COUNTRY NIGHT
Free Close 10.30
Monday 30th
PRETTY BRITISH
Free Close 11.00
Tuesday 31st
THIEVES LIKE US
Free Close 11.00
Wednesday 1st
KAY RUSSIA
Free Close 11.00
WESTBOURNE PARK TUBE 01-286 8403

Mike Proctor of Live Page Production is leaving N.M.E. this week and wants to rip-off my Christmas Live Page Heading by saying thank you to all you wonderful people who have made his job so difficult over the years. so over to you Mike — "Thank you Mr. B. I would first like to say thank you to the man who started me off in this business — Mr. Percy Dickins, who didn't get where he is today with the help of his desperate secretary Christine Bickers, and talking of desperate there's my Ad. Manager Peter Rhodes, and then there is in order of typewriter keys: Wendy Holt, Pete (Doris) Christopher, Dave Flavell, Barry (Super Cool) Cooper, my successor Brian Gorman, Frank Keylink, Miles Johnson, Andy McDuff, Sue Hayward and John Galpin, Paul Tappenden, Dave (the Ginger Git) Lawrence, Jim Hopkins, Roy Bailey, Alan Martin and Jane, Steve (Jim) Reeves, Paul Hyams, Keith (Snitch) Clarke, John Foulger, Clive (Sign Here) Waterer, Les (Where's me overtime money) Wallage, Styx, Joan Collins, Mick (been to Wimbledon lately) Davis, Hamid with the tan, Laurie ('ow's yer back) King. Also let's not forget Gall at A & M, Margaret Hennessy Arista, The Lovely Anne & Bina of Chess. and what can one say about Jane Bridle, — say what you like she is never sober, Jill at Cream, Niki of Chrysalis, Paul Minette EMI, that reminds me of Bill Hayward.....


Pic: GREG HOLGATE

ROCK IN STUDIO 2

THE BLUES BAND with PAUL JONES

27 July 8.30 pm

ROY HILL BAND

28 July 8.30 pm

All Tickets £1.60

riverside studios
Crisp Road Hammersmith W6
01-748 3354

DUKE OF LANCASTER
Approach Road, NEW BARNET
(beside BR New Barnet)

Thursday July 26th
THE VAPORS
Friday July 27th
CLIENTELE
Saturday July 28th
TOTAL STRANGERS
Sunday July 29th
WILD LIFE
Tuesday July 31st
COLD SHOULDER BAND

THE Venue
160 VICTORIA ST, SW1
(opp Victoria Tube station)
01-834 5500

Tickets from The Venue Box Office and the Ticket Machine in the Virgin Megastore, 14 Oxford Street, W.1. Postal Applications (P.O's only) from The Venue.

Food, Drink, Live Bands, Dancing 7pm-3am.

Wednesday July 25th £3.50
LEE RITENOUR & FRIENDSHIP
+ Terry Callier

Thursday July 26th £3.25
WOODSTOCK MOUNTAINS REVUE
Featuring Happy Traum, John Herald, Bill Keith, Artie Traum, Pat Alger, Jim Roonie, Roly Salley.

Saturday July 28th
THE RU...OOS CANCELLED

Sunday July 29th £3.25
MADDY PRIOR
with Rick Kemp, Nigel Pegram, John O'Connor & Andy Richards

Friday August 3rd £3.25
KOKOMO

Saturday August 4th £3.25
KOKOMO

Friday August 10th £3.50
COMMANDER CODY

Saturday August 11th £3.50
COMMANDER CODY

Sunday August 12th £3.50
COMMANDER CODY

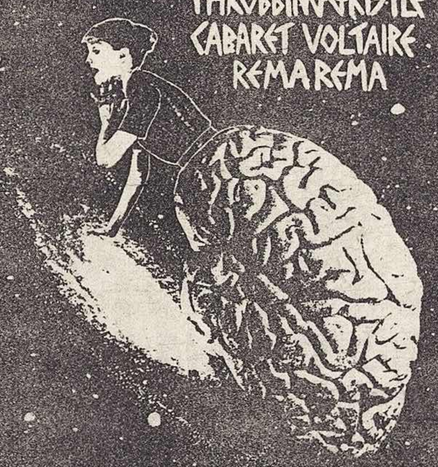
FINAL SOLUTION PRESENT

THURS AUGUST 2ND 7.00PM
THE MONOCHROME SET
JOY DIVISION
THE TEARDROP EXPLODES
(PLUS ONE MORE TO BE ADDED)

SATURDAY AUGUST 4TH 7.00PM
THE TILLER BOYS
PRAG VEC
LUDUS
CLOCK DVA

SUNDAY AUGUST 5TH 7.00PM
RED CRAYOLA
SCRITTI POLITTI
GOOD MISSIONARIES
THE TRANSMITTERS

FRIDAY AUGUST 3RD 7.00PM
THROBBING GRISTLE
CABARET VOLTAIRE
REMA REMA



AT THE PRINCE OF WALES CONFERENCE CENTRE, BELOW THE YMCA
CORNER OF GT. RUSSELL ST. AND TOTTENHAM CT. RD, LONDON, W.C.1.

ADMISSION EACH NIGHT £2.00 OR £1.75 IN ADVANCE. FOUR DAY TICKETS £6.00 IN ADVANCE FROM SMALL WONDER, ROUGH TRADE AND HONKY TONK RECORD SHOPS

HIGH WYCOMBE TOWN HALL
Saturday July 28th at 7.30 pm
EDDIE & THE HOT RODS
+ Support
Licensed Bars
Tickets £2.00 at the door

FAN CLUB
Live at
THE BUCANEER
Marine Parade,
Brighton

A.J.'s CLUB
HIGH STREET, LINCOLN
Tel. 0522 30874
Friday July 27th
THE SINCEROS

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
ADAM AND THE ANTS
ANGELIC UPSTARTS
MONOCHROME SET
LYCEUM
STRAND, WC2
SUNDAY 5th AUGUST at 7·30
TICKETS £2·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

SIMPLE MINDS
TOUR DATES

Wednesday, 25th July — Stowaway, NEWPORT
Thursday, 26th July — Limit Club, SHEFFIELD
Friday, 27th July — Eric's, LIVERPOOL
Saturday, 28th July — Grey Topper, NOTTINGHAM
Sunday, 29th July — Fforde Green, LEEDS
Monday, 30th July — Music Machine, LONDON
Thursday, 2nd August — George Square Theatre, EDINBURGH
Friday, 3rd August — Country Club, KIRKLEVINGTON
Saturday 4th August — Rock Garden, MIDDLESBROUGH

Simple Minds on Zoom Records

Latest single 'Chelsea Girl' *Debut album* 'Life In A Day'
Telephone 031-229 3533

MSD presents
STIFF LITTLE FINGERS
PLUS Starjets AND THE VAPOURS
HAMMERSMITH PALAIS SUNDAY 5th AUGUST 7.30pm
TICKETS £2.50 ADVANCE £3.00 DOOR
OBTAINABLE FROM PALAIS BOX TEL. 748 2812
LONDON THEATRE, SHAFTESBURY AVE TEL. 439 3371
PREMIER BOX OFFICE TEL. 240 2245

NOTRE DAME HALL
Leicester Place,
Leicester Square, W.1.
Monday July 30th
A Rasta Fiesta
TRIBESMAN
+ Amba
with special guests The Mexicano *(Eddy Grant's brother)*
+ The Outpatients
Tickets £1.50 on the door
Tuesday July 31st
Heavy Metal Night
SAMSON
+ The Nicky Moore Band + Disco
Tickets £1.50 on the door

The No. 1 Club
The Pied Bull, 1 Liverpool Road, N.1.
Tuesday July 31st
MADNESS + The Effect
Tube: Angel. Buses: 4, 43, 73, 104, 214, 279.

CAROLINE Roadshow

Saturday July 28th
WOODVILLE HALLS
WINDMILL STREET
GRAVESEND

Friday August 3rd
ST IVO CENTRE
ST IVES
CAMBRIDGESHIRE

Saturday August 11th
STOUR CENTRE, TANNERY LANE
ASHFORD KENT
with *"Loving Awareness"* (3 girl dancers)

Thursday August 9th
TALK OF THE EAST
SOUTH PIER
LOWESTOFT

Friday August 10th
EMBASSY SUITE
COLCHESTER
ESSEX

BRITAIN'S TOP HEAVY ROCK MUSIC SHOW!
Doors open 8pm. Bar. Admission £1.50.
D.J's Rob Eden! Robbie Day! Harvey The Rabbit!

VESPAS at the GLOBAL VILLAGE
Under the Arches,
Villiers Street, Charing Cross

MODS MODS
Terry Draper for Engin-Ear Productions Ltd
presents MODS every Monday night 8.30 pm—3 am
Monday July 30th
A 5 Band Special
Bands on stage every hour on the hour
10 pm THE NAME
11 pm THE TEEN BEATS
Midnight SQUIRE
1 am SPEEDBALL
Small Hours SMALL HOURS
Licensed Bars and Food till 3 am. Admission £1.50.
All bookings via Will Sproule of Ronnie Scott Directions, 0-439 7791

ZONES

Wednesday 18th July: BISHOPS STORTFORD, TRIAD LEISURE CENTRE
Friday 20th July: LINCOLN, A.J'S CLUB
Saturday 21st July: LONDON, GREYHOUND, FULHAM
Wednesday 25th July: GWENT (WALES), STOWAWAY CLUB
Thursday 26th July: MANCHESTER MAYFLOWER CLUB
Friday 27th July: CARLISLE, WIGTON MARKET HALL
Saturday 28th July: DERBY, AJANTA CLUB
Monday July 30th: PLYMOUTH, FIESTA SUITE
Tuesday 31st July: LONDON, DINGWALLS
Thursday 2nd August: CHESTERFIELD, FUSION CLUB
Friday 3rd August: DEVIZES CORN EXCHANGE
Saturday 4th August: BATH, BRILLIG ART CENTRE
Sunday 5th August: GWENT, MEMORIAL HALL NEWBRIDGE
Monday 6th August: SWANSEA, CIRCLES CLUB
Tuesday 7th August: SHEFFIELD, LIMIT CLUB
Thursday 9th August: NORWICH, BOOGIE HOUSE
Friday 10th August: BIRMINGHAM, BARBARELLA'S
Saturday 11th August: BLACKPOOL, NORBRECK CASTLE
Sunday 12th August: LEEDS, FFORDE GREEN HOTEL

The New Single: "MOURNING STAR" ARIST 286
The Album: "UNDER INFLUENCE" SPART 1095
ARISTA

Mark Symonds & Ian MacTavish, Ivor Harrison & Penny of Freemans, Pauline Clarke of Island, Terry Bacon & Steve Fennemore of Pilton's, Rodney Collins 208 fame, John (I wants the News Page) Curd, Bron, Charlie, Dave all Virgins, Lesley (Is Barry There) Warren of Yellowhammer. Now for the afterthoughts — Gary (Shapes is beautiful but wot about the tea cloth skirt) Hewitt, Do It Neatly Mr Boddy, Fastback Stuart, Mr and Mrs Pash, And all Our Platterstall and Mail Order Advertisers — sorry about all the mistakes but you should have sent me pressies. For all you Live Page people now — at last — your ad could be right — Special thanks to Terry Murphy at the Bridge, Dog Watch & Warm Jets, Barry (late copy) Words, (I had to put that lot in or Brian B 'ill smash me head in). At this stage I have just remembered our Editorial. All the Editors — Andy Gray, Alan Smith, Nick Logan, Neil Spencer, and then there's Phil McNeill, Derek Johnson, Roy, C.S.M., Monty, Tony (I'm now a lay-out man) Stewart, Angus, Max, Bob Woff, Fi, The lovely Kathy, Margaret, Val, Steve Clarke, Tony Tyler, then there's Alan (E for B) Bacon, Bob Barten, Alf and Ruby Hilton, Steve Dyer, Sean and Rose of Stamford Arms, Not forgetting Tony (I'll do it after lunch) O, David (The Original Punk) Oliver, Kipps, Barbara Maynard, Gary (where's me collection money) Mellowship, Peter and Suzanne T, Sunie and Marion, all the staff at our printers especially those not opposed to 4pt And extra special thanks to Frank Lamb, Brian B, me Mum, Jack Scott who also leaves NME this weekend, and the ex Classified girl Penny Morgan who made it all possible."

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Wednesday July 25th, Thursday July 26th, Friday July 27th Adm. £2.25

THE ENID
+ Special Guests & Ian Fleming

Saturday July 28th Adm. £1.00

REG LAW BAND
+ Support & Ian Fleming

Sunday July 29th Adm. £1.25

THE FALL
+ Friends & Mandy H

Monday July 30th Adm. £1.25

THE CHORDS
+ Friends & Jerry Floyd

Tuesday July 31st Adm. £1.25

MERTON PARKAS
+ Small Hours & Jerry Floyd

Wednesday August 1st, Thursday August 2nd, Friday August 3rd, Saturday August 4th

THE UNDERTONES
+ Friends & Ian Fleming
Advance tickets to members £1.75.
Non members on the door £2.00

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

READING FESTIVAL
AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND SEE PAGE 20

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

Thursday July 26th £1.00
THE SINCEROS
+ Cuddly Toys

Friday July 27th £1.50
ROCKIN' DOPSIE & THE CAJUN TWISTERS
+ Support & D.J. Mandy Hermitage

Saturday July 28th £1.00
BRIAN JAMES & THE BRAINS
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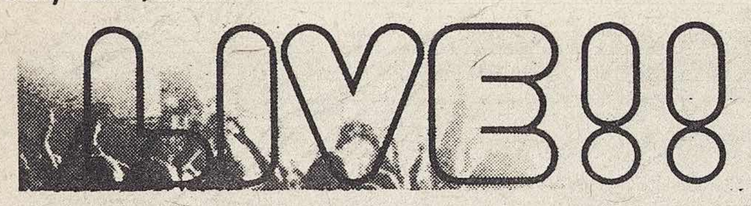

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TALKING HEADS

■ *From page 34*

His first rock band was The Artistics, cover version specialists who lasted as long as his college career. (Byrne dropped out, natch.)

He now lives in the Ukraine neighbourhood of Manhattan, the sort of area estate agents like to call 'seedy but bursting with character';

"I'm from near Glasgow. Baltimore was quite similar — a lot of slums, rough. People don't have a very nice time of it. It's strange to go back to Glasgow . . . I still have a lot of aunts and cousins there — I get the feeling that things have never been a lot better there."

In the past Talking Heads catalogue has been dominated not by sex or love, the usual boy-meets-girl routine that serves as brain fodder in the majority of popular styles, but by the work ethic. I wondered if Byrne saw the band as a job:

"Well, I don't think about being an artist. People assume there's a dichotomy whereby you either make *commercial* music or *interesting* music, but we go for both. I like to mix cliches from love songs and office jargon . . . "take a week off", "a job well done" . . . I've never had an office job actually. My experiences were all more menial."

Byrne makes one concession to the Peter Pan mythology of rock and roll. The people in his songs are always boys and girls, never men and women: "Even people older than me I never think of as men or women. I also tend to draw stereotypes. That annoys Tina. If I say, 'Oh, girls always eat puddings but boys prefer savouries, she goes nuts."

TALKING HEADS in 1979 are in an intriguing position. Their creative and practical muse is at a peak but the demands on their attention span are getting too big. Both Byrne and Frantz, the original members, claim to have reached the watershed as far as touring goes. For the drummer this means a tolerance of the rock lifestyle which he began by despising:

"We were always anti-stardom. Where the Stones were sexy we were frigid, where Elton John was glamourous we'd be ordinary. Now I feel more sympathetic to those people. We didn't try to be intellectual or smartass but because of our college backgrounds people assumed we were cerebral. I find a fair amount of passion in the music, it isn't a mental exercise."

And for Byrne: "I'd like to be doing other things. Touring puts you in a rut. It takes up most of the year and the way it's organised you waste so much time. That bothers me more than anything else. You're there to play, but it only takes an hour to do that."

Wherein lies the threat to any intelligent band — boredom.

Japan, Europe, the Antipodes, the American wasteland . . . rock warfare goes on in all of them, capturing territories, spreading the message. Talking Heads have come out of the New York underground and lasted the course, the only truly new wave band from the area to do so.

Reality for the idealistic group means there is no standing still; expansion is enforced.

When they started Heads reckoned it would take them five years to make an album, just to get accepted. They were wrong, Byrne recognises the dilemma:

"The business is very self-conscious. A lot of it is terrible but it could be no other way. Anyone who tries to be naive these days is a fool. The 'innocent' rock band that isn't aware of the history and the mechanisms . . . these people are in a dream world. I know that most of it is just merchandise."

Last March Byrne contributed a short essay to *High Times* magazine titled 'It Ain't Rock and Roll But I Like It', which set about revealing the techniques behind what we Westerners call 'ethnic music'.

Here are some samples you can apply to your life; they also give a fair indication of the Byrne modus operandi:

"There is a Chinese legend that the emperor Huang Ti 'ordered' the invention of music in 2697 B.C. . . ."

"The Pima Indians of the American Southwest believe that songs already exist and that the composer's job is to "untangle" them . . .

"In Japan there have been a number of recent popular songs that deal with the bribery of government officials by the Lockheed Corporation. A couple of titles are 'I Also Would Like to Get Peanuts' and 'Playing Innocence' . . ."

"In Dosso, Niger, there is an oboelike instrument called the djerma that, when played by experts, produces sounds with phonetic equivalents that can be decoded as a message by a skilled listener. Sometimes these instruments are used to make fun of individuals, without their knowledge."

NEXT TIME you listen to Talking Heads bear this information in mind, especially the last entry, then see if you can answer this simple question: Why did the artist cross the road?

That's right, 'because it was there' is the answer. And I forgot to tell you, the best track on 'Fear Of Music' is called 'Electric Guitar'. Maybe David Byrne is just fooling around after all.

PRETENDERS

■ *From page 8*

She thinks hard and long before saying: "I'm trying to be like very careful. I'm very excited by their personalities. I don't think anyone in the band is a dullard or a weak link. I could spend time with any member of the band. I think they're all very interesting personalities — and very complimentary to each other."

What does she think a rock 'n' roll band should do?

"To entertain. Absolutely. If you think that you're going to get up there to enlighten somebody you've got a pretty hot dogish attitude. I think you've got to have a little more humility than that. I have been very enlightened by watching people but that's people who haven't set out to enlighten."

You obviously don't like being interviewed.

"Who would? It's just like therapy. It's like a lot of people going to the shrink and talking about themselves for an hour but I find it . . . I'm not trying to be difficult. You know, I don't want to sit and talk about myself for hours. I'd rather go out and like play. Go on the roller coaster across the street, but I wanna be helpful and everything."

GIGTIME IN Portsmouth.

"I hate going through the front of a place to get backstage," complains Chrissie as The Pretenders enter the venue, a Mecca ballroom, much to Honeyman-Scott's delight. "You have all these kids that want to talk to you."

It's remarks like these which have contributed to her reputation as some kind of prima donna, but I honestly think they're said simply because of an acute sense of self consciousness.

Inside the audience is predominantly male and punky, but as The Pretenders go into their set there is neither gobbing nor pogoing. It's a stunning gig, better than even last night's performance. Honeyman-Scott's humdinger of a solo in the reggaefied 'Private Lives' should have been recorded for posterity. Martin Chambers is in the same kind of form.

Without a doubt The Pretenders are a real band for the '80s. For once I don't feel like a parasite when I go backstage. I can't wait to tell them how magnificent I thought the show was.

Chambers and Honeyman-Scott are pleased with their performances but Farndon and particularly Chrissie aren't of the same mind.

"I thought it was awful," she shrieks. "It was one of those gigs where I couldn't keep my mind on what I was doing. I was looking at the audience and looking at their faces and thinking about all the press and wondering what I was doing there. I was just distracted."

Already the heat is on for The Pretenders. The album, already half completed and with Chris Thomas producing, is scheduled for October. If they split up or are ignored by the record buyers of the West it will be a tragedy, but it seems that The Pretenders have enough perspective and are down to earth enough to survive.

They also seem capable of handling the pressures which will undoubtedly come their way — pressures which Chrissie Hynde already seems to be feeling.

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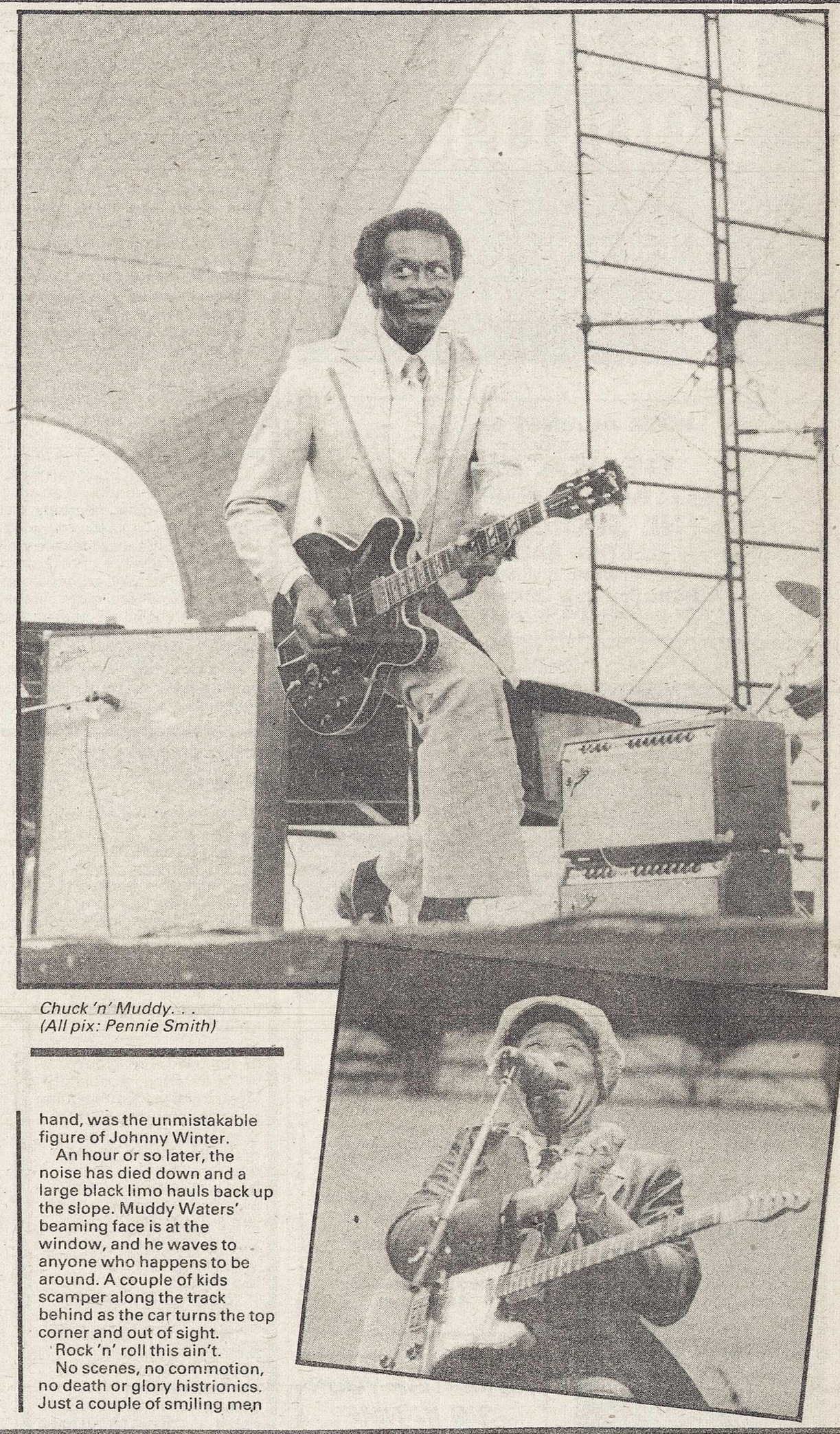


Chuck 'n' Muddy. . . (All pix: Pennie Smith)

Chuck Berry

SUPPLE and sharp, loose-limbed, wise-crackin', eyes-twinklin', rock'n'roll's number one; the brown eyed handsome man. Chuck's in town again.

If rock'n'roll were a pair of underpants, Chuck Berry would be the very elastic. His role and importance in the formation of the music is simply so crucial it's practically impossible to overestimate it. Without the infusion of his wound-up r'n'b attack, or his exquisitely witty, intelligent lyricism or his hypnotic and deliciously liquid guitar it's inconceivable the way rock would sound today; maybe it just wouldn't sound at all.

So when the chances come around you show some respect and you go see the guy — but not to pay homage to some revered relic. You go because even now Chuck Berry is capable of whipping up genuine rock'n'roll excitement that's of much more than historical interest. You go because he still delivers.

Not that he'd ever bust a gut in the process. Wily old Chuck never gave away more than he had to, whether in the fiscal or artistic sense, and in concert performance he can be every bit as parsimonious as with his riffs and tunes (never afraid to use a good one twice) and his dollars and dimes.

Live, he knows enough to give just as much as required — that is, enough to leave us needing more.

And today's show, set upon the grassy slopes of a Muswell Hill-side, was really no exception — another cruise through the golden repertoire, an assured and predetermined triumph of calculated showmanship, of easy, seasoned professionalism. It was perfunctory; mechanical and facile in the way that most of his performances have seemed to be for many years. And, of course, it all works beautifully.

Consider the difficulties, for instance, of playing 'Roll Over Beethoven' for the millionth time. That the number retains any freshness at all is adequate tribute to its creator, but it's hardly surprising that Berry makes no attempt to invest it with conviction. Instead he lets his fingers do the walking, his mouth do the talking, and leaves the rest to the magical interaction of timeless songs with adoring audience.

Appearing on a bill straight between the two great blues heavyweights B. B. King and Muddy Waters, this almost causal aspect to Chuck's act becomes the more apparent. His art has more to do with ingenuity than with soul. But, skilfully utilising his personal charm and sly wit, combining an unfailing sense of location and occasion with effectively corny ham-theatrics, he'll transform each appearance into a bona fide *event* which owes nothing to nostalgia.

Looking good in a light grey suit, betraying no hint of the troubles afflicting his life at present, Chuck play-acted, quipped, duck-walked and boogied his way through an enjoyable set; stuffed to bursting with certified classics (and leaving no room for at least a dozen others) it was never less than a joy to hear.

After School Days' came 'Sweet Little Sixteen' ("they're really rockin' in Croydon"), 'Maybellene' and 'Memphis Tennessee'. 'Rock And Roll Music' featured some fine, demon piano work by Lou Martin as did 'Wee Wee Hours' — the latter being, as Berry is fond of explaining, not the "blews" (in prissy white voice) but real, big-lipped "Blooze!"

With the rest of his pick-up band, Rod De'Ath and James Marsala looking after drums and bass respectively, the sound was steadily reliable rather than inspired, plenty of space being left for the fluid looping guitar and the dry meticulous vocals.

Well into their stride it was down the home straight with 'Oh Carol', 'Little Queenie', 'Johnny B Goode' (Chuck feigning astonishment when the crowd knew the words) and 'Reeling and Rocking'.

And there he was — gone. Strident but vain demands for an encore prompted some unpleasantness, uncharacteristic of the day, as Capital compere Adrian Love found himself showered with cans and advice as to what to do with them.

But Chuck Berry has got another show to do, of another and unhappier kind. "Into each life," he said, "a little rain must fall." Sure, Chuck, but don't let the bastards grind you down.

Paul Du Noyer

Muddy Waters And Johnny Winter

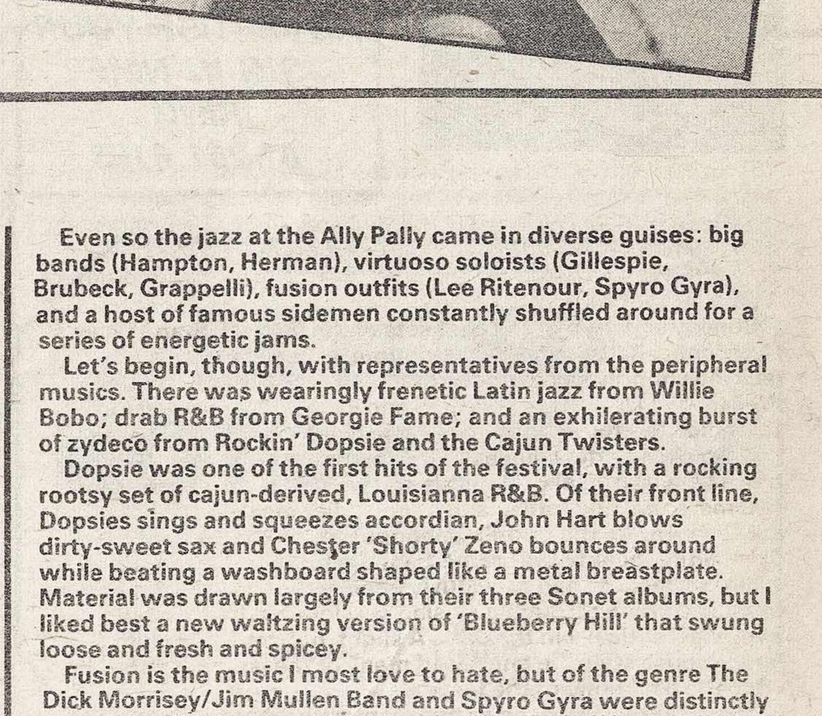
Had you been staking out a patch before the migration of Brubeck fans from over yonder, you might have clocked a London taxi quietly trundling down the turf towards Stage 1.

Slumped in the back seat, balloon glass of bourbon in hand, was the unmistakable figure of Johnny Winter.

An hour or so later, the noise has died down and a large black limo hauls back up the slope. Muddy Waters' beaming face is at the window, and he waves to anyone who happens to be around. A couple of kids scamper along the track behind as the car turns the top corner and out of sight.

Rock 'n' roll this ain't.

No scenes, no commotion, no death or glory histrionics. Just a couple of smiling men



High on a hillside

Hepcats. Pic: Santo Basone.

Dave Brubeck. Pic: Anna Tully.

It was a nice way to get a suntan — lying in the grass for six balmy days while some of the greatest names in jazz and blues laid on a feast of richly versatile sounds. The site itself was almost perfect; a sloping hillside that overlooked North London, with two stages, a mere 150 yards apart, nestling at the bottom.

The sound was good, the weather even better and the prevailing atmosphere a mixture of fairground and lazy week-long picnic.

A sparse attendance on the first four days meant you could stroll right down to the front of the stage; while unfortunate necessities like eating and drinking could be dealt with minus the hassle of queueing.

It also meant that the festival came close to being a financial disaster, but a large influx of people over the weekend, pushing the total attendance close to 30,000 saved it — though next year's will likely be curtailed to a weekend event with the possibility of evening concerts in central London during the preceeding week.

Scattered over the site were a motley assortment of fruit stalls, record stalls, drink tents and a cosmopolitan array of foodstuffs. German sausages jostled with Japanese tempura; a beanburger stall stood adjacent to an African kitchen which specialised in chicken boiled in coconut milk; while for those with exotic taste, a West Indian stall offered curried goat — an alternative of 'Euroburger' for the less sturdy stomach.

Apart from a few disappointments — Chuck Berry out of tune, Hancock and Corea's embarrassing essays at comedy — shrewd deployment of the stages and the sheer variety of music on display ensured no-one could be bored for long.

The one major flaw in the programme was a predominant conservatism, and the notable absence of avant-garde artists. British jazz fans are not exactly starved of the likes of Humphrey Lyttelton, Ronnie Scott or George Melly; and though I was glad to see many of the American artists, they too were drawn almost exclusively from the mainstream.

Even so the jazz at the Ally Pally came in diverse guises: big bands (Hampton, Herman), virtuoso soloists (Gillespie, Brubeck, Grappelli), fusion outfits (Lee Ritenour, Spyro Gyra), and a host of famous sidemen constantly shuffled around for a series of energetic jams.

Let's begin, though, with representatives from the peripheral musics. There was wearingly frenetic Latin jazz from Willie Bobo; drab R&B from Georgie Fame; and an exhilerating burst of zydeco from Rockin' Dopsie and the Cajun Twisters.

Dopsie was one of the first hits of the festival, with a rocking rootsy set of cajun-derived, Louisianna R&B. Of their front line, Dopsies sings and squeezes accordian, John Hart blows dirty-sweet sax and Chester 'Shorty' Zeno bounces around while beating a washboard shaped like a metal breastplate. Material was drawn largely from their three Sonet albums, but I liked best a new waltzing version of 'Blueberry Hill' that swung loose and fresh and spicey.

Fusion is the music I most love to hate, but of the genre The Dick Morrisey/Jim Mullen Band and Spyro Gyra were distinctly impressive. Mullen has a history of rock credentials — guitarist with Piblokto, Vinegar Joe, Kokomo — but it was Morrisey's jazz-centred sax that caught the ear; a gutsy, freeflowing style reminiscent at times of Sonny Rollins.

This was even more true of Spyro Gyra saxist Jay Beckenstein. The group boast a fluid, funky rhythm section and a compelling pianist in Jeremy Wall, but the highlight of their set was Rollin's 'Island Lady' and Beckenstein's brilliant gushing solo that dipped and rolled just like the master.

Of the jazz virtuosos on view, I missed Stephane Grappelli and was disappointed by George Shearing, who swung prettily but too politely. In contrast, Dave Brubeck's quartet waxed far more vigourous than expected, thanks largely to new saxophonist Jerry Bergonzi who blew sturdy, driving and aggressive. Brubeck himself was on song, contributing intense, biting piano on the two occasions I caught him.

Cooking in a different kitchen was Jay McShann, veteran of

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keeping their self-made myths in motion.

The crowd is affectionate, restrained and — in terms of the *Capitol* bank balance — alarmingly small. They hoot when it's called for; they stand for the encore; they ripple with enthusiasm from start to finish. And at some point in the middle of all this, I remember just *how* good this band can be.

For once these superlatives have an authentic ring. We welcome "the greatest blues band in the world. They have to be! The Muddy Waters Blues Band."

The crew assemble and kick straight into a slow 12-bar fused with a shuffling blues boogie. Willie Smith keeps it running smoothly with his sparse bin-lid drumming, and the road-worn Calvin Jones is beside him on bass. Stage left is Waters' long-time backseat pianist Pinetop Perkins in matchless suit and panama hat. Three unidentified whites make a frontline of two guitars and a mouth-harp. By the time the sound's filled out and the harp's honking like a one-man horn section, Muddy 'Mississippi' Waters saunters on with a huge grin cracking his craggy features, perches himself on his bar-stool and plugs in for 'Hoochie Coochie Man'.

It's a classic set, just long enough to include everything you want to hear, but short enough to keep the solos clipped and compact, and the pace just coasting along like anything else is a million miles away.

The band stock every backing with neat and unassuming Delta riffs. They rise on cue, and they drop back to leave Muddy's true-grit guitar to do all the talking. We get a no-frills version of 'Trouble No More' and all that *pained* harp and slide work on 'Howlin' Wolf', along with some gruesome feedback which has him gazing mournfully skywards as the amps are double-checked.

Not before time, a surprisingly gaunt Johnny Winters appears at the side of the stage, a top hat crowning his white locks, a cigarillo in his mouth. The black tails suit seems to hang loosely off his spindly, bow-legged frame.

"Muddy Waters!" howls Winter. "Johnny Winter!" yells Waters; and they keep this up with their arms round each others shoulders.

With Winters at the wheel, there's such warm and compulsive retreads as 'Sweet Home Chicago' and 'Messin' With The Kid', with the man thankfully curbing his penchant for excessively lengthy solos.

It's as though he needs the discipline of a different band and another context to regulate his approach to his own music. He keeps it tight and dead in line, working through a whole range of tones and even risking a few dangerous dischords just to offset the rest of the frontline.

I hardly need add that Muddy returned for 'Mannish Boy' and the equally festive 'Got My Mojo Workin''.

I could also mention it was magic; but you might just have guessed that too.

Mark Ellen

B.B. King

The best moment of Capital's Jazz and Blues Festival come early on Wednesday evening . . .

B.B. King and his Orchestra are burning up 'I Just Can't Leave Your Love Alone'. Behind them, huge black clouds are amassing over North London but the stage itself is lit by a burst of late sunlight.

Then, as the sun finally goes in and a dusk chill settles over the park, King segues into a beautiful, slow, wailing blues. Lucille cries, King throws back his head, moans *"I think I'll give up living"*, and a shiver runs through a crowd. A magic moment — the heart is adroitly wrenched and you just *know* the blues will always live. Timeless *is* the only word.

After this plaintive magnificence, King ends with a regretful 'The Thrill Is Gone' and everyone goes wild. An encore is demanded, and for the first time at the festival people are up and dancing. He whips through 'Same Old Story', throws in another virtuoso solo and closes on a frantic duet with the sax.

It's King's best set of the week, though one on Saturday afternoon comes close — and includes a stately 'Sweet Little Angel' in place of 'Thrill'. But on Wednesday, he was really testifying — lurching from side to side as he pours out such tender, hot, sexy guitar; hunched over, holding and bending notes with unique artistry; then strutting along the stage, punching his chest and jerking his bulky form at the audience in a delightful series of extravagent poses.

The band also do a cute line in the Las Vegas two-step, but cover all musical bases handsomely — slipping with ease across a range of spare, anguished ballads to the most forceful of big band stone funk. Trumpeter Calvin Owens leads them with much gusto and waving of arms, but the whole bunch are a funky conglomerate; and the show the cream of soulful urban blues.

And I'd forgotten what a great singer B.B. King is. On 'Nothing But The Blues' he's all humour and showmanship, while 'When It All Comes Down' has him punchy and mellow as the horns step out and blow *tight.* At other times, he growls, wails, and positively ROARS.

His guitar remains the most fluid, telling and eloquent of all the urban bluesmen — some of his solos here were simply astounding — and though he may have originated the guitar style that eventually became Heavy Metal thrash, he can cut those uppity youngsters with consummate ease. All it took was a flick of his fingers to blow them away.

Ebullient and gritty, nothing but the blues and nothing but the best — that was B.B. King last week. Absolutely the boss.

Graham Lock

Leon Redbone

Leon Redbone ambles on stage, doffs his hat to the audience and settles down to strum the scratchy chords of 'Crazy Blues'. He demonstrates some neat picking, does a weird, whining scat and then impersonates a trumpet. At the end of the song, he picks up a camera, photographs the applause and emits a deeply-satisfied, throaty chuckle. "Yurrrrr."

His voice can be gravelly or quietly lilting; he may break into absurd yodels or simply hum a melody with affecting warmth. And his music thrives on a strange fragility — that delicate balance between affectionate respect and sly parody.

There's a good deal of nostalgia in his work, a love of the romantic tunes of the '20s — a time of silly love songs galore — but his humour, deftness and economy save him from being unduly sentimental. And the same qualities revitalise his versions of a more ethnic tradition — the blues of Blind Blake and Jelly Roll Morton — and prevent them from becoming drily academic.

Clarinetist Bob Gordon comes on stage for a quiet, rhapsodic 'Weary Blues', the charm of which relies largely on Redbone's humming scat. Already, he created a feeling of intimacy, a relaxed late-night ambience, which for tea-time on a sunny afternoon in the park is no mean feat.

Next, Jonathan Dorn joins

■ *Continues over page*

the Kansas City school, who lead the bluesiest of the small jazz combos. His quintet featured the nimble violin of Claude Williams and ex-Basie tenor Buddy Tate, whose rich, caressing tone lingers on. McShann romped exuberantly across blues, jazz and even touched on rock'n'roll with a honking rendition of 'That's Alright Mama'.

Sunday saw two of the best sets of the festival. Stan Tracey's Octet enlivened a soporific lunchtime, especially with a delicious, tangly sax dialogue between Art Themen and Don Weller. And later Dizzy Gillespie and Illinois Jacquet were in splendidly extrovert mood for a mid-afternoon blow.

Gillespie's performances at the festival were erratic, but twice he was brilliant — on this set, with its scintillating solos and mercurial flourishes; and at an earlier meeting with Milt Jackson, where the two-ex-beboppers gradually conjured up a calm, lilting beauty that came from the heart.

Illinois Jacquet had previously been at the forefront on Friday night, storming through a closing session that had people bopping frantically in the dark. A slight, dapper figure with a powerhouse style, he energised many of the jam sessions that were the backbone of the festival.

These ranged from the perfunctory to the inspired, and they read like an encyclopaedia of traditional jazz. Bud Freeman, blowing a lovely cool solo on 'You Took Advantage Of Me'; Ruby Braff, melodic and muscular on trumpet; the droll humour of Vic Dickenson, one of the greatest exponents of jazz trombone, now into his seventies but still blowing fine and mellow; Slam Stewart scatting hilariously over his bass solos; Jimmy Forrest's fierce, dignified tenor; and the exquisite Sonny Stitt.

Stitt played with a rare passion for one so alarmingly frail and shakey. On one jam session Stitt blew a solo, looked round for someone to take over and found the others had all gathered at the back to swap jokes with Dizzy Gillespie — so he played and played and was just incredible. Later he took a solo on 'The Shadow Of Your Smile' which was absolutely sublime.

He's also fascinating to watch, wriggling through his solos like an animated cobra. He steps up to the mike, looks bemused, shrugs his shoulders, rotates his groin, blows, looks surprised, laughs, blows some more, kicks his leg into the air, and starts all over again.

The most *spectacular* sight was Lionel Hampton's All Stars in full swing — and I mean, *swing*. I'd always thought of big bands as an anochronism, but this lot blasted through my prejudice with a dazzling skill and immense power. Hamp himself nods and grins a lot, occasionally beating out a few bars of inimitable xylophone; but it was the horns that really astonished. Trumpets included Wallace Davenport, Cat Anderson and Doc Cheatham; saxaphones Arnett Cobb and Paul Jefferies; trombones Kai Winding and Curtis Fuller.

They mixed new material — one snarling piece by Jefferies — with old favourites like 'Ain't Misbehavin'' and 'Cherokee', and both band and audience had a gas. It was just slightly surreal to look down over the park and see a big jazz band belting out their stuff against a panoramic backdrop of North London while pink clouds floated lazily overhead.

The strangest sight of all, though, came on Sunday afternoon. Trying to track down a missing press conference, I wandered into a carpark at the back of Ally Pally and was greeted by a chorus line of female promo staff who had doffed their trews and were effecting a nifty knees up for an excited cameraman.

And there, slap bang in the middle of them, his trousers still on and a big fat smile across his face, was Muddy Waters, high-kicking like a trouper.

After the photos had been taken I hung around for an autograph but the Father Of The Blues was intent on planting a big wet one on as many female mouths as he could find.

In the end, he did sign, in a careful childlike hand, but not before he'd emitted a loud belly-laugh and exclaimed "Man, you want me to *write* when I'm getting all this sugar!"

Graham Lock

Sonny Stitt, Al Grey. Pic: Anna Tully

Willie Bobo. Pic: Anna Tully

■ From previous page

in on tuba and this unlikely trio work through a selection of Redbone favourites like 'Big Time Woman' and 'Champagne Charlie'.

Highspots are 'Diddy Wah Diddie' plus clarinet solo; 'My Walking Stick' with a guitar/tuba duet and a flurry of seated flamenco poses; and — after a whistled intro — a lovely 'Shine On Harvest Moon', interrupted by several deep and apposite sighs: *"I ain't had no loving — HUHHHHH! — since January, February, June or July."*

A small crowd gives him a vociferous ovation and is rewarded with an encore of 'Alabama Jubilee', then he's gone. Leon Redbone, cult figure and dream merchant from another time. A Groucho Marx moustache and a jokey, left-field blues. There's no future in the past, but in the right hands it can still be fun.

Graham Lock

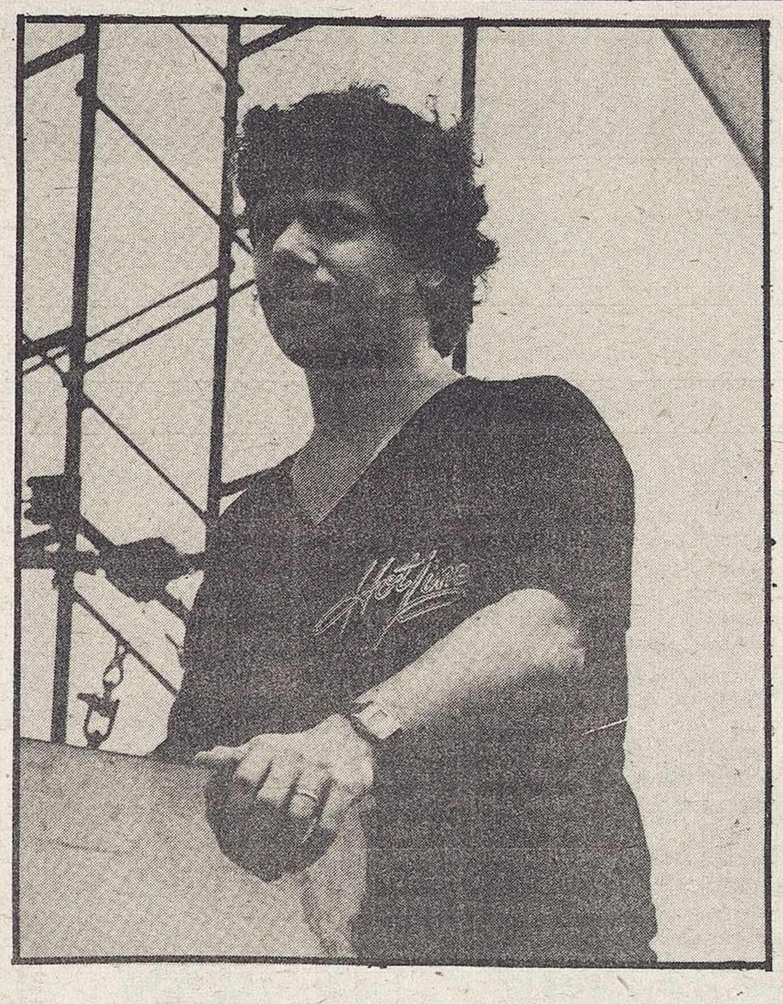
Herbie Hancock And Chick Corea

Tuesday night at 8.15 and the air is thick with superlatives.

We're assured that not only is this to be "the greatest music festival in the history of England" but that we're part of "a miracle on a hillside". This paves a perfect path for the mutual backslapping of Herbie Hancock and Chick Corea.

They take their seats — Corea in lemon satin bomber 'n' slacks; Herbie besuited in several shades of beige — on a stage cleared of all but two adjoining pianos and set against a backdrop of drowsy North London.

Their four-hand grand makes for *elitist* listening. This proves a touch tricky for those who don't know shit from Chopin about augmented modal ninths. Your reporter, for one, finds his mind tends to wander at times. For Corea this duet is a means to unrestricted improvisation; for Herbie it's a chance to junk the various trappings of his recent synth/disco bent and binge himself on pure technique.



Herbie Hancock (left) . . . and Chick Corea. Pix: Santo Basone.

To wit, Corea's 'La Fiesta' now takes on the form of a centre-court rally. The two of them serve triplets, backhand bass figures, sidespin a few semi-quavers, and eventually grandslam by beating out rhythms on their piano frames while strumming the strings by hand.

It gets hard to tell who's winning.

The least frivolous offerings sound the most convincing. They alternate block-chord backings on 'All Blues' and Corea's 'Tweak' and work their solos through a fairly small and accessible circle. 'Liza' they virtually throw away, weaving through themes and patterns and scraps of notes like so much spaghetti, and leaving Gershwin's original section sounding like a stereo Mrs Mills.

Next they play solos — a contrast of styles, moods and personalities.

Corea invites us to 'sit, groove and enjoy it" as Herbie exasperates by settling into rigid chord patterns over demonic rhythms only to shatter them into a mass of semi-digestible pieces. He's deliberately obtuse, always keeping the crowd at arms length; and for some reason it works well.

Corea answers with a staid, listless, romantic excursion and, to give it some additional boost, he ropes in the audience as multi-purpose hand-clap rhythm section.

They wrap it up with Hancock's 'Speak Like A Child' merged with the frenetic 'La Fiesta', a zillion cross-rhythms, bringing a sudden burst of activity to Muswell Hill.

The crowd shuffles forward, a few of them leap from the grass gyrating, and even the old jazzhead sitting cross-legged in front of us starts a strenuous yoga work-out.

You can't deny there's something to it — this dancing chic to Chick.

Mark Ellen

Mingus Dynasty

UNLIKE many aggregations formed to pay posthumous tribute to the work of a great artist, the purpose of the Mingus Dynasty isn't concerned with note-for-note homage to the late Charles Mingus.

Directed by Mingus' alter-ego, drummer Dannie Richmond, the Dynasty is either drawn from former Jazz Workshop alumni or musicians with a genuine affinity towards his innovative musical ideals. Like Duke Ellington (whom he passionately admired), Mingus not only shared an understanding of ethnic American music but, through his extended compositions, possessed the ability to reinterpret this eclectism in a unique manner without ever distorting its original characteristics. To its credit, the Dynasty doesn't deviate from these principals.

With a formidable front line comprising John Handy (alto), George Adams (tenor), Randy Brecker (trumpet) and Jimmy Knepper (trombone), the septet is rounded out by pianist Don Pullen and bassist Michael Richmond who, despite having the unenviable task of filling Mingus' chair, acquitted himself in a manner which drew appreciative response from both sides of the stage.

Such is the power of Mingus' music, that not only did the Dynasty attract those hordes that had just done their pieces over Chuck Berry (and were waiting on Muddy Waters) but they retained their undivided attention as, with outstanding artistry, they performed the self-explanatory 'Boogie Stop Shuffle,' the surreal tongue-in-cheek 'Jelly Roll To Your Soul,' the poignant 'Goodbye Pork Pie Hat' and the vitriolic 'The Fables Of Faubus.'

Selecting any soloist from such an impressive line-up for special mention, doesn't infer that the others weren't in the running, but it was George Adams who caused most jaws to go slack in utter disbelief. Though Dannie Richmond inspired each and every player with his masterful dynamism, it was only when Adams stepped up to the microphone that the roles were reversed and the drummer revealed why, of all Mingus' drummers, he has no peer.

Along with B.B. King's performance, the sight of something like ten thousand people giving the music of Charles Mingus a standing ovation was an emotional experience which I have seldom encountered elsewhere. Like the man says, you're only dead when you're forgotten. Charles Mingus lives.

Roy Carr

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Taj Mahal

The Venue

ONCE AGAIN Taj Mahal, journeyman and eclectic extraordinaire, brings the good news and the big blues to London. A big, broad man in his late 30s, Mahal takes straight to the stage with his International Rhythm Band; he grins hugely and the twinkle in his eye would charm the roar off a hungry lion at a hundred paces.

Last week the amazing American guitar hero John Fahey was barracked and babbled into inaudibility by The Venue's self-conscious Saturday night habitues, so it's a real relief to see that most of those seated at the tacky tables are very definitely rooting for the man in the red beret, freshly creased grey slacks and, just like fellow rambler Ry Cooder, printed cotton shirts.

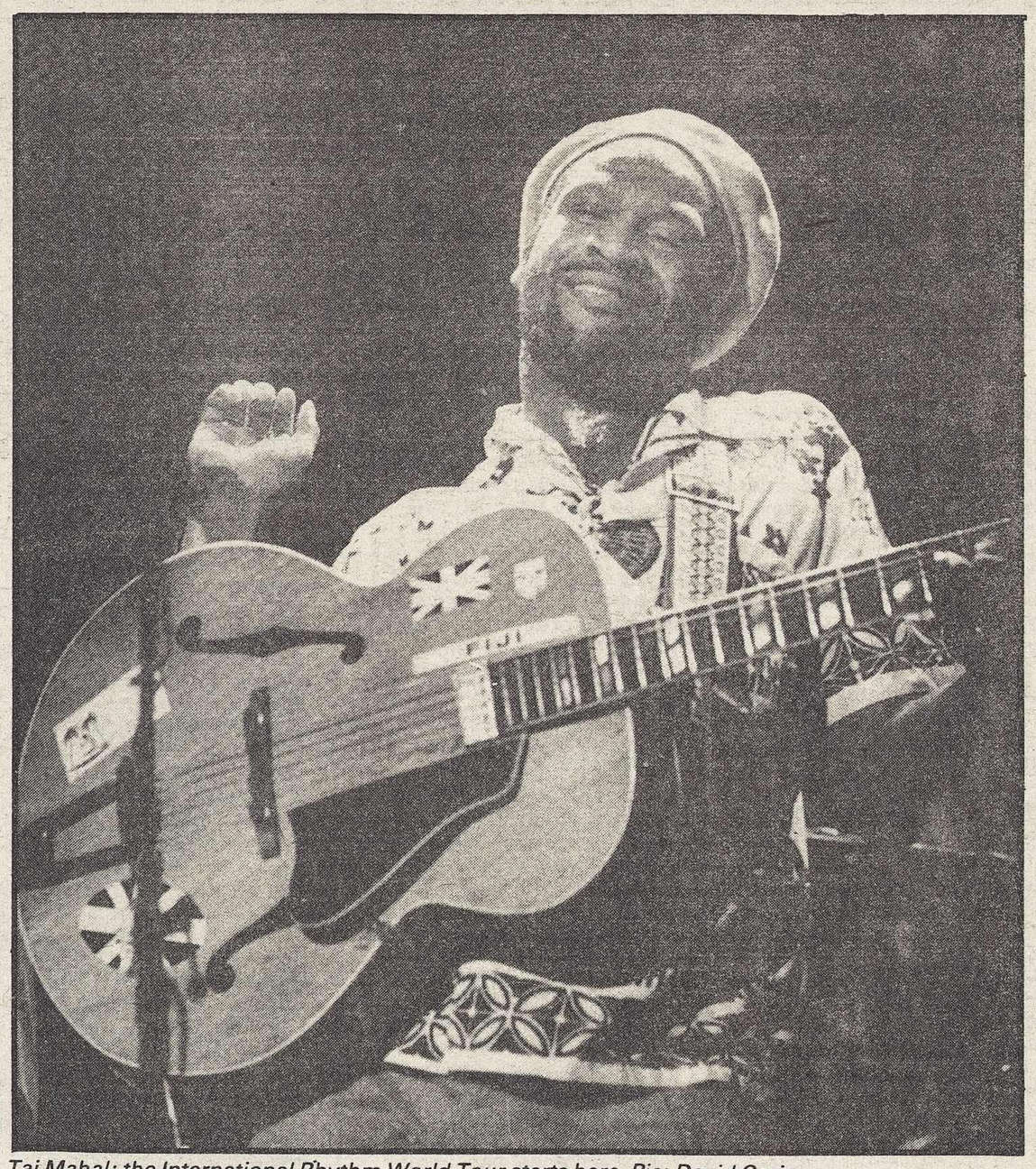
Exuberant, extrovert and, as they say, a natural under the lights, Mahal used to play the blues. He still does, but now there's more, much more, the bag-bursting harvest of his musical and spiritual pilgrimage down the last decade. Tonight (Friday) he totals 27 songs in his two sets, only three of them repeats, and the repertoire's as varied as it's sizeable.

There's city blues, country and folk blues, hard and soft reggae, bitter and sweet soul, calypso, salsa, funk, even a touch of tango: altogether a great sweep across the map down through the Americas, taking in the Caribbean, and across to Africa.

And charm *is* the word. Mahal's muse has never lacked either it or generous helpings of humour. He's not stuck up somewhere in the proverbial tower of tusks distantly holding forth about this note or that rhythm, etc, etc. No, the man's living, breathing dancing proof that, if you really want to play something, anything, you can do it. All you need is a big heart and a deep soul — and to hear Mahal shelter all these musics so carefully and comfortably under one roof makes a long-overdue mockery of so much so-called 'fusion'.

You want a song by song? Impossible, it would run to reams. Sufficient to say that the material's drawn evenly from albums old and new, vintage durables like 'Going Up To The Country, Paint My Mailbox Blue', 'Corinna', 'You're Gonna Need Somebody On Your Bond' and 'Ain't Gonna Whistle Dixie' bumping happily against songs from the later CBS albums and the more recent trio of Warners releases.

The International Rhythm Band are aptly named and — almost incredibly — better than ever before. Bassist Bill Rich and trap drummer Kestor Smith are a snap-tite rhythm section for all songs and seasons, their abilities easily the equal of Mahal's stylistic ambitions. Rudy Costa selects from a stickstand's worth of reeds, his tenor as broad and brash as his alto is lithe, his saxello achingly acute and his flute blustering or ethereal.



Taj Mahal: the International Rhythm World Tour starts here. Pic: David Corio.

Steel drummer Robert Greenidge is simply sensational, a rainbow-chaser on his three pans, and seems much more integrated than he was last year — mainly, I think, because the presence of Smith, who missed the '78 gig, gives him more room for melodic manoeuvre. Ex-Art Ensemble Of Chicagoan Juma Santos completes the lineup; he's a master percussionist, no more, no less.

And over and above it all there's Mahal's trebled, insistently rhythmic wide-bodied Gibson guitar, his chords hanging honey on the band's comb and his rare solos, on the blues mostly, elemental in their power. His voice is the fulchrum, the emotional centre of this great, generous scheme of things — either, in his own phrase, smokey, a dark, rich, resonant mahogany, or sometimes, as on 'The Big Blues', rasping hard after the ghost of Howlin' Wolf.

Hard to thin out the highs, there are so many, so fast a-comin'. If pushed, I'd probably take the gently ironic 'Four Mills Brothers', the eerie, unrequited yearning of 'Le Petit Chien Brun', the big beat of 'Mailbox' and the reggaechoes of 'Black Jack Davey' and 'Johnny Too Bad'.

Generally, the first set just transcends, every song another passport to paradise (I mean it; I'm so happy it hurts). The second starts more cautiously with a languid, smouldering jam and then 'Jorge Ben', an instrumental dedicated to the Brazilian composer. Both pieces promise much for the Latin directions Mahal is taking, some of which must have found their way onto his and the IRB's new album to be released on their own Crystal Clear Records in September.

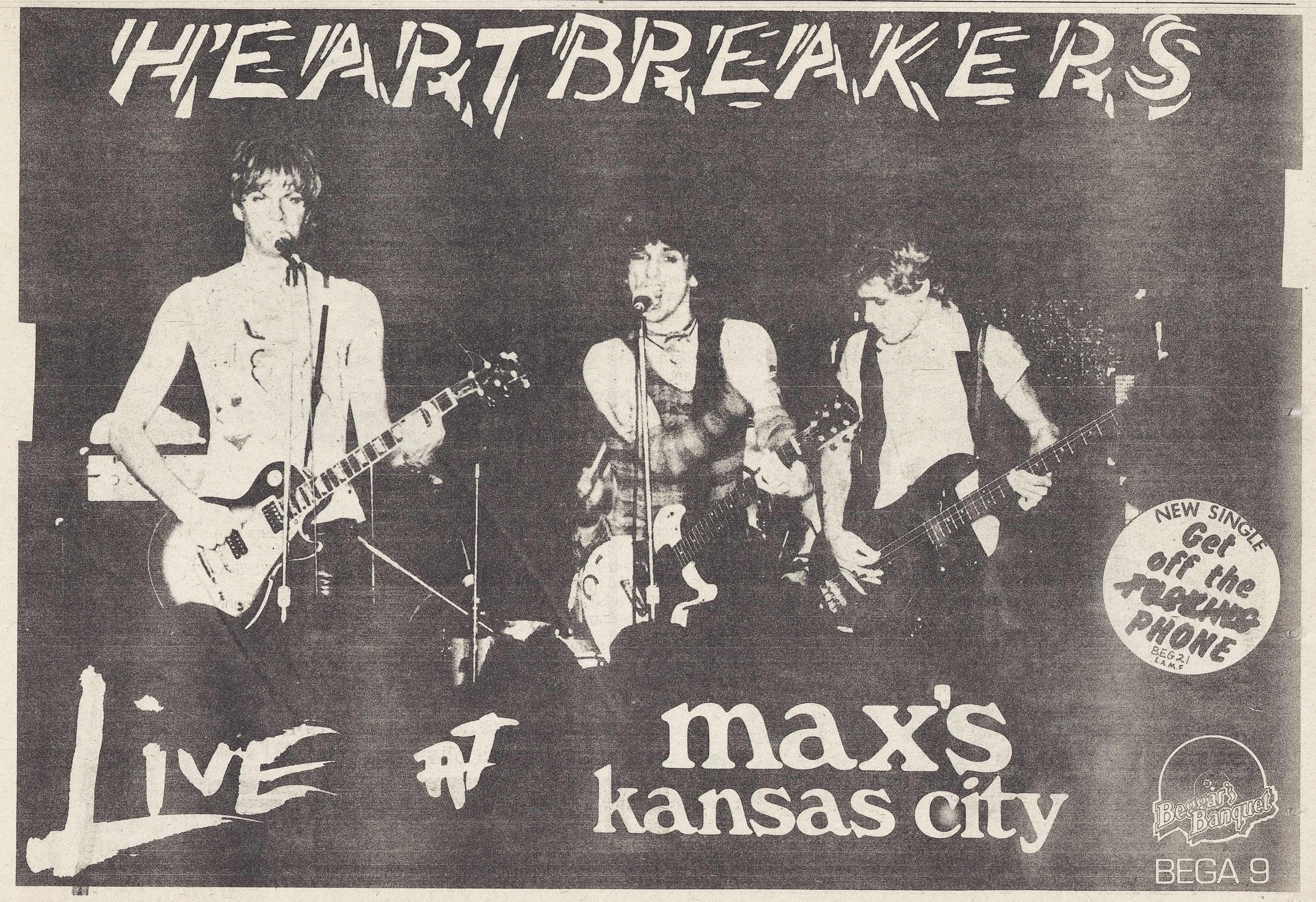
It's typical, and treasonable, that a man and musician of Mahal's stature and spirit should be currently without a major recording contract. Taj Mahal is no decaying monument to what's past and long gone, but a loving keeper of the faith, a man whose music reminds us of so much we might otherwise pass over, or never stumble on at all. He doesn't preach or patronise, just (just?) shares his obvious delight in the new seams and streams he's constantly exploring.

One world, one love, one music? It's possible, and it's still the point. Taj Mahal is a modern miracle-worker.

(Financial footnote: I'm sure I wasn't alone in objecting to paying some £8 to see both parts of what was obviously intended to be one complete set enjoyed by one audience. Any explanations, anyone?

(Physical footnote: unwilling as I am to have to spend an entire evening dancing in my head, can I please recommend that whoever brings Mahal back in December books him into the Lyceum?)

Angus MacKinnon



Squeezed out of LA

Squeeze

Los Angeles

Squeeze tried too hard to prove that they were a quick, witty, couldn't - care - less Cockney band who nevertheless could play popular new wave with efficiency and style.

Their desperate attempts to cover up their tense nervousness only made matters worse, and in their short, diluted set they failed to establish any sort of rapport with a very cool (as in trying to be chic) audience.

'Touching Me Touching You', a flat, effortless powerpop number, and 'Slap And Tickle', more of a rock and roller, slipped by unnoticed, and even their latest single 'Take Me I'm Yours' failed to motivate (to dance or otherwise) although 'Cool For Cats' nudged one or two on to the floor.

The band seemed relieved that something had at least been acknowledged, and made that the best number of the night, ripping through it with ease and assurance. This was Squeeze: a safe, even if this audience failed to respond, MOR commercial pop band.

I would have liked to have seen the second performance with the band warmed up and, hopefully, more relaxed and the punters a few aperitifs further on. The first audience were not very representative, mostly A&M guests, too cool (frozen in fact) to move, dance, or show any signs of emotion.

Squeeze's next US single is well-chosen: 'Goodbye Girl' has that touch of '50s R & R rhythm and romantic lyrics that the Californians love. It may be old hat, but it'll sell.

A speedy 'Back Chat' followed — pure, concentated energy, with Squeeze forgetting their visual image for a while and producing bouncing chords, supportive harmonies and a compelling rhythm. Unfortunately it quickly short-circuited into the dreary 'First Thing Wrong', a lethargic strummer with HM intro — but they like that too here.

It seemed that California had got the Squeeze rather than the Squeeze got California . . .

But suddenly the band changed their stance. They weren't meek and eager to please any more, just totally fed up with an unresponsive, wet audience, and Glenn Tilbrook sneeringly informed them that they were going to do a couple of fast ones to finish with, and although the audience may not feel like leaving the leisure of their (reserved) seats, they might like to practise at home.

Squeeze were no longer intimidated. Tilbrook was in the audience encouraging everyone to clap along, Jools Holland did a knee dance, Chris Difford did 'the naughty boy' finger dance, and John Bentley acted the complete lunatic.

But it was all too late. The (first) show was over and neither band nor audience were at all enamoured with one another.

Deanne Pearson

prag VEC Monochrome Set The Mo-dettes

The Albany

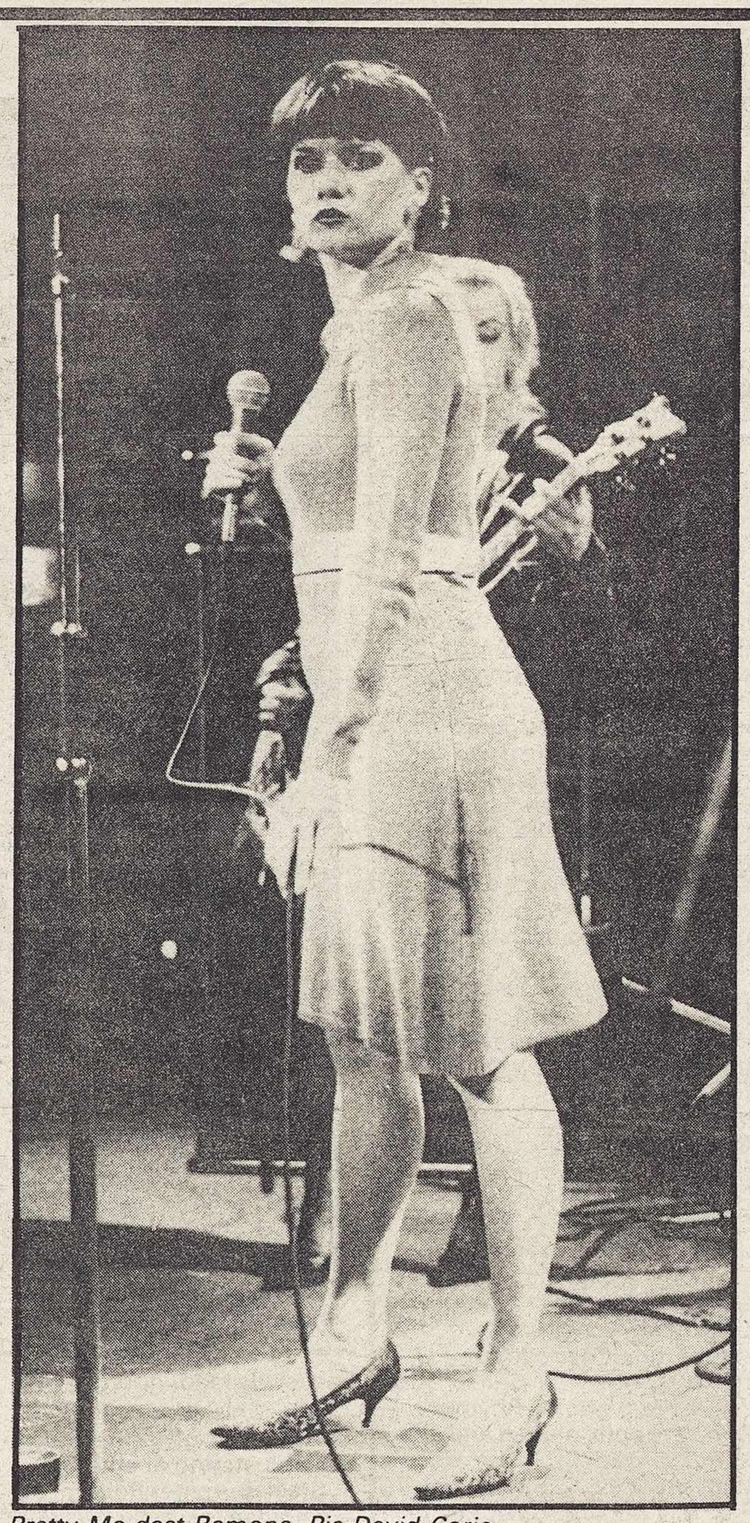
This was one of the final dates on Rough Trade's recent prag VEC / Monochrome Set / Manicured Noise bargain tour — a different running order each night — yet another hard working, breadline democracy: some more popular music that doesn't need an international consumer's tidal wave under its seat to keep it smiling.

In faraway Deptford, The Mo-dettes (replacing M. Noise) spun off first. Along the bleary edges and up around the balcony of the Albany the splendour of audience variety distracted one — moulting hippies, shoeshone Mods, reptillian skinheads, Womblesque hardcore punkies, streaky nouveau-thin-tie Godard extras, a good missionary, and an *Observer* photo journalist tracing the source of the revival Mod.

The extremely mo-dest Jane (bass), Kate (guitar), June (drums) and Ramona (vocals) had stayed on the same planes of loudness and prettiness as their other weekend gig (at the Moonlight Club) but gotten faster and weightier in overall group sound and pull.

Mo-dettes' songs are obvious and dotted along from stilleto-heel pavement pop, which is an easy access to a potentially more tormented muse — audible on 'Dark Park Creeping' and Jane's Kray Twins 'ballad'.

Others are less intense. 'White Mice' is all about "nice young boys"; 'Masochistic Opposites' is a failed-love song; 'Favourite Things' is silly and has an incorrigible second verse in French. For the closing numbers, including an encore of 'Twist And Shout', they were joined by some of the Mo-difications male voice backup trio.



Pretty Mo-dest Ramona. Pic David Corio.

Jane should be upfront, and sing more. Otherwise, time should relax and pressure them; they're currently resonant of earliest Raincoats or Slits, less obviously passionate then the former, more obviously disciplined than the latter. (I realise that's a formal distinction).

The Monochrome Set are visually and musically slick and sun-less.

Lights pop off and a split-screen backdrop — one a fixed sepia - gangster - movie loop, the other a speeding adolescent — existential montage of gauchery upon gauchery: closeups of decay, European cobbles, burning frying pans. The four-piece music rushes alongside all of this, mechanically insistent and artificially pallid.

The lead singer is expressively unresolved somewhere between Noel Coward's eyebrows and Lou Reed's dark trews, a world stage-view of effete sluts and significant neck movement. Bassist and drummer are failed method-vampires, musically functional; the lead guitarist makes a shirty concession to primary colours and appears to impersonate an electrocuted Devo fan.

The Monochrome Set are definitely that group Danny Baker has taped to the back of his mind as the 'new Music' pose — they're all the compass' worst aspects, and less.

(I know that's a formal sneer).

prag VEC faced an emptier hall than The Mo-dettes but raced ahead regardless.

Sue's nerves swung the texture and momentum of the set manically, making their sound that much harder and all those ill-sorted rock-press categorical dismissals that much dimmer. The disappointing construction of their latest single is a tangent to their general movement, which is as unpredictably sideways-forwards as ever.

Lots of new material, riskier and more colourful. 'By The Sea' drops a long instrumental dead on to a sudden vocal barb, and only people who listen straight ahead and expect very small things to happen can remain dissatisfied for much longer.

Ian Penman

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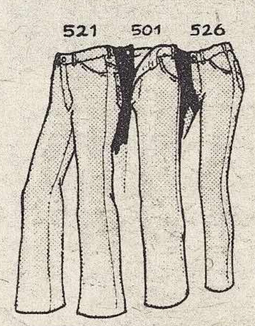

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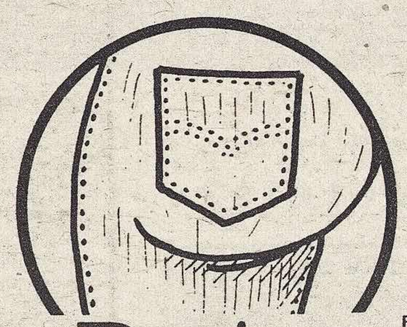

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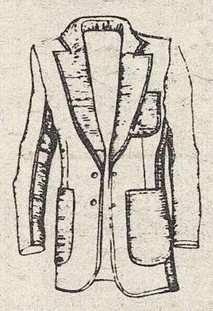

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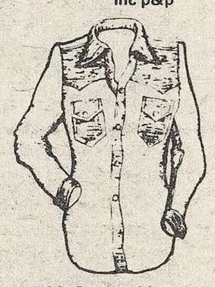

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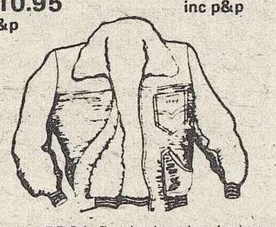

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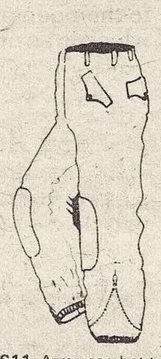

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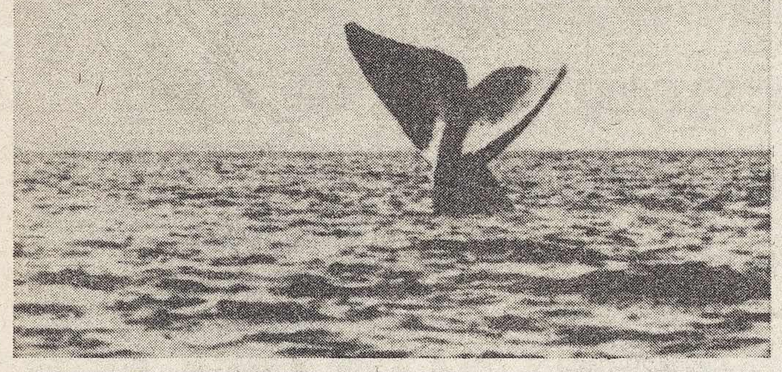

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Nurse! The screens for Writz, please. Pic Justin Thomas

Writz
Burnt Out Stars

Music Machine

Jemima the rat was the most interesting character in this colourful troupe Burnt Out Stars — excluding the sixth member, a 43 year old tailor's dummy. Featured in the first number of the set, 'Death Angel', dear Jemima was held proudly up for all to see, and swung around in the capable hands of owner/vocalist Disse North.

Disse assured me that she was quite happy performing with the band and enjoyed the star image. However, after a private word backstage, Jemima confidentially told me that her meagre role was tedious and her talents were being misused.

Jemima proved to be an informative authority on this up and coming young theatre rock band, telling me that their debut single 'In Vain' was Paul Burnett's record of the week. She also gave me a constructive lowdown on the band's performance: this image of the band was likened to a Damned/Punilux cross with a cliched mixture of horror and *'meaningful'* visuals.

Jemima agreed that they went over the top with the tiresome change of trousers, hats and props.

Surprisingly, the music was basic hard rock played competently but loosely, and the sound, vocals and visuals did not hold together.

Writz achieved everything Burnt Out Stars were trying to hard to do.

An entertaining, humorous, professional band, they have the character and stance which sets them apart from other visual groups. Musically they're dominated by weird, experimental vocals and unusual flawless drumming.

With Bev Sage providing harmonic screaches and Steve Rolls the stability, there is enough vocal room for Steve Fairnie to coax and entice the crowd.

Writz create tension with between-numbers-chit chat and intimidating song introductions. 'Super Heroes' is one song in particular that establishes this atmosphere with a mounting crescendo of *'Are you Super Heroes?'* chanted by Steve.

Their current single 'Night Nurse' — with a reggae based drum beat, stark vocals and effective echoes — is not typical of the set. My favourite number is 'Private Lives', the song in which Bev gets to prove her worth with daunting vocals and a fascinating sound.

Whether or not Writz will become 'Super Heroes', is up to you. But quite rightly they think they are.

Adele-Marie Cherreson

Destroy All Monsters

New York

The East Coast music of the late '60s — exemplified by The Velvet Underground, say — was intellectualised, conceptual, and the product of a culture hung up on analysis and introspection.

Detroit's music of the era — practiced and extroverted.

Those bands celebrated a communal venting of the same animal urges that New York musicians kept bottled up to be used as artistic fuel.

For a time the Detroit approach made that city seem a hot-bed of revolution.

Ron Asheton's guitar propelled the original Stooges, and these days he is trying to keep that vein of music alive with Destroy All Monsters. It would be better to let it die peacefully.

In Destroy All Monsters, Asheton plays a bastard hybrid of punk double-time chording and heavy-metal screaming that is all sound and fury signifying nothing.

The band uses the standard power trio format of guitar, bass and drums in a display of muscle that is really empty bravado. And this is all put to use backing an imperious chanteuse of striking looks but limited vocal abilities.

Niagara's fine-boned, mid-Western WASP prettiness and skin-show stage wear provide an initial visual hook (although she's got knobbly knees). But her persona as a bored and put-upon prima donna quickly becomes tiresome.

The songs (penned by Asheton and Niagara), tend to be thematically similar. There are revenge fantasies — 'You're Gonna Die', 'Meet The Creeper', a cover of Nancy

Niagara and Ron Asheton Pic: Joe Stevens

Sinatra's lame 'These Boots Were Made For Walkin',' and petulant complaints such as 'I'm Bored'.

Whatever individuality these songs have on record is buried in the band's Frankenstein's lab display of thunder and lightning.

Back, Igor! Back, I say.

Richard Grabel

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DIANE BULMER Love you still, Davy.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY Loralie. Love Barb XX.

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SLADE NEWS fourth issue, 25p. D. Kemp, 24 Ingham Road, London NW6.

THANKS SHERON A great night. X.

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WILL SELL or swap two Knebworth 4th tickets for 2 Who tickets. Box No. 3796.

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GLASGOW NEW Wave band seek reliable drummer. 041 771 1709.

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THE TOYS require bassist and drummer age 16-18. Leeds area. Mirfield 493735.

SWELL MAPS

■ *From page 31.*

Division, Spherical Objects and others, are busily demystifying one of the last bastions of the rock hierarchy by quickly and with care releasing well packaged cheap long players that contain some of the best rock music of the time.

"The singles took about two hours to do. We don't do things quickly just so we can boast about it. We just like working quickly. Being in the studio's great."

"We get letters. We put our address on the records so we can see what people think of it. We get 15 letters a week, and it takes a lot of time to answer them all."

EVEN THOUGH the major labels would dutifully doubt whether Swell Maps are making some of the great rock music of the time precisely because its commerciality is dubious and the whole set-up is apparently amateurish they will no doubt be soon equally dutifully toying with the idea of signing the Maps.

Such an idea is alien to the band. It's not even something they would pretend to consider.

"I reckon if some record companies approached us they'd say, oh well you've got some good pop songs here but we don't want any of that silly stuff, this stuff here, because this won't sell. You'll have to get rid of that. But we could never do anything which wasn't exactly how we wanted it."

Such strong, stable idealism balances oddly with their ingenuous artlessness. Swell Maps, while determinedly setting up new and kinder ways to communicate, have spirited affection for endearing fantasy trivialities ranging from most things Hanna Babara through to the *Beano* and such imagery and humour permeates their music and dominates their correspondence.

"There are a lot of childlike things about the music. I'm really fond of kids programmes from the '60s, so why keep it out of the music? Although we are very serious about what we do, we don't do it in a straightfaced way. You summed it up well when you said we achieve a good balance between the serious and the silly."

Swell Maps next maxi single, 'Real Shocks', will be out soonest, backed with 'An English Verse; Monologues', recorded in a bedroom. Nothing's held in awe (except a gold *Blue Peter* badge.) They're already impatient to release their next long player. They're planning to play lots of gigs.

The only critic I bother to check outside these pages has remarked that he hopes he dies before Swell Maps get good, and I know what he means.

Swell Maps, along with Joy Division, The Raincoats, The Distractions, The Undertones, aren't in the middle, but matter most, and are making the greatest rock'n'roll of all time. It's eclectic, it's unaffected. It demands your attention. If you don't want to give it, the only one who's losing out is you.

"You stay in touch with the people you want to stay in touch with. The people who care."

"Swell Maps will go as far as it goes. When we're bored with it we'll stop."

"I bought Art Garfunkel's 'Bright Eyes' the other day. Great. And 'Sugar Sugar' by The Archies and 'Alone Again Naturally' by Gilbert O'Sullivan."

"No one understands us."

Just now, if someone took Swell Maps away from me, it'd be like falling off a cliff or something. It's like if they took 'Thunderbirds' off the TV. It would be that bad.

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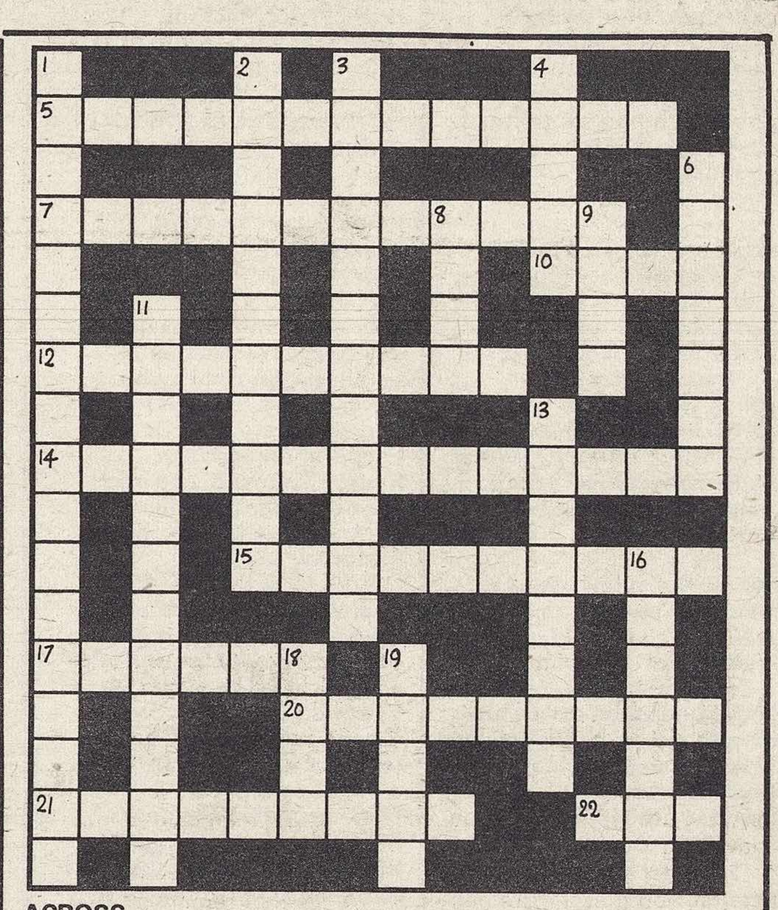


ACROSS

5 Break Cohen, hic! (anag. 2 words)
7 A singular Barbarian! (5,7)
10 Alone in Oslo?
12 Ms Kay's reggae riser (5,5)
14 i.e. Leo jerks nice (anag. 3 words)
15 Disco Saves! Soul survivor revived by 'Contact' (5,5)
17 Johnson or Palmer
20 Born Terence Nelhams, '60s teen idol who discovered then managed Leo Sayer (he was good as Budgie though) (4,5)
21 Dancers together outrageously with the Whitehouse seal of approval (3,6)
22 See 19

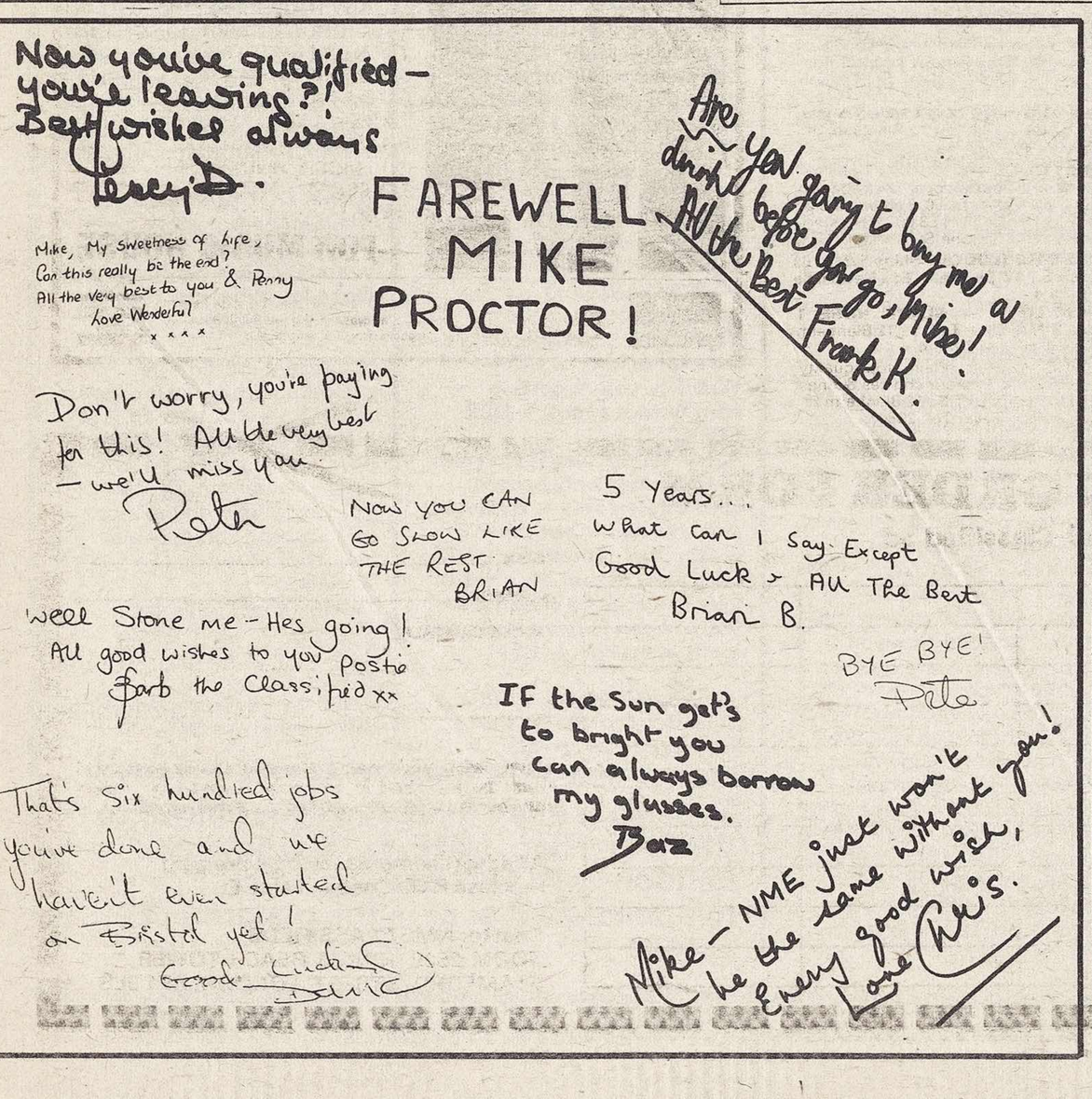
DOWN

1 Currently on general release, the movie of the album track of the slogan of the same name (3,4,3,7)
2 '60s rock classic discofied by Amii Stewart (5,2,4)
3 R&B vet who growled his way to a No. 1 in 1966 with Jagger/Richards 'Out Of Time' (5,7)
4 Cut the original of 2 down
6 Contemporaries of The MC5, fashioned from little Jimmy Osterberg's demented visions
8 A bit of hyperbole to shift sub-standard goods
9 They had an early '79 chart nibble with the Blondiesque "Desire Me"
11 BBC at ska blah (anag. 2 words)
13 Assembly-line punks hit by petrol crisis?
16 Is it set for Scabies? (3,4)
18 'Hey Girl Don't Bother Me' was their 1971 No. 1
19 & 22 New York singer/writer who sounds like she's suffering from sex confusion!

ANSWERS

ACROSS: 3 '(Heart Of) Glass'; 6 'It's Alive'; 8 (Derek &) Clive; 9 'Communique'; 10 (Kiki) Dee; 11 'Heart Of (Glass)'; 13 'Rat Trap'; 14 George (Harrison); 15 'Reunited'; 16 Who; 20 'Lucky Number'; 23 Kiki (Dee); 24 Lesley Gore; 25 Yoko (Ono); 26 (Smokey) Robinson.

DOWN: 1 'Discovery'; 2 Dionne Warwicke; 4 (Gallagher &) Lyle; 5 Steve Howe; 7 'Summertime Blues'; 8 Culture; 12 (Bryan) Ferry; 14 Green; 17 (George) Harrison; 18 Smokey (Robinson); 19 (John) Peel; 21 Jean (Jacques Burnel); 22 John (Peel).


Now you've qualified — you're leaving?! Best wishes always Terry D.
FAREWELL MIKE PROCTOR!
Are you going to buy me a drink before you go, Mike! All the best Frank K.
Mike, My sweetness of life, Can this really be the end? All the very best to you & Penny Love Wonderful x x x x
Don't worry, you're paying for this! All the very best — we'll miss you Peter
NOW YOU CAN GO SLOW LIKE THE REST BRIAN
5 Years... What can I say Except Good Luck + All The Best Brian B.
BYE BYE! Pete
Well Stone me — Hes going! All good wishes to you Postie Barb the Classified xx
IF the Sun gets to bright you can always borrow my glasses. Baz
That's Six hundred jobs you've done and we haven't even started on Bristol yet! Good Luck Dave
Mike — NME just won't be the same without you! Every good wish, Love Chris.

GASBAG

This week: Is it The System?

The problem of the nature of 'reality' has long been the concern of metaphysicians and phenomenologists alike. If one takes a view following Berkeley, for example, that there is no more to the physical world than sense data and indeed that our knowledge of the world is critically dependent on our senses, than at first sight one has the options of descending into solipsism or, as was Berkeley's solution, we can postulate the existence of an omnipowerful and omnipresent 'God'.

Alternatively, if we attempt to show the validity of 'objective' knowledge (eg Paul Morley 'exists'), problems arise when there is a disagreement as to what is to count as 'objective'. Consider the statement 'Danny Baker has long hair' (others spring to mind but I will ignore them for the sake of argument). Howard Devoto would probably say that this statement is true, Lemmy would say that it is true and Neil Young would carry on snoring (or is it snorting?). Who is to say what the 'objective' truth is in such a situation?

So what is the solution to this dilemma? Should we take a Popperian view and expound a third world of objectivity as distinct from the first two worlds of mental and physical objects or the phenomenologists' point of view and regard the phenomena of the universe as the be-all-and-end-all of 'reality'? Or perhaps an existential 'existence precedes essence (and every thing else)' stance is OK or a zen 'leave reality alone, it isn't bothering us' is where it's at.

Personally, I'm into solipsism.

CANDADO PALADO (BSc, VAT, MOT), Kennedy Airport.

Solipsism was last year's thing, Candy. Good try though — CSM.

Slowly but surely, week by week, review after review, there is a slow build up of resentment against the *NME*.

Let me explain. I am what your publication calls a head banger, a long haired follower of "dinosaurs", a Heavy Metal freak. Whatever words you use they are more than often in sarcasm or abuse. Which is exactly why I'm putting pen to paper!

You see, before, I have been resentful about writing, quite simply because I have been a coward, because I know that you have the obvious advantage of putting down the last word, a sarcastic comment, a joke about HM music, so I decided until the last issue, I would play it safe and leave it to some other sucker. Let them get laughed at through the pages of your music weekly. Anyway the time for this fearfulness stopped after reading the recent edition with the article on Van Halen, (incidentally, not a favourite HM outfit by a long way).

This article and review of Halen at the Rainbow was, no doubt, the biggest pile of nonsensical, bigoted, biased, cow-crap I have read since the first article on Rush by Miles. After reading it I first felt the strangling hand of anger creep out in its usual way, but reviewer Nick (the prick) Kent, without knowing it, wrote in the main that everybody had a great time.

Isn't *that* exactly what it's all really about? Isn't the very essence of all types of music, in any shape or form, to give enjoyment? There are one hell of a lot of kids today that just do not want everyday troubles or down to earth problems rammed down their throats whenever they listen to a song. They want to escape them when they put on a record or go to a gig. These people have seen what NEW WAVE (?) tried to do and saw what actually happened, ie powerpop, pistols gimmicks, selling out, etc.

There are kids that *like* dry ice, confetti, and multi-coloured lighting, sword and sorcery, poetry and posing. But most of all they love the ear-bursting, multi-repeated riffs of Nugent, Rush, Priest, Rainbow, Whitesnake, etc, etc.

Out of all the weekly publications *NME* is meant to represent the kids. Well all I can say is that you're missing out a big chunk of those kids. Those kids are going out and buying other weeklies, and wouldn't even read, let alone order the *NME* due to its lack of HM content.

One last thing, look through your Gig advertisements, you'll see dinosaurs who haven't even hatched from the egg yet. The likes of Def Lepperd, Angel Witch, Redeye, Samson, and Iron Maiden — these bands are tomorrow's HM stars, not yesterday's *NME*.

DAVID JONES, BFPO 45

Thanks for the testimonial, David. When we start getting outsold by a publication with an HM content acceptable to you and your friends, we can reopen the question — CSM (complacent bastard).

The title of the flip side of Pil's new offering, 'And No Birds Do Sing' bears the most remarkable resemblance to Keats's last line in 'La Belle Dame Sans Merci':

'Though the sedge has wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.'

Christ — our hero reading poetry?! — he'll be on *Juke Box Jury* next.

M. EVETTS, Warwickshire.

Logically enough, this provides our cue for the last letters to be printed on the subject of JR's appearance on *JBJ*. On yer marks . . . — CSM.

It was obviously in the minds of the guys who invite 'guests' onto *Juke Box Jury* to invite, each week, a person who will bring some element of SHOCK HORROR HE SAID THAT!! to the otherwise trite and horribly boring programme. Bob Geldof was presentable and articulate as he was on a majority of his previous television appearances. The guys who asked him to appear had that sussed out: punk rocker alias gentleman.

The only television appearances that the infamous John Lydon has made featured him behaving badly in some way or another the same as he did on *Juke Box Jury*, making sensation by doing and, or, uttering very little, very rudely. The BBC knew he would do this and thus invited him to appear. Its a pity that he played it their way. He should have been polite and articulate and painfully constructive. That would have got right up their noses. "JOHNNY ROTTEN EX SEX PISTOL IS POLITE SHOCK HORROR" They can't draw millions of viewers to watch normality. It's a pity that they got exactly what they wanted, but whichever way you look at it he's a loser. If I was him — well, I'm not.

Mind you I thought that Billy Idol and Lorraine Chase made a luverly couple, didn't you?

Kayti, Kensal Green, London NW10.

Delightful — CSM.

I certainly am sick of reading boring letters from nerds who want John Lydon to be a hero. His point on *Juke Box Jury*, as always, was 'think fer yerselves, yer wankers'. I wish you all would so's me and John could get on with it.

BAXTER THE FRONT, Behind the lines, York.

Never mind all that — have you got your copy of 'Some Product' yet? — CSM.

As one of the 'be-hatted malchick trio on vocal back-up', who appeared with the Mo-dettes at the Notre Dame Clash gigs, I thought I'd write to put you wunnerful groovers straight on a few points.

First off, the Mo-dettes are not, repeat, not a Mod band. Mods are last decade's thing and the Mo-dettes have nothing in common with a has-been trend that has been pulled out of the grave by a bunch of frustrated punks, skins, trendies and other assorted hipsters, trying desperately hard to be fashionable, probably because they weren't original punks and want to be original somethings. The end result is a bunch of insecure power-poppers with weak, imitation music to match. The Mo-dettes are a modern dance band and should be enjoyed as such. Just because they don't fit into any recognisable category doesn't justify anyone putting them into the latest one, ie Mod, for your convenience.

As far as I'm concerned, Mods can do what they fucking well want as long as it doesn't interfere with what I want to do or damage the Mo-dettes' career by dragging them down when Mod goes down the drain.

Secondly, regarding the 'pretension supplied by announcing all their song titles in O-level French', I don't know whether this should be taken as a compliment or as an insult. The latter, I expect. However, it's hard to know if pretentiousness is hip or not with you lot, is it?

In fact, Ramona, the singer, is French-Swiss and often speaks accordingly. Her accent, in fact, often leads people to believe she is singing in French. This just shows that people don't listen anyway. However, I don't suppose you want to know this, seeing as you don't know anything about the band and haven't even tried to find out.

Anyway, those remarks in *T-Zers*, whether insults or not, would have been more at home in a proper gig review.

Mo-dettes is pronounced Mow-dettes. The mark between the Mo and the dettes is called a hyphen and signifies a pause between syllables. Obviously you scribbling types weren't in school the day your buddies were taught this groovy bit of info. Why else would you ignore its presence in the word and print Modettes as in Mod? Surely you haven't been reading things in *Snoorz*. The name was thought up before Mod rose from the grave and isn't going to be dropped because the Press have twisted the word to fit in with Mod.

SEAN, (A BE-HATTED MALCHICK BACKING VOCALIST) London W9

And that's it for this week's edition of *Democracy In Action*. Next week: The Battle Of Hastings re-interpreted in the light of Mrs Thatcher's remarks about "Swamped by an alien culture". — CSM.

It seems to me that your mag is spoilt by a near paranoic obsession with class. Yet at the same time almost one hundred per cent of the working class folks I know don't even seem to have heard about your so-called new wave. When are you going to understand that there are only two kinds of class: miserable people and cheerful people? When is anyone going to understand? A bad home or a hard family background is no excuse for sadism, just as a big car is no excuse for snobbery. We make our own destinies and those who are weak enough to be misled deserve everything they get. Everyone has a brain and that, you'll obviously be surprised to hear, includes members of the so-called working class — thus we are all capable of choosing between right and wrong. NME isn't a music paper: it's a paper for jerks with aspirations to becoming social workers.

JAMIE WARD, Middlesbrough.

Yeah, Jamie, but there ain't 'alf a lot of 'em. — CSM

Watch it, you're getting complacent again. — NEIL SPENCER

Sorry. Where was I? Oh yeah — there may only be two classes of people — miserable and cheerful — but my researches demonstrate fairly conclusively that it's a hell of a lot easier to be cheerful if you happen to have loads and loads of money. — CSM

In his article on the Southall riots, Roy Carr stated that of the 342 people arrested, only 34 have been granted legal aid. In case anyone reading it was under the impression that this was due to police/magistrates manipulation of the system to ensure that those arrested couldn't get effective legal representation, it may be worth pointing out that qualification for legal aid in criminal proceedings is decided on a means rather than a merits test — those who didn't get legal aid simply earned too much. Thus any fault lies in the system itself, rather than in improper use of that system. Is this verbose enough, Simon?

NICK SIMPSON, Manchester.

Very sound reasoning, Nick. Is there a systems analyst in the house? — CSM

On Sunday (July 15) I went to the Theatre Royal, Stratford, to see Kevin Coyne's *Babble*. The concert was cancelled, although we were given no indication of this at the time. Today (Monday) I phoned the theatre and I was told that the Council had intervened to stop the concert on the grounds of the subject matter (the Moors Murderers). I am really angry that the Council should act in such an arrogant and high-handed manner. Surely 'good taste' is a matter for the individual and him alone and surely councils should NOT have the powers to act like this. Secondly, and even more disturbingly, to my knowledge this is the first time a council has banned a concert on the grounds of 'taste' and adds a new and dangerous dimension to their already great powers. I would urge you to publicise this matter as it is very dangerous for any artist to be gagged in this way. The address of the council is:

L.B. of Newham,
Publicity Dept.,
The Grove,
London E15, if any reader would like to write and protest.

ANDREW C. JOHN, Forest Gate, London E7.

Did someone say something about 'systems'? — CSM

So *Nationwide* thought they had a scoop, a controversial article in an otherwise boring month. A rock musician who dare write a play about the Moors Murderers. Could he be more outrageous than Sid Vicious, more controversial than Lydon? Despite diverse questioning, grave misunderstanding, and total ignorance of the play's theme, Kevin Coyne remained sincere, believing and totally out of place in a programme merely after a cheap thrill. People like Coyne don't need that sort of publicity. Genius is self-explanatory to those who listen.

NAME NOT SUPPLIED, Maidenhead.

I've been telling 'em that for years. Did they bloody listen? Not a lot. Why, just the other day . . . — CSM

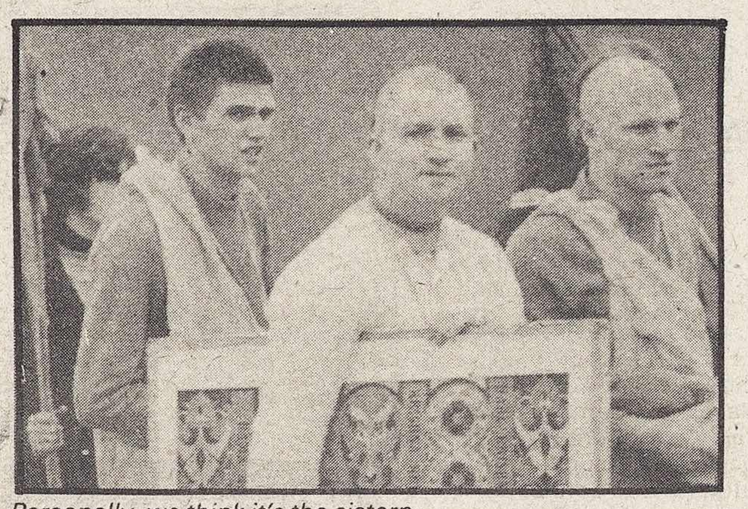
In a recent motorcycle accident I broke my left leg in two places. I've been in hospital now for six weeks plus, and expect to be in for at least another month. What's this got to do with the modern music scene you may well ask? Fuck all — but I had to tell somebody.

CHRIS THE ZIP, Ward 4, C.G.H., Cheltenham. P.S. Please say hello to Patrik Fitzgerald.

Hello, Patrik Fitzgerald! (God, this is easy) — CSM

ATV Good Missionaries
Present..
Yet another boring insight on how 'stars' spend their time when they get unfamous (?)
Jack Cooks
Old Boy!
STARRING Those Rebels of Today!! Those Babies of Yesteryear!
Yes its.....
★ Joe Corpse, ★ Alvin Limedust ★ Freddy 'Funeral' Lee!
GUS

Pointlessly aggressive trouble-making graphic bearing absolutely no relationship to anything else on the page by GUS DAVIES



Personally, we think it's the cistern.

Type your hype (or scrawl your bawl) to CSM, The Bag, NME, 5/7 Carnaby St, London W1V 1PG and see what happens! (Not a lot in the majority of cases.)

T-ZERS

Almost August and still no offers of pantomime. Worse! None of the dots have been approached to embarrass themselves on *Juke Box Jury*. And, face it, they're dragging in any old mouth to waffle on the nation's most important show. Well, pass the word that you gotta be a mighty hip pip to find your name in *these* columns — you gotta be fresh, alert, unspoilt and dynamically interesting!

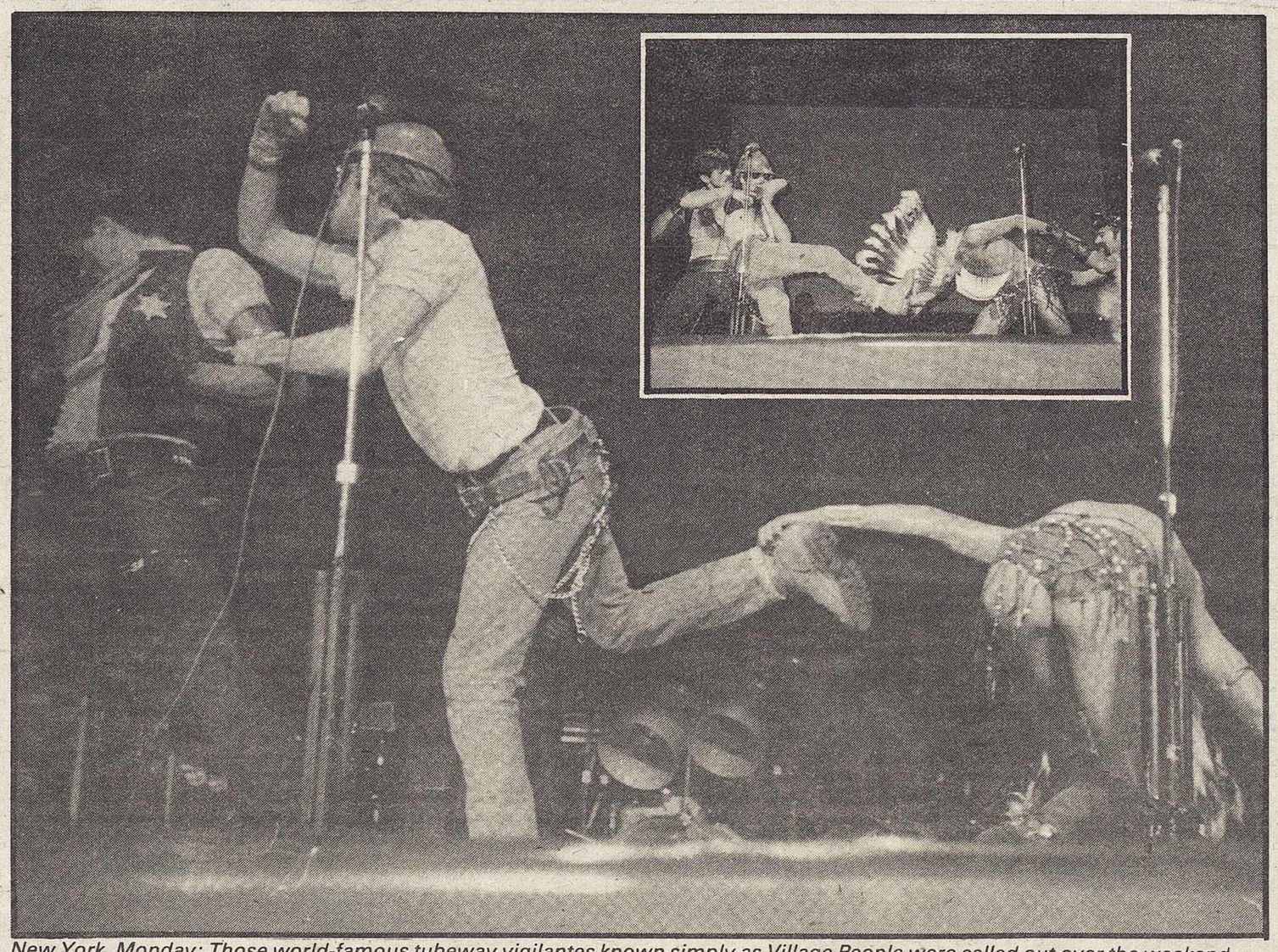
All of which leads us onto our first *T-Zer,* which concerns **Keith Richar(ds), Anita Pallenberg** and **The Body In The Bedroom.** As widely splashed in the dailies, the latest sordid saga of the seamy **Stone** occurred at the Richards mansion just outside New York where Anita Pallenberg finds the completely dead body of one **Scott Cantrell** sprawled across her bed. Cantrell, described as "a 17-year-old drop out with a hot-blood temperament", is reported to have cleaned out his ears in the worst way shortly after Anita got up from the bed to do some housework. In the past neighbours claimed to have heard shots coming from the estate and more than once the youth had taunted Pallenberg with his fancy for Russian roulette. Richards was in Paris recording with the Stones at the time of the incident, and though he is widely labelled as being 'Love Triangle' Anita's common law husband, the relationship has been deteriorating for some time. (For more sordid details see *Thrills.*) Scientists have pointed out that Keith Richards is 34 — just four digits short of 38. And the gun in question was a 38 revolver! Strange but true . . .

Continuing our revelations on the stars not used to controversy, we come to put a blot on the untarnished career of **Chuck Berry.** A certain amount of disapproval ensued at the climax of the Jazz Festival at Alexandra Palace when the 8,000 strong crowd — most of whom had shelled out their six notes to see Berry — rather unreasonably decided that three quarters of an hour was a little less than a marathon set. Berry strode off without so much as a "thankyoog'nite" and sparked off the traditional boos and can-throwing we have come to expect at his little get-togethers. Berry said later: "I was contracted to appear for 45 minutes and I gave them 49. Anyway my last number is a disguised encore . . ." One much celebrated protester was one **Gail O'Farrell** who curiously thought that stripping off and rushing the stage would be the perfect mode of voicing disgruntlement. "I stripped off to show him we are all equal when we are naked," she said. A celebrated absentee was our own **Princess Margaret** and the very amazing **Viscount Lindley,** both of whom were at one time "definitely going". One source did report seeing her haggling about her position of onions with one of the hot dog vendors but this is unconfirmed. Amidst the fury Mr Berry slipped away disguised as his encore . . .

On calmer waters hear ye, hear ye that in the upcoming **John Belushi/Dan Aykroyd** *Blues Brothers Movie* we can thrill to cameos by **Aretha Franklin, James Brown, Ray Charles** and **Cab Calloway** . . .

Further Fax: **Randy Newman's** upcoming album entitled Born Again' features our reticent America-Watcher made up a la **Kiss** with dollar signs painted across his eyes . . .

Now comes on, you Yankees, please! My God, what can we make of the news that the re-make of *The Jazz Singer* — the legendary **Al Jolson** flick that heralded the arrival of talking pictures — is to be musically re-scored by . . . by . . . by **Neil Diamond!** This heralds the close of talking pictures . . .



New York, Monday: Those world-famous tubeway vigilantes known simply as Village People were called out over the weekend to quell a riot involving irate disco-goers. "No more 'YMCA' copies," chanted the crowd. "Go West," the vigilantes returned. "Get a new caption writer," howled the NME readers.

At **Taj Mahal's** triumphant and much talked of gig at London's The Venue, we note punters **Tony James** and **Mick Jones.** In line to meet Taj was **Pete Townshend** and the pair talked loud and long . . .

Indeed what a week it has been for gigs down here in the Smoke. Winner of the "Grease 'Em Up And Squeeze 'Em In Wall-To-Wall Show Of The Week" goes to the **Specials/Madness** bill at the Music Machine. In the crush could be seen **Joe Jackson** and **Strummer.** The Strum also poked his nut in at the **Rockin' Dopsie** gig earlier in the week at Dingwalls, whilst Mr Jackson plumped for the **Cool Notes/Black Slate** affair . . .

Keeping the frail reggae connection, let us ponder **Dennis Bovelle** as he introduces a track from the forthcoming **Matumbi** LP on Radio London's *Reggae Rockers* show. The cut began with big band style horns and Blackbeard was asked why he was checking the **Glenn Miller** system. "Because Glenn Miller was music from Creation," he said. Whether this will be filtering through the **Specials** LP, which Bovelle is set to produce, is yet to be heard . . .

Smack your lips in the knowledge that a dub version of **Linton Johnson's** 'Forces Of Victory' album is on the way . . .

And now, a riddle. Q: What is the difference between Decca and The Titanic? A: At least The Titanic had a good band. (Waits for riotous thigh slapping to subside before) . . .

OK then. Now that it appears all the violence that followed **Chuck Berry's** 'Disguised encore' has died down we can return to the site of Capital Radio's Jazz Festival for a few titbits. Despite being a financial loser, its co-promoter **George Wein** is adamant that he'll stage the thing again next year. "I look upon it as an investment rather than a loss," he offered bravely. Not helping matters, it struck *T-Zers,* was the Capital publicity machine, which included poor promotion and very few ads in the rock press. And why, we wonder, was there no discount scheme for weekday tickets and so few contemporary jazz acts? A Capital spokesperson agreed that many of the complaints were justified and warned of an aftermath enquiry. Meanwhile the fabulous Mr Berry was described by one behind stage staffer as "like a baby — he kept getting lost and wouldn't do what he was asked". Mr Rock 'n' Roll's final number was last seen disguised as **Joyce McKi** *(Hasn't this gag gone a little far? — Ed.)* . . .

T-Zers' old mate **Mr Jed Nugent** is sporting a sprained ankle after attempting to clear a hedge at his sister's wedding. Reports that he incurred the injury whilst trying to get out of a paper bag are simply not true . . .

The hordes who hang around Carnaby Street in the vain hope of glimpsing a **Paul Weller** or a **Roger Daltrey** or, come to that, **Joe Loss** busking 'March Of The Mods' probably missed **Sandie Shaw,** who trissed along the nation's scuzziest street at 6pm on Wednesday afternoon. Fascinating guff, huh? . . .

Also espied in the vicinity last week: erstwhile King Revival Mod Ahead Of His Time **Jesse Hector,** still in his hipsters. Whatever happened to? . . .

After one of **Bruce Springsteen's** recent gigs **Elvis Costello** was forced to impart: "Good songs — but way, way too long" . . .

Village People producer **Jacques Morali** is about to step into the life of **Diana Ross** — production wise, bub 'YWCA' is one title under discussion. Keepina beady eye on thangs may well be **Ryan O'Neal,** who recently gave Di a birthday gift of a diamond ring. And we all know what that can lead to! *(Don't be so bleedin wet — Ed.)* . . .

A long way from the guns and death of our opening shout, **Keith Richards** gives voice on what he made of a recent visit — his first and last — to the famed Studio 54: "They ruined a perfectly good theatre by filling it with faggots in boxing shorts waving champagne under yer nose." **An Expert** writes: "A faggot is a small meatball in gravy or sometimes a large bundle of small sticks but quite what Mr Keith is referring to is still not clear" . . .

Herr **David Bowie** is wild about the place though. In a recent outing to '54' he spent most of the evening bending the ear of **Oona Chaplin,** widow of **Charlie.** Later in the night the thin white bore left alone having been blown out by Oona for . . . **Ryan O'Neal,** who will soon have to get himself a scooter . . .

The recent **Heartbreakers** fund raiser gig at NY's Mudd Club to help the band reach these pleasant shores was all for nought. **Jerry Nolan** was stopped from entering the UK by customs officials . . .

Siamese twins **Steve Loans** and **Small Cook** tapping a toe at **The Wall's** gig at the Moonlight Club. Jones so happy that he is limbering up to produce the band's next single . . .

At the opening in London of the *Hair* movie, United Artists hired some **Hare Krishna Temple** bods to make their dreadful racket outside the cinema. They were later moved on with a couple of arrests. UA also took it upon themselves to dish out 2,000 flowers . . .

Hammersmith Council have agreed to subsidise a recording studio where bands can make demos at the lowest of the low prices — just £2 an hour. "Rock music may be a dirty word to some people but it's as justifiable a recreation as any," quoth **Julian Brogi** who along with fellow musician **Ross Westcott** will run the studio. They also plan to hire the Shepherds Bush Hotel for unknown bands to play every Tuesday from July 31. All interest should be directed at Ross or Julian on 01-603 7119 . . .

We can always rely on **James Pursey** to wrap up for us. On his Radio One DJ spot last Sunday he startled a waiting world by announcing that "this bloke means more to me than anyone else and a lot of other people too I should reckon." He then played 'Vietnam' by **Jimmy Cliff.** Also amongst his picks was the much underrated rock anthem 'Que Sera Sera' by the equally neglected commodity **Doris Day.** Jim, old son — wrap up.

In the wee small hours at London's Venue two legends face off. That's Taj Mahal Esq and Pete Townshend to you, sweetheart, comparing noses and French head gear after Taj's indescribably immaculate London concerts. What were they saying? Aah, that ain't nobody's business but their own . . .

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